ALL NEW COMICS

Shadow Comics

IRON MUNRO

DOC SAVAGE

BILL BARNES

FRANK MERRIWELL

№ 1 · 1940

10 CENTS

BIG PRIZE CONTEST

Codes and the Third Degree

Test **YOUR WITS, YOUR KNOWLEDGE, YOUR LUCK**

Try **YOUR SKILL, YOUR PATIENCE, YOUR PERSEVERANCE**

YOU can have a world of fun sending messages in code to your friends—messages no one can read other than the person to whom they are addressed. Here's two, both easy to decipher when you know how to do it, but, terribly difficult for those who don't know how to arrive at the right method of decoding.

We admit this one looks like a stenographer's lesson in shorthand. Used carefully, it will prove quite misleading to inquisitive eyes. Queer-looking, isn't it? The answer, and how to do it, is told on the last page of this book. Try to decipher before you look at the answer. It's a real test of skill.

The Symbol

Code Message

Here's another code based on the slide and position principle; that is, to decipher a message encoded in this manner, one must slide the dots back and forth in order to find the correct positions beneath the letters. The message is enciphered by placing each dot a certain number of squares to the left or right of each letter to be encoded, so that when the solver slides the dots back to their original positions he has, after a little anagramming, the correct words.

Following is the message—try to solve it before you look at the correct answer on the last page.

The Slide

Code Message

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
						•			•												•				
			•			•				•							•				•				•
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One Mistake—a "Third Degree" Test

One mistake is enough to trap a killer. In the murder of Glen Walding, three suspects were questioned in Chicago police headquarters. They had given the police affidavits that they had seen the victim in his office every day for the last two weeks, but each one had made one statement which made the police wonder. Here they are:

Suspect One: "I left for a sail on Lake Michigan Friday and came back Monday."

Suspect Two: "I spent that one night watching the bike races at the Garden, alone."

Suspect Three: "I listened to a radio broadcast in the Wrigley Building for a while, then went to the Tribune Tower to see an advertising display."

Which one made the fatal mistake?

Recognizing the fatal mistake is a test of your skill as a detective.

(The answers are on the last page.)

THE MOST POPULAR CHARACTER IN AMERICA

The Shadow is featured every month in THE SHADOW Magazine, he is heard every Sunday afternoon on a coast-to-coast radio network and is voted the most popular daytime show, Columbia Pictures have made a wonderful motion picture of his adventures and are now showing it at your neighborhood theater—all this is proof that The Shadow is America's favorite character.

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16
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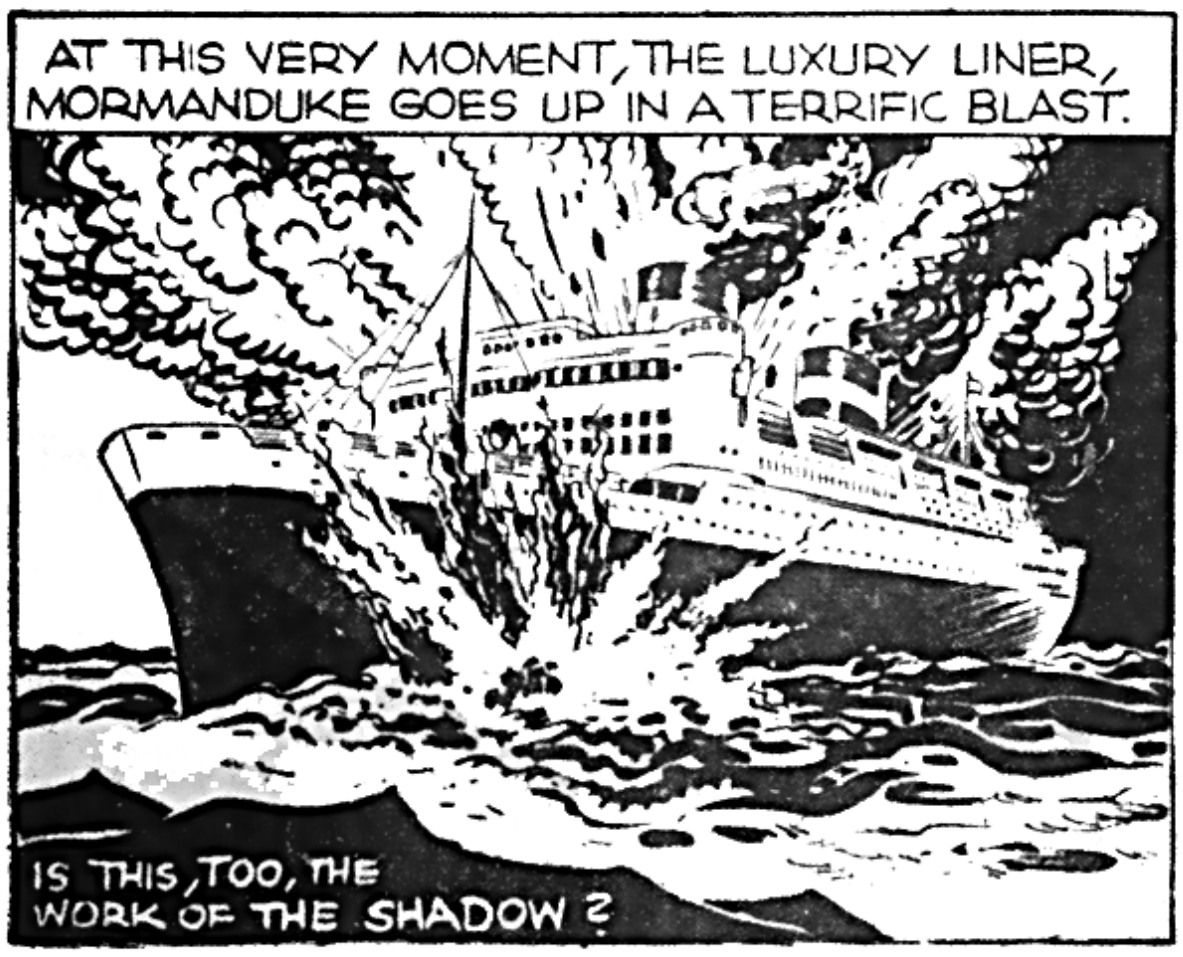
THE Shadow

I AM CONVINCED THAT THE CATASTROPHES THAT HAVE OCCURRED IN OUR CITY HAVE BEEN PERPETRATED BY ONE MAN - THE SHADOW - GET HIM!

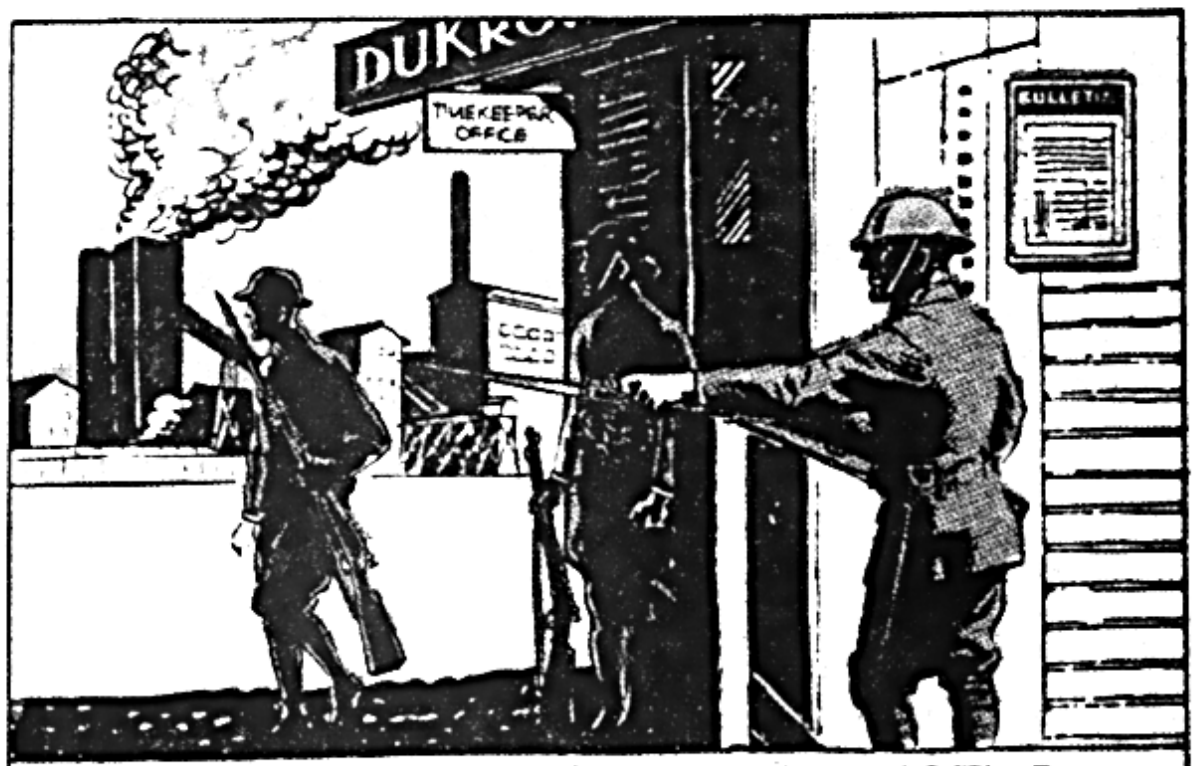
THE SHADOW ACCEPTS YOUR CHALLENGE, COMMISSIONER WESTON.

CLOSE THAT DOOR---- THE SHADOW IS IN THIS ROOM- DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!


AT THIS VERY MOMENT, THE LUXURY LINER, MORMANDUKE GOES UP IN A TERRIFIC BLAST.
IS THIS, TOO, THE WORK OF THE SHADOW?

LAMONT, THE PAPERS ARE ACCUSING THE SHADOW OF THESE EXPLOSIONS.
YES. I KNOW, MARGOT.

THE SABOTAGE AGENTS OF A FOREIGN POWER HAVE SELECTED THE DUKROW MUNITION WORKS AS THEIR NEXT OBJECTIVE SEALED ORDERS HAVE BEEN DELIVERED - BUT UNKNOWN TO THE AGENTS THE SHADOW IS PRESENT.

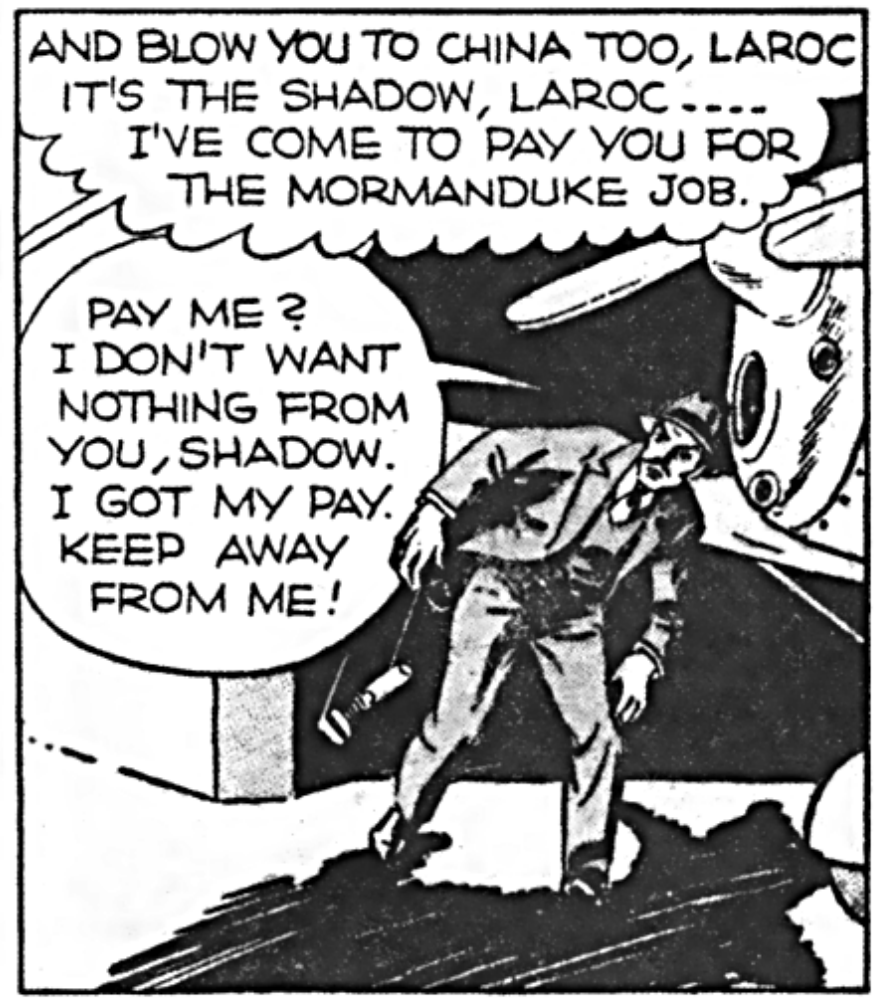


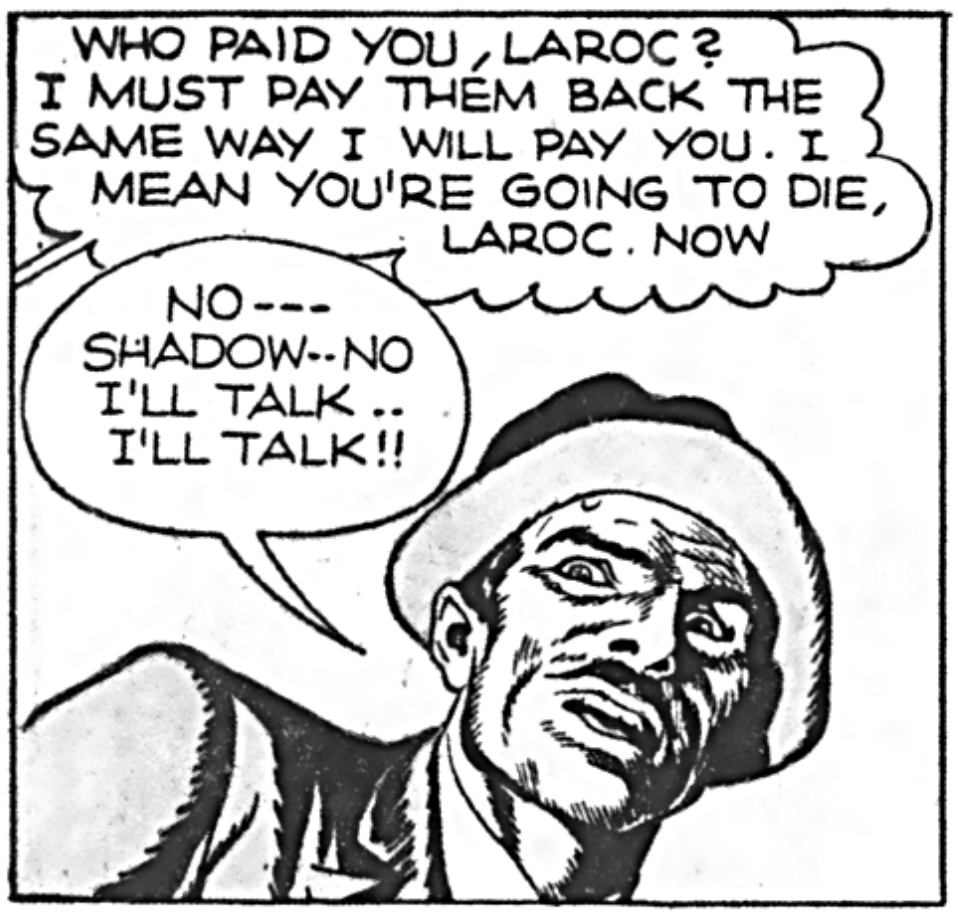
INSIDE FIVE HOURS, THE STATE MILITIA HAS TAKEN OVER THE GUARDING OF THE DUKROW PLANT. EVERY MAN IS TENSE -- EYES STRAINING AT EVERY SHADOW FOR THE SUSPECTED ENEMY

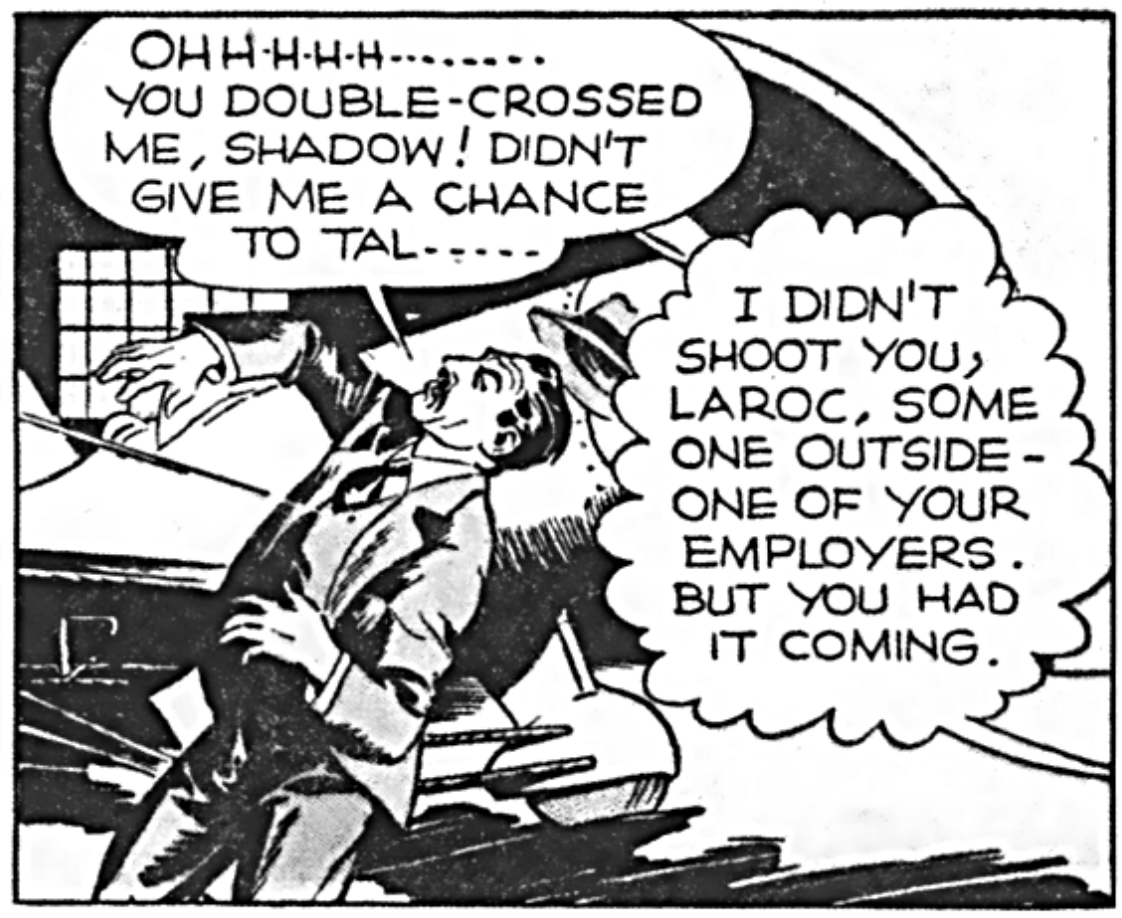
THE SHADOW, WORKING ALONE TO BREAK UP THE FOREIGN SABOTAGE RING, HAS DIVERTED SUSPICION FROM THE REAL CULPRITS BY CASTING THE BLAME UPON HIMSELF.

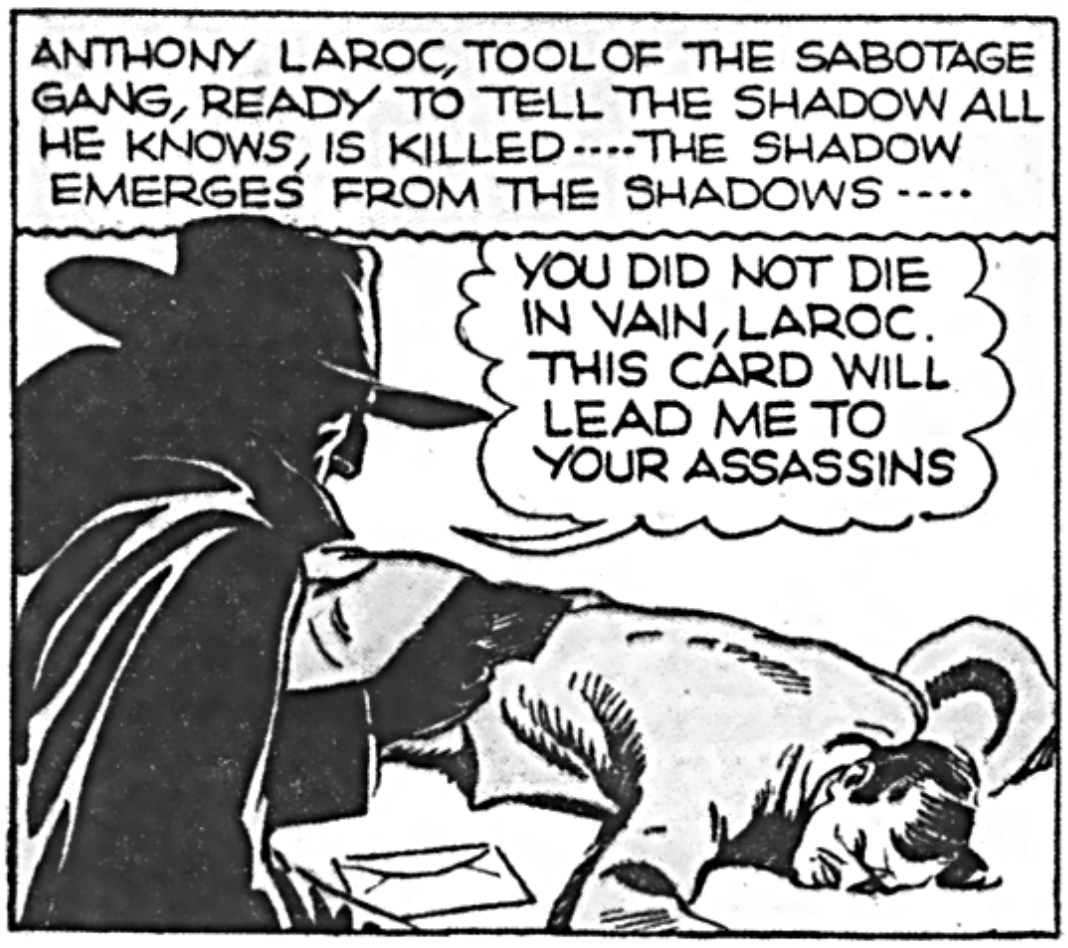
.....

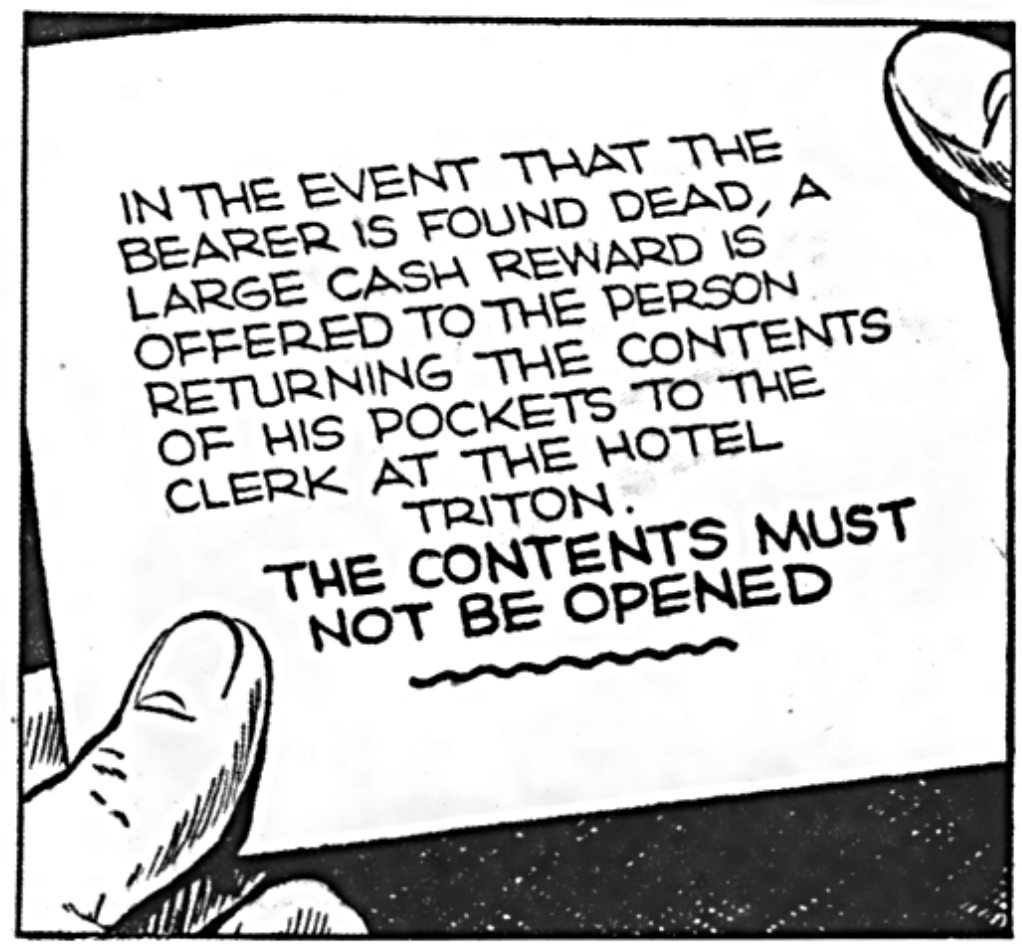
HE HAS FOLLOWED LAROC TO AN OLD HANGAR NEAR THE DUKROW PLANT.

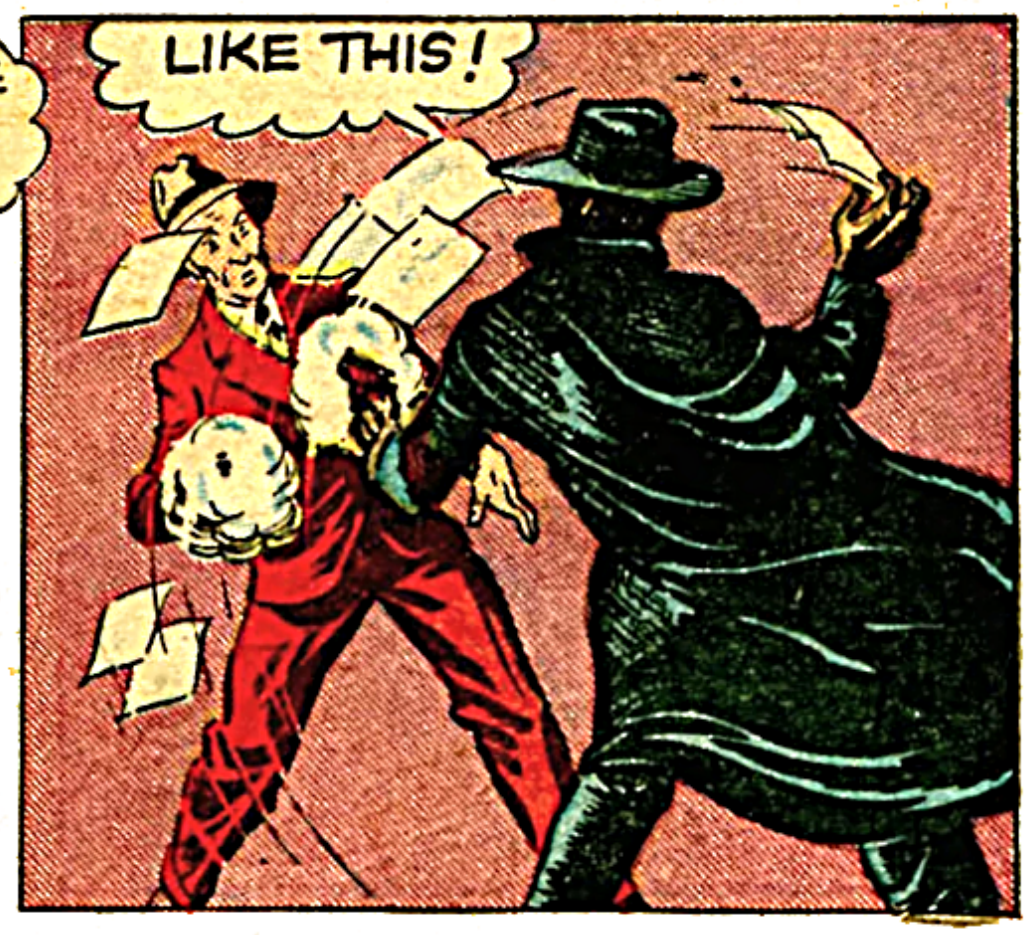




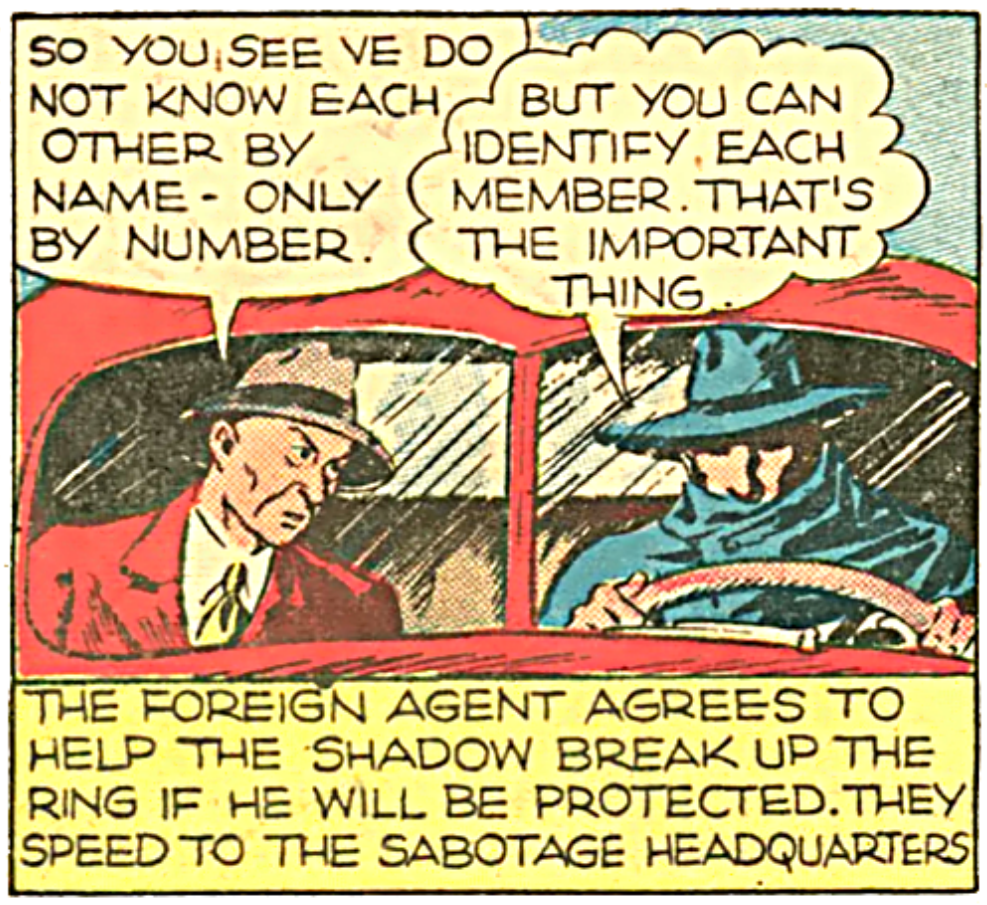


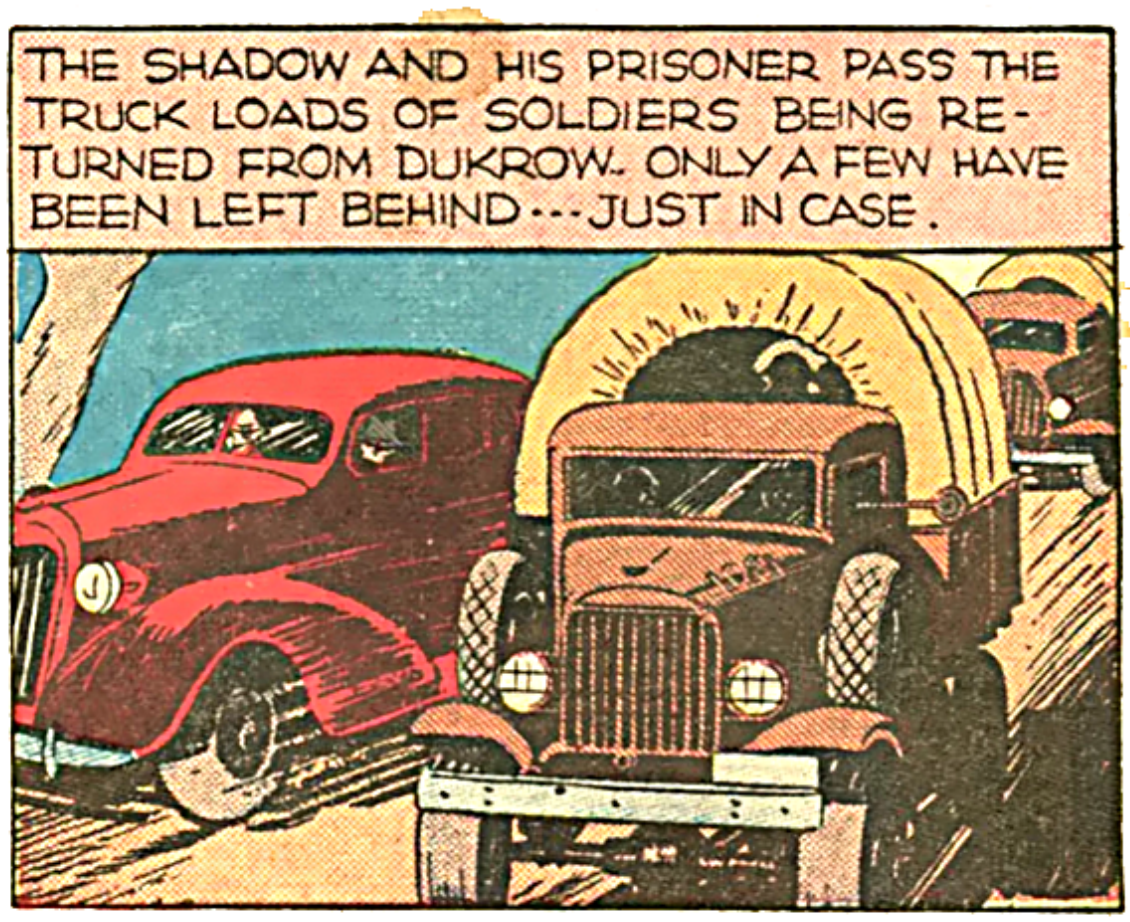


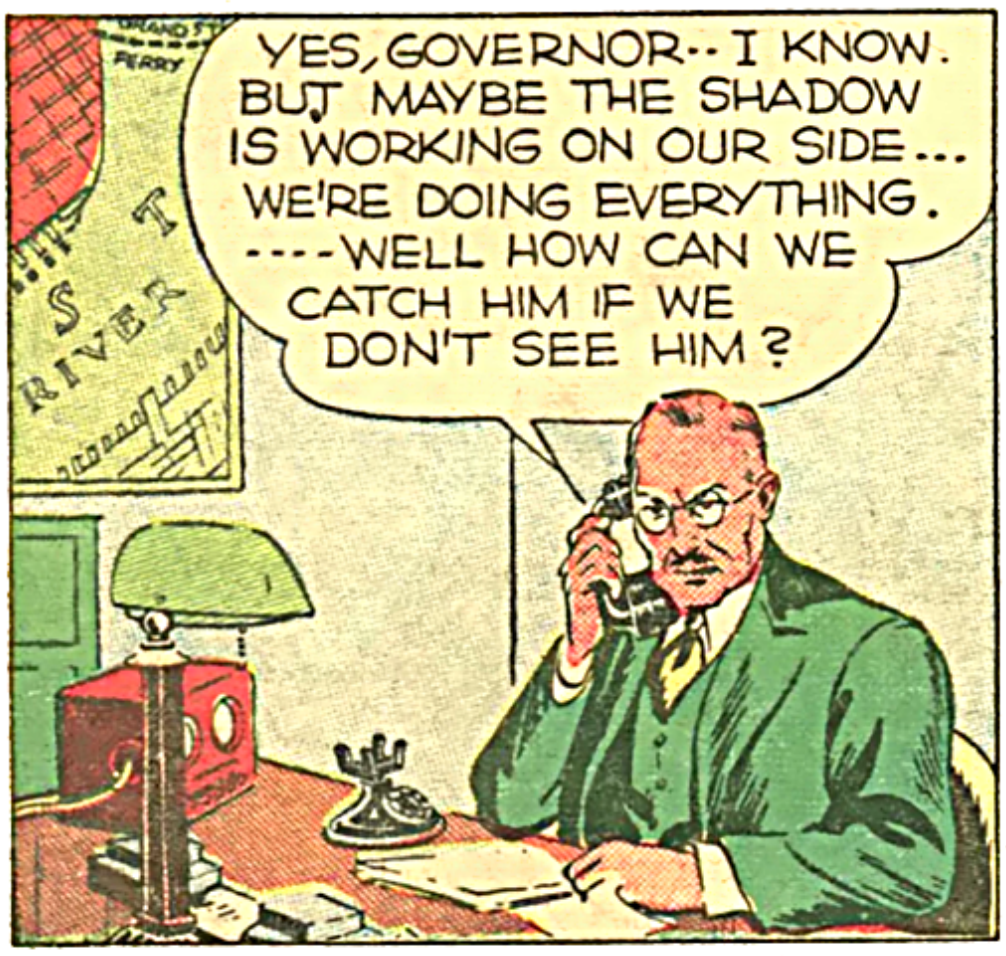




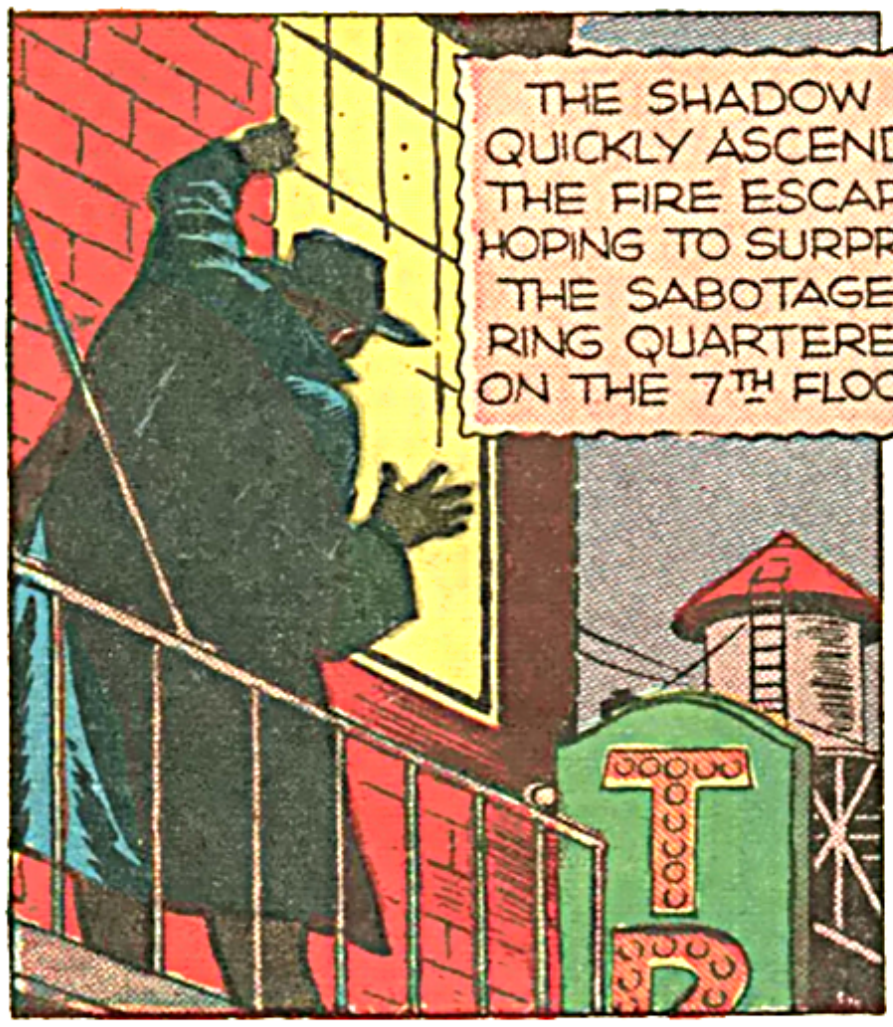
CORNERED BY THE SABOTAGE AGENT, THE SHADOW SUDDENLY OPENS FIRE THE AGENT IS WOUNDED.

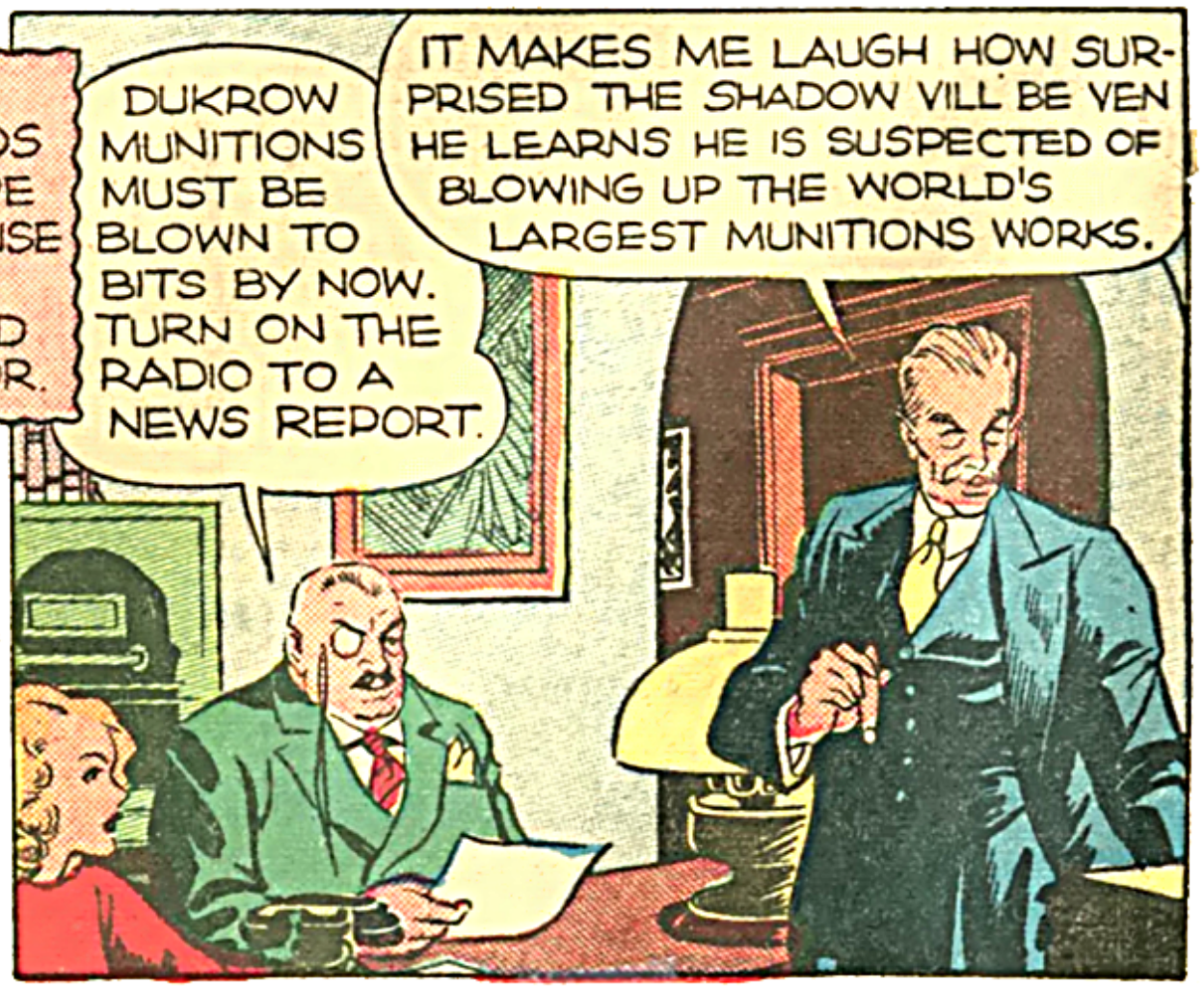

SO YOU SEE VE DO NOT KNOW EACH OTHER BY NAME - ONLY BY NUMBER.
BUT YOU CAN IDENTIFY EACH MEMBER. THAT'S THE IMPORTANT THING.
THE FOREIGN AGENT AGREES TO HELP THE SHADOW BREAK UP THE RING IF HE WILL BE PROTECTED. THEY SPEED TO THE SABOTAGE HEADQUARTERS

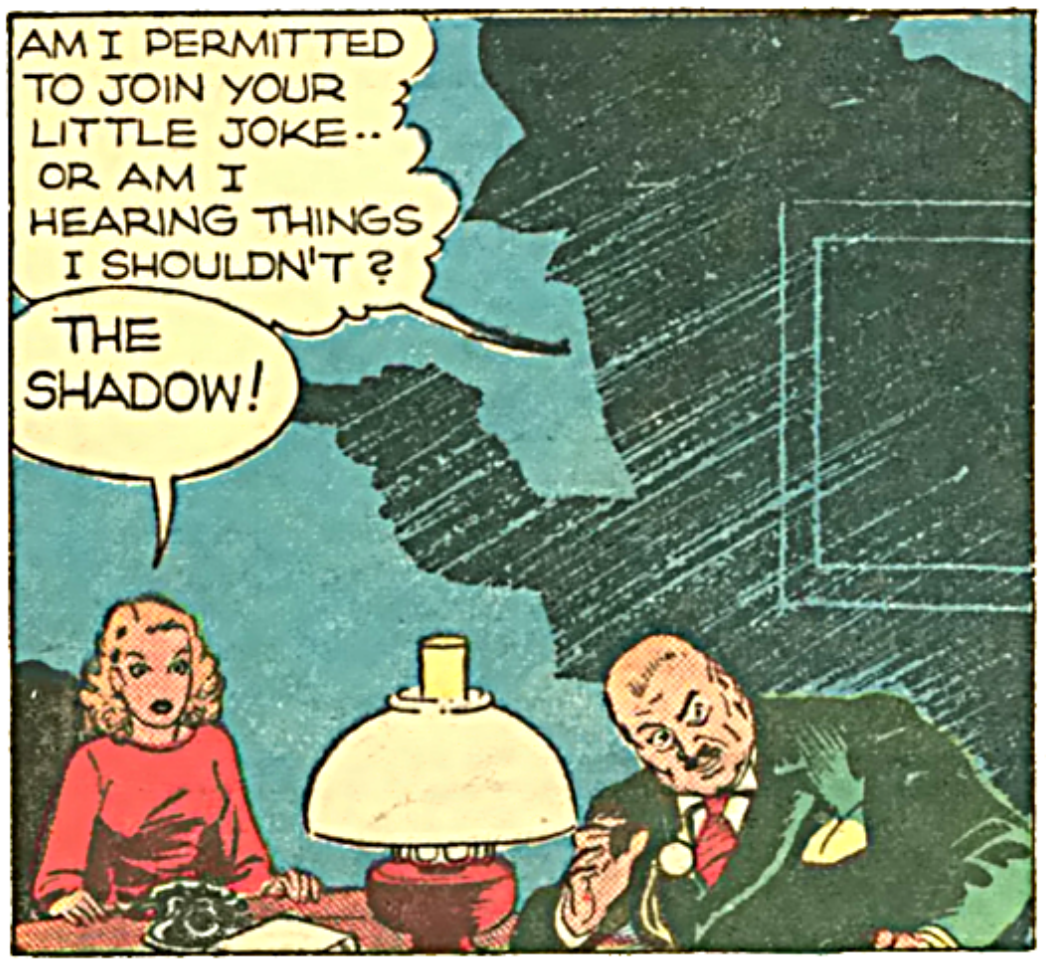

THE SHADOW AND HIS PRISONER PASS THE TRUCK LOADS OF SOLDIERS BEING RETURNED FROM DUKROW. ONLY A FEW HAVE BEEN LEFT BEHIND ... JUST IN CASE.

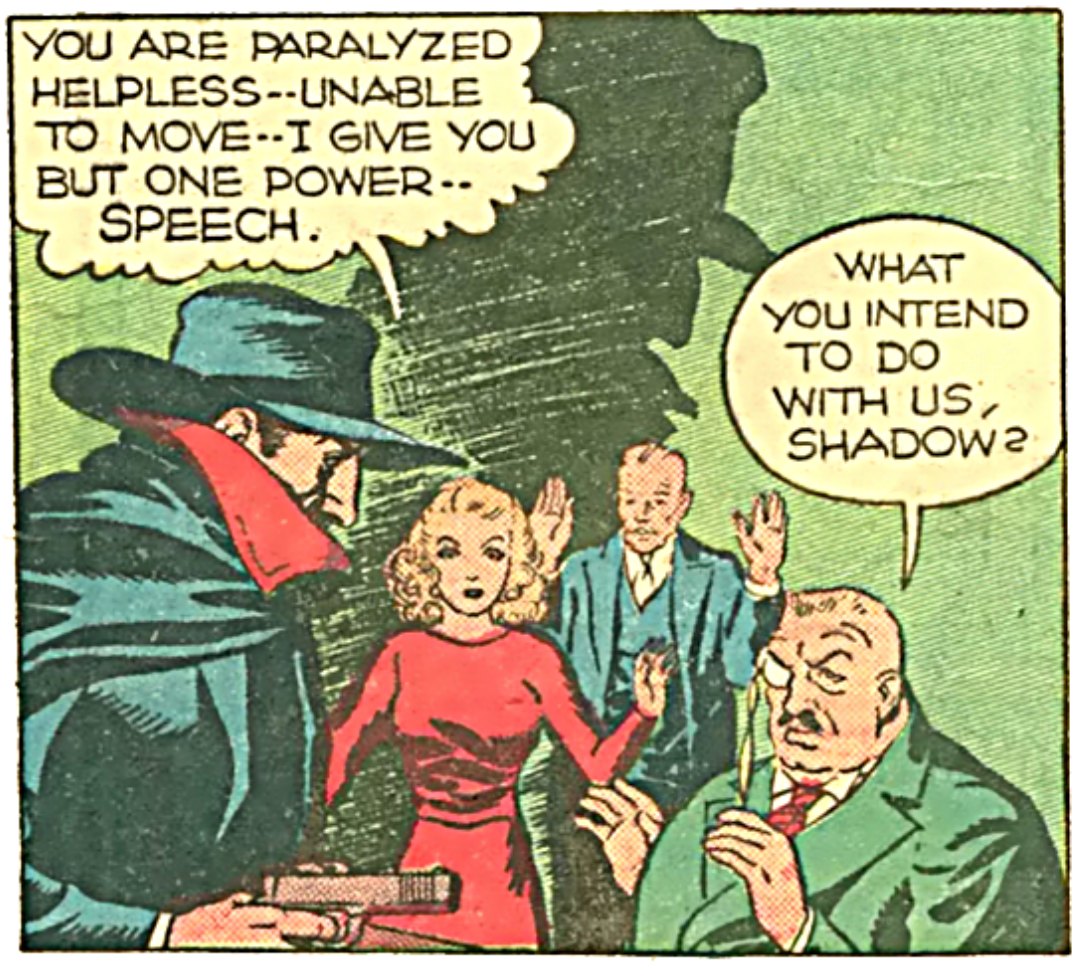

YES, GOVERNOR.. I KNOW. BUT MAYBE THE SHADOW IS WORKING ON OUR SIDE... WE'RE DOING EVERYTHING. ----WELL HOW CAN WE CATCH HIM IF WE DON'T SEE HIM?

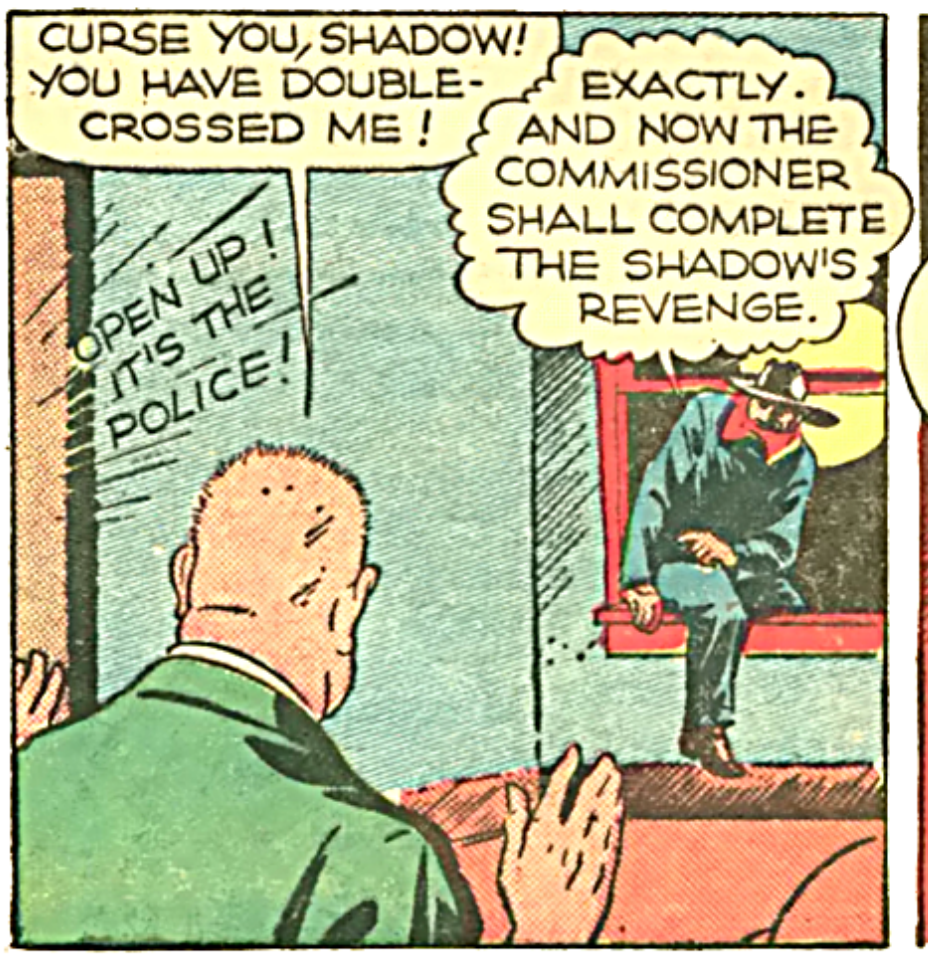
VERY WELL PUT, COMMISSIONER. YOU CAN'T CATCH A SHADOW. NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY I AM ON YOUR SIDE. HAVE YOUR MEN SURROUND THE HOTEL TRITON. IN ONE HOUR I'LL DELIVER THE ENTIRE SABOTAGE RING TO YOU.
CAN THE SHADOW KEEP HIS PROMISE? WILL THESE AGENTS, TRAINED FOR EVERY EMERGENCY, FALL PREY TO THE SHADOW?


THE SHADOW QUICKLY ASCENDS THE FIRE ESCAPE HOPING TO SURPRISE THE SABOTAGE RING QUARTERED ON THE 7TH FLOOR.


DUKROW MUNITIONS MUST BE BLOWN TO BITS BY NOW. TURN ON THE RADIO TO A NEWS REPORT.
IT MAKES ME LAUGH HOW SURPRISED THE SHADOW VILL BE VEN HE LEARNS HE IS SUSPECTED OF BLOWING UP THE WORLD'S LARGEST MUNITIONS WORKS.





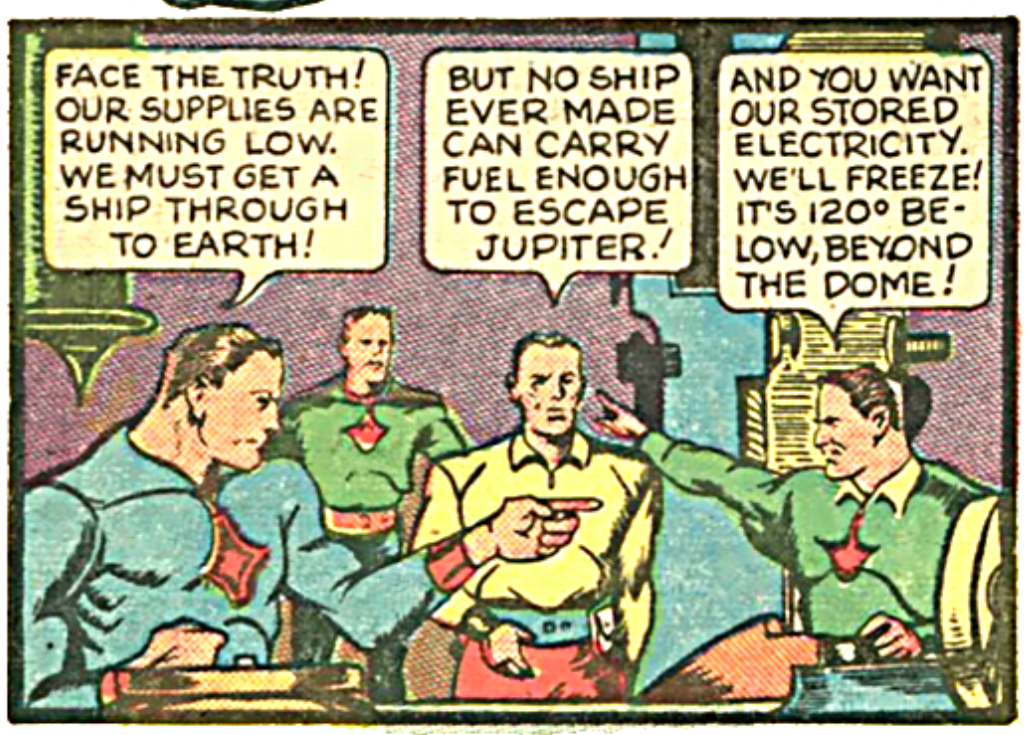


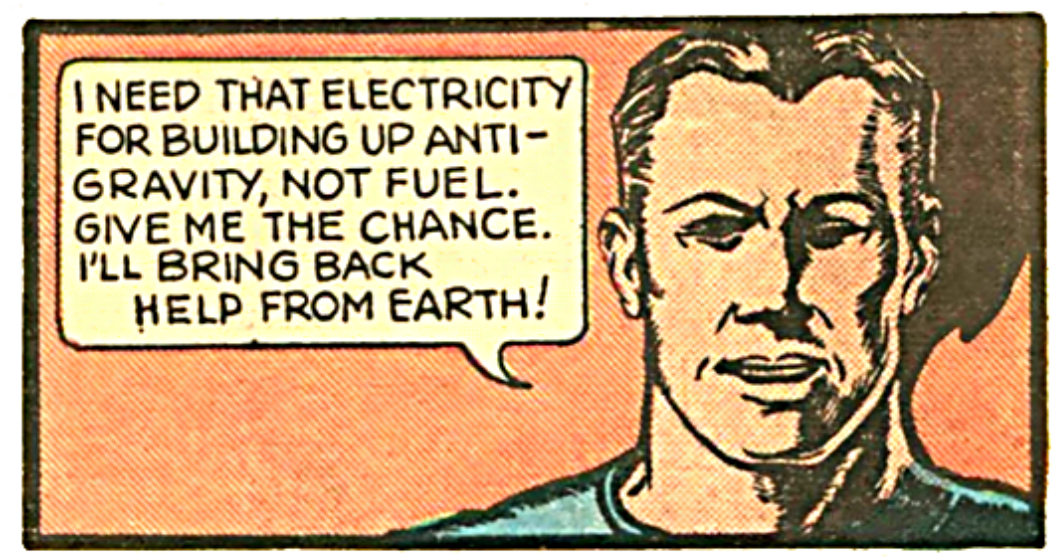
THE SABOTAGE RING BROKEN- THE SHADOW RETURNS TO HIS NORMAL: 'ROLE--- LAMONT CRANSTON, MAN ABOUT TOWN.

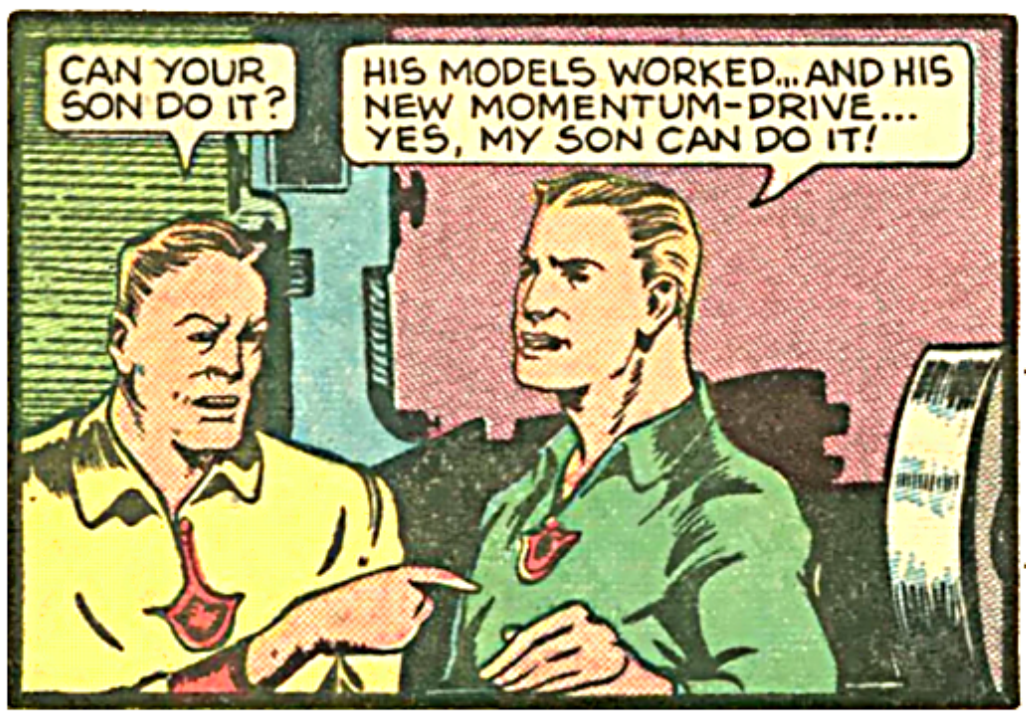
WATCH FOR NEXT MONTH'S THRILLING CHAPTER IN THE *Shadow* COMICS

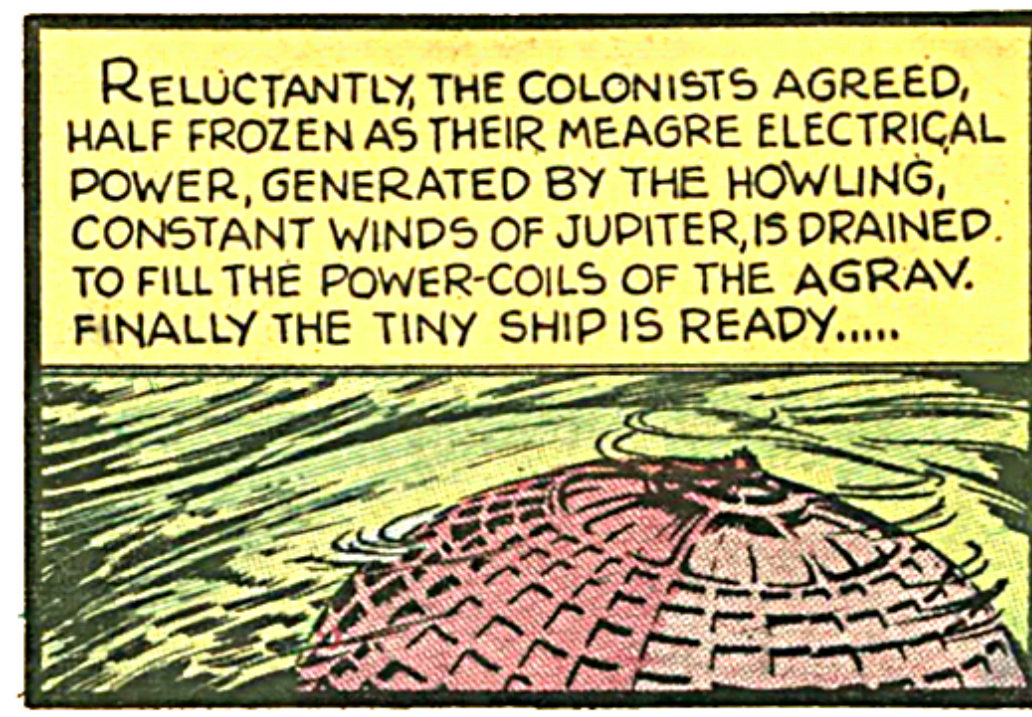
IRON MUNRO
THE ASTOUNDING MAN

In 2093 A. D., an expedition, sent out in a space ship to colonize Ganymede, one of the moons of Jupiter, passed too close to the giant Jupiter and was trapped! No space ship then known to man could battle away from Jupiter's gravity. Perforce, they settled on the inhospitable world, laboring to maintain life under two and a half times the weight they had known on earth. A child . . . later to be known as "Iron" Munro . . . was born and grew there, accustomed from infancy to the terrible drag of Jupiter's gravity. For more than a quarter of a century the colony was marooned. Iron Munro never saw a star, nor the earth his parents had told him of. But he knew that some day he would see that mother world. . . .

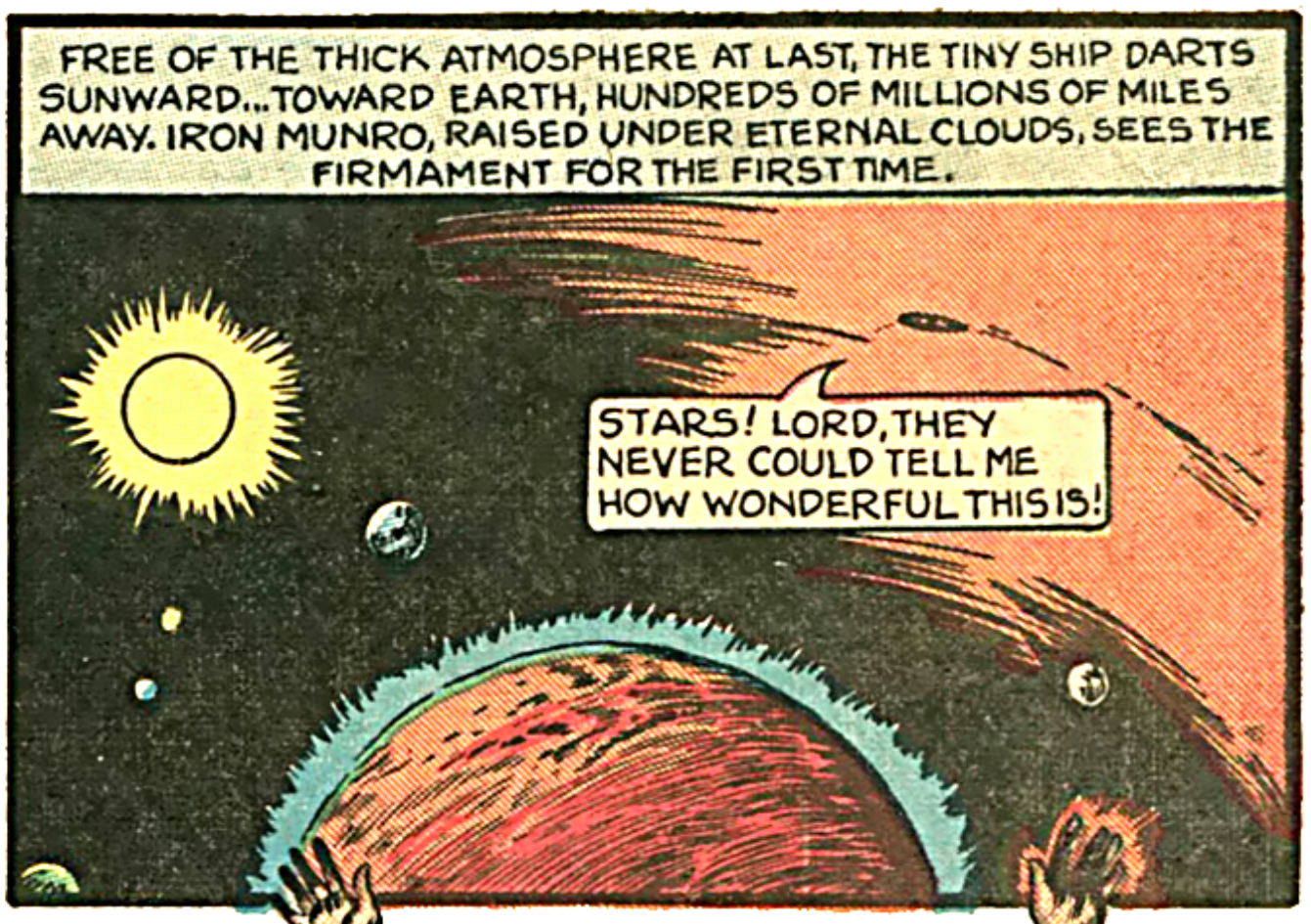


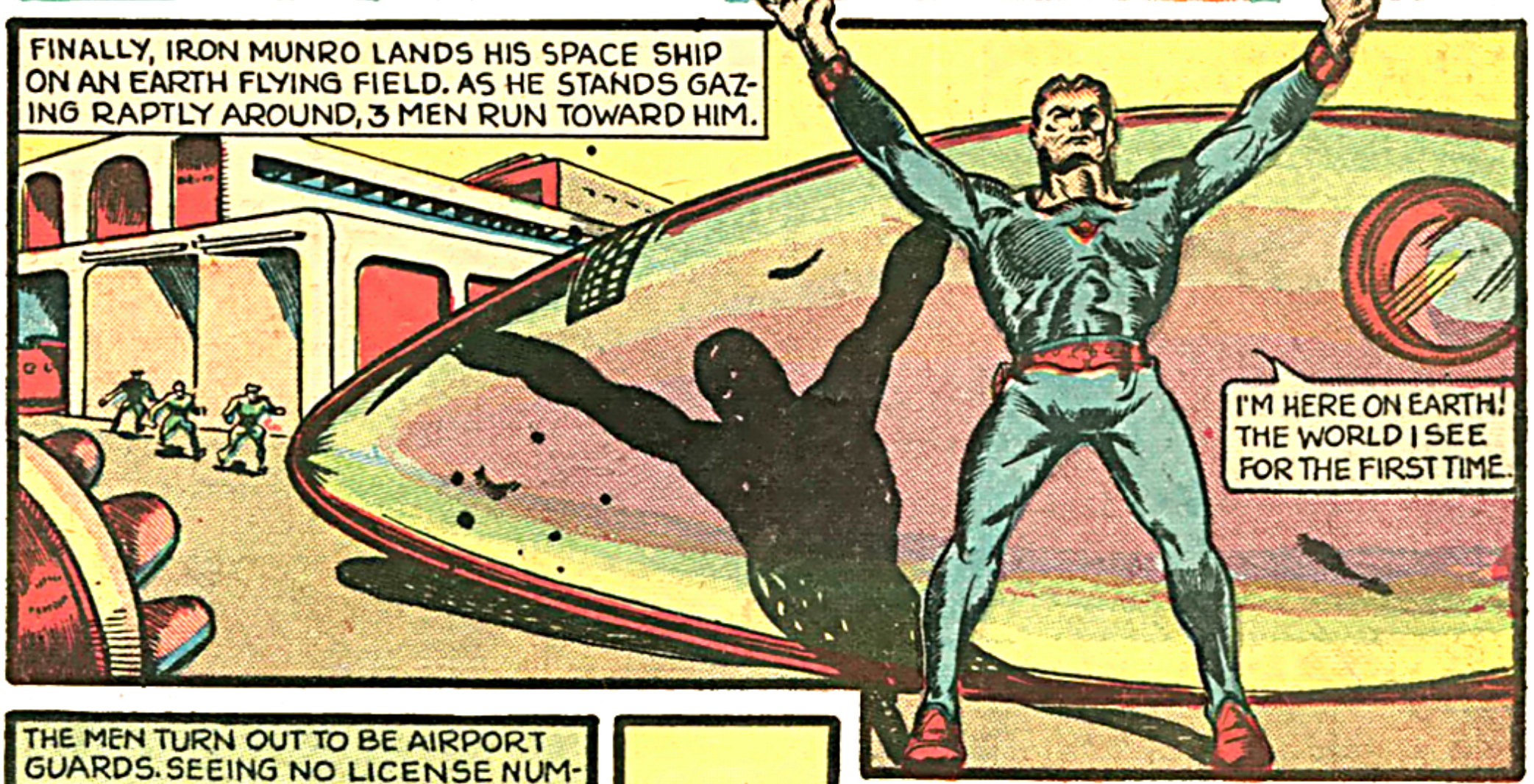




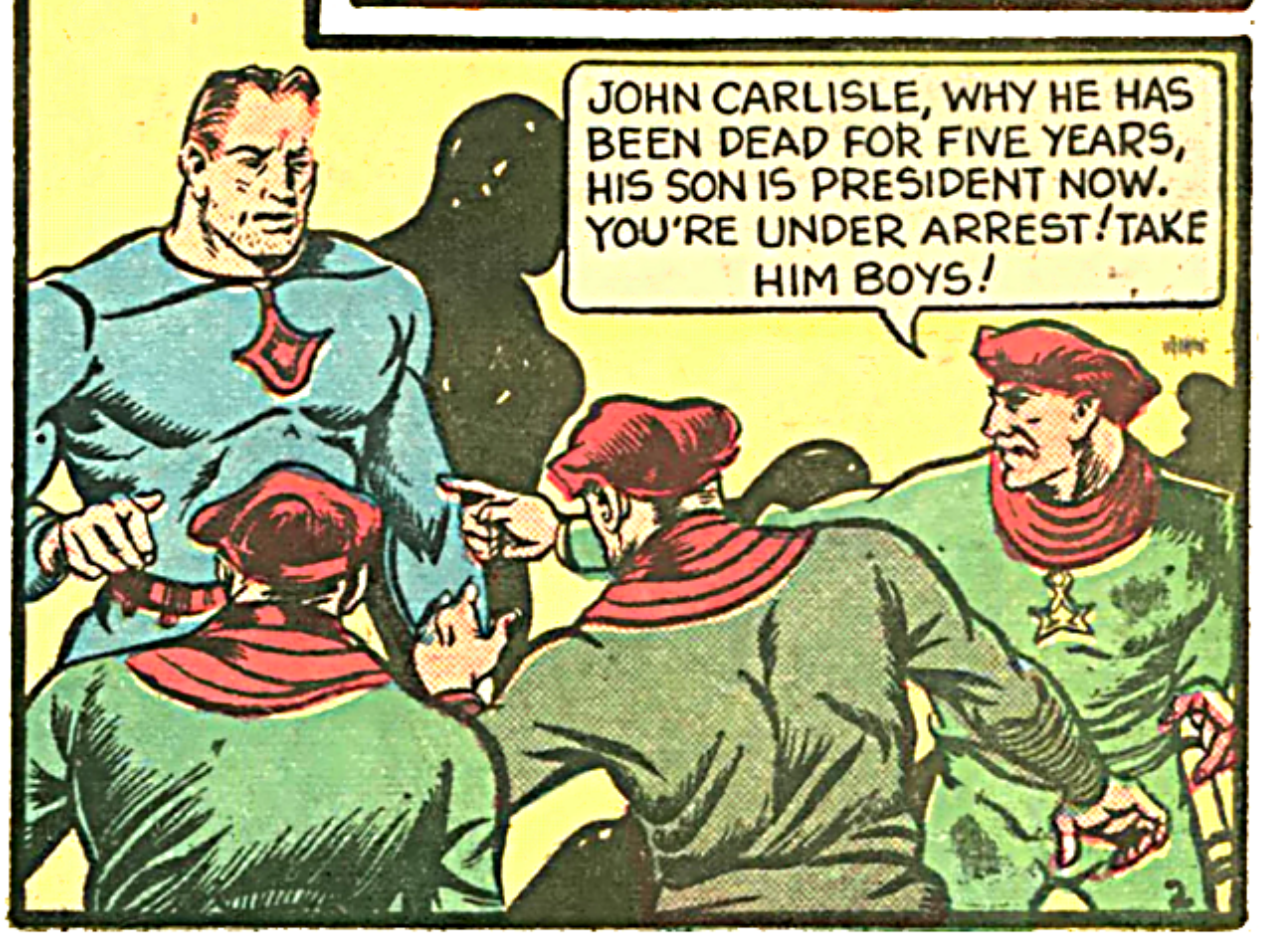


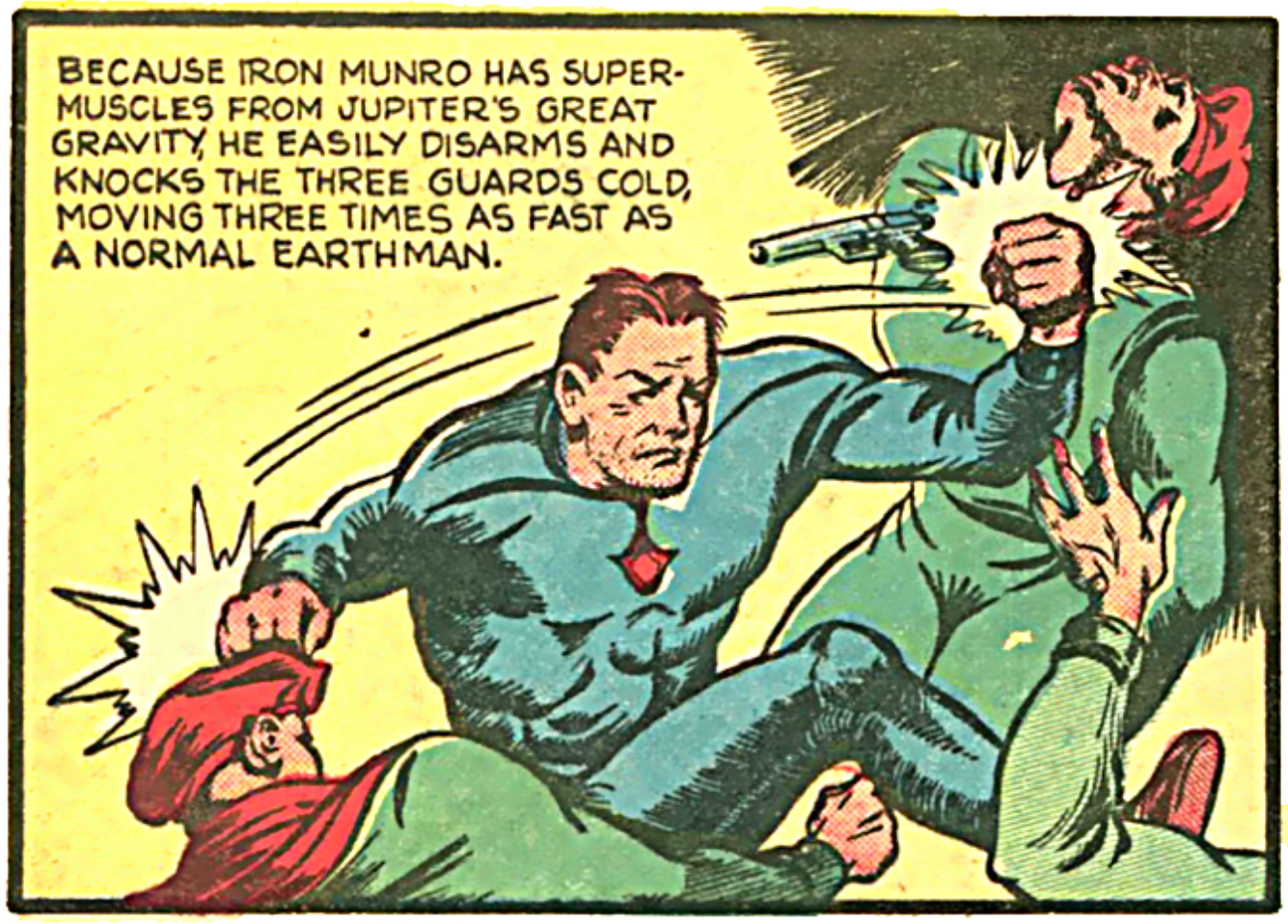
IT IS DIFFICULT FOR US TO HEAR YOU. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
STORM... WINDS OVER 1000 MILES AN HOUR.. BUT I'M RISING ..... GOODBYE!

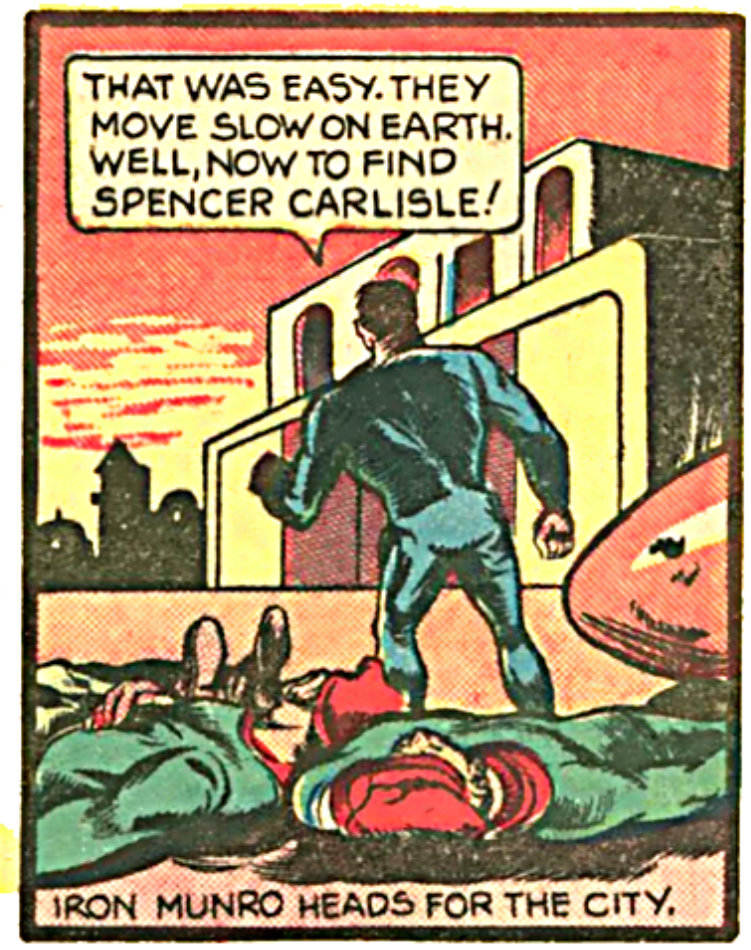

FREE OF THE THICK ATMOSPHERE AT LAST, THE TINY SHIP DARTS SUNWARD...TOWARD EARTH, HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY. IRON MUNRO, RAISED UNDER ETERNAL CLOUDS, SEES THE FIRMAMENT FOR THE FIRST TIME.
STARS! LORD, THEY NEVER COULD TELL ME HOW WONDERFUL THIS IS!


FINALLY, IRON MUNRO LANDS HIS SPACE SHIP ON AN EARTH FLYING FIELD. AS HE STANDS GAZING RAPTLY AROUND, 3 MEN RUN TOWARD HIM.
I'M HERE ON EARTH! THE WORLD I SEE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

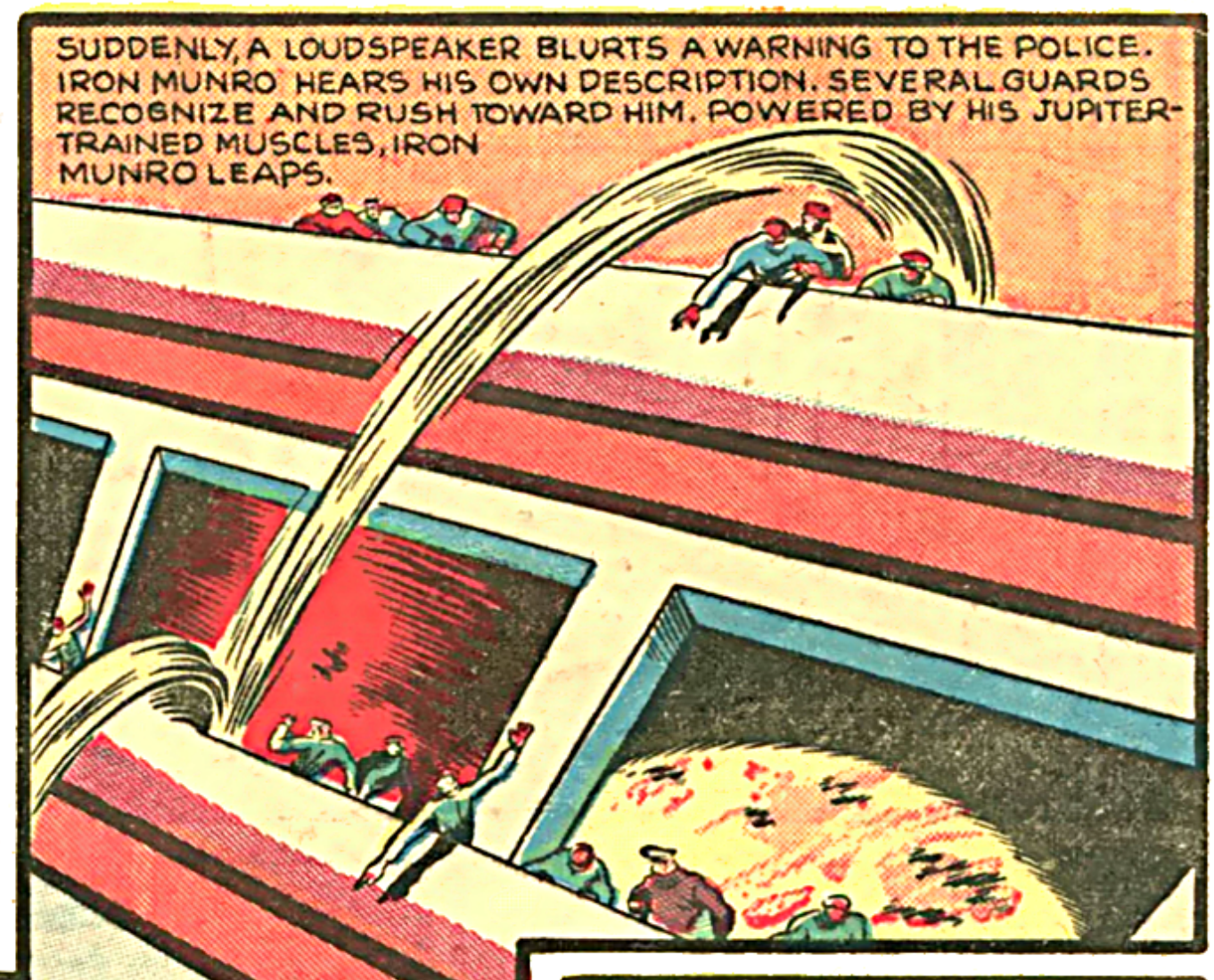
THE MEN TURN OUT TO BE AIRPORT GUARDS. SEEING NO LICENSE NUMBER ON THE STRANGE SHIP, THE GUARDS BECOME SUSPICIOUS.
YOUR SHIP IS UNREGISTERED. WHERE IS YOUR PASSPORT, AND WHAT ARE YOU A CITIZEN OF?
I'M A CITIZEN OF JUPITER AND I WANT TO SEE JOHN CARLISLE, PRESIDENT OF AMERICAN ROCKET.

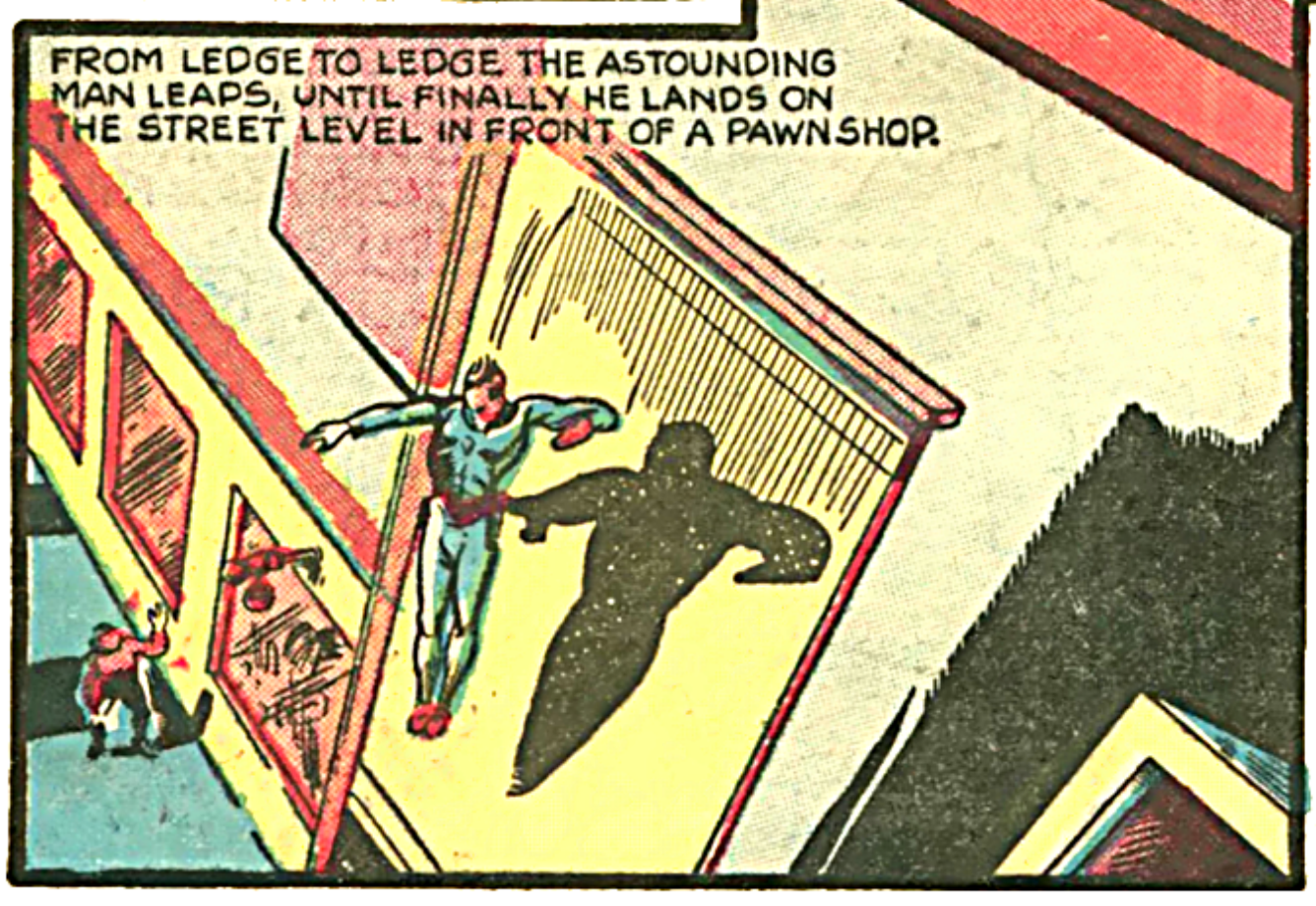

JOHN CARLISLE, WHY HE HAS BEEN DEAD FOR FIVE YEARS, HIS SON IS PRESIDENT NOW. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! TAKE HIM BOYS!


BECAUSE IRON MUNRO HAS SUPER-MUSCLES FROM JUPITER'S GREAT GRAVITY, HE EASILY DISARMS AND KNOCKS THE THREE GUARDS COLD, MOVING THREE TIMES AS FAST AS A NORMAL EARTHMAN.

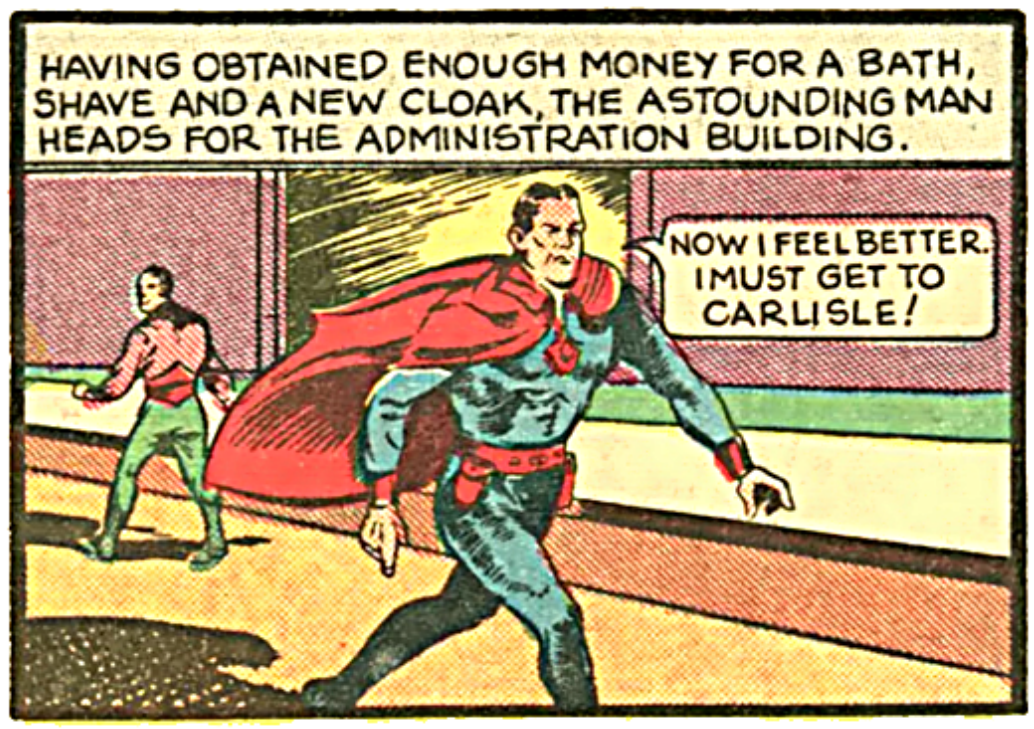

THAT WAS EASY. THEY MOVE SLOW ON EARTH. WELL, NOW TO FIND SPENCER CARLISLE!
IRON MUNRO HEADS FOR THE CITY.

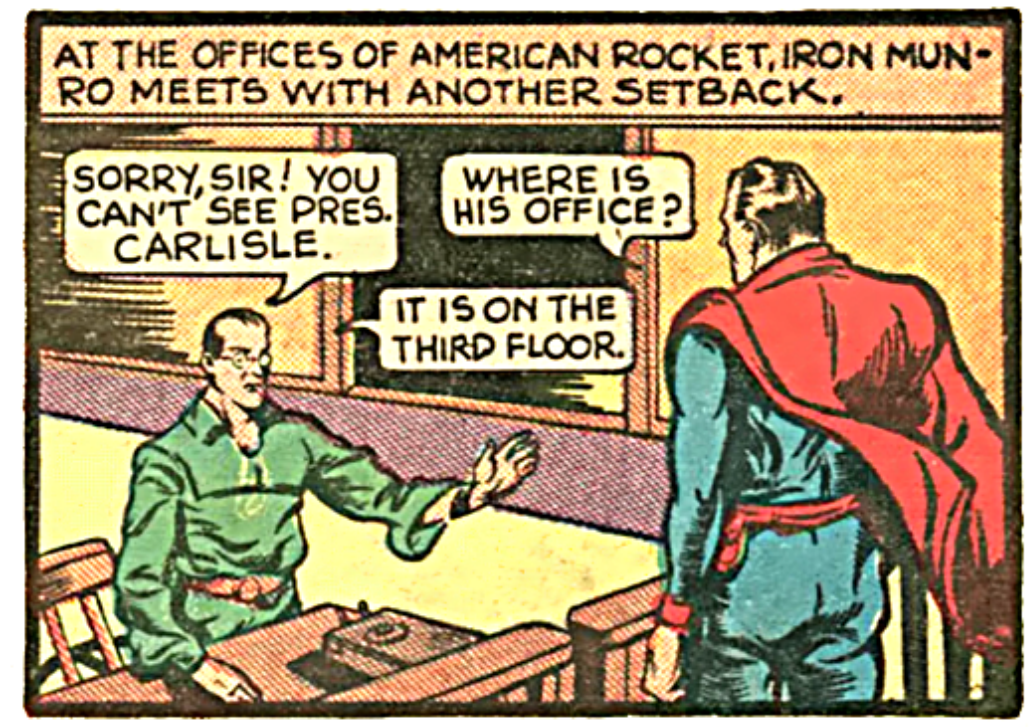
THIS IS MORE OF A WONDER CITY THAN FATHER EVER DESCRIBED! BUT I'LL NEED MONEY HERE...
MUNRO REACHES THE CITY, HE IS AMAZED AT ITS STRUCTURAL BEAUTY.

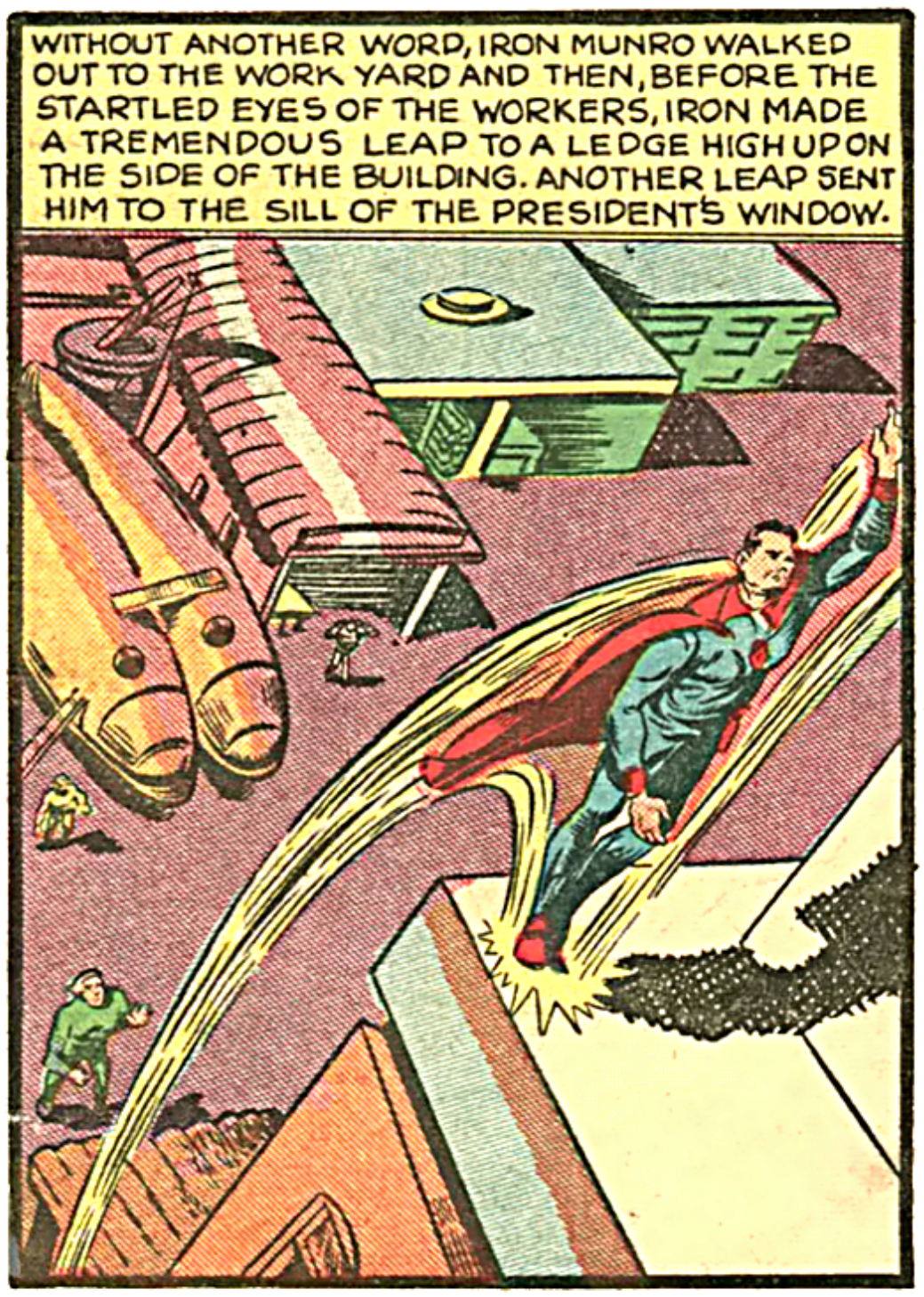

SUDDENLY, A LOUDSPEAKER BLURTS A WARNING TO THE POLICE. IRON MUNRO HEARS HIS OWN DESCRIPTION. SEVERAL GUARDS RECOGNIZE AND RUSH TOWARD HIM. POWERED BY HIS JUPITER-TRAINED MUSCLES, IRON MUNRO LEAPS.

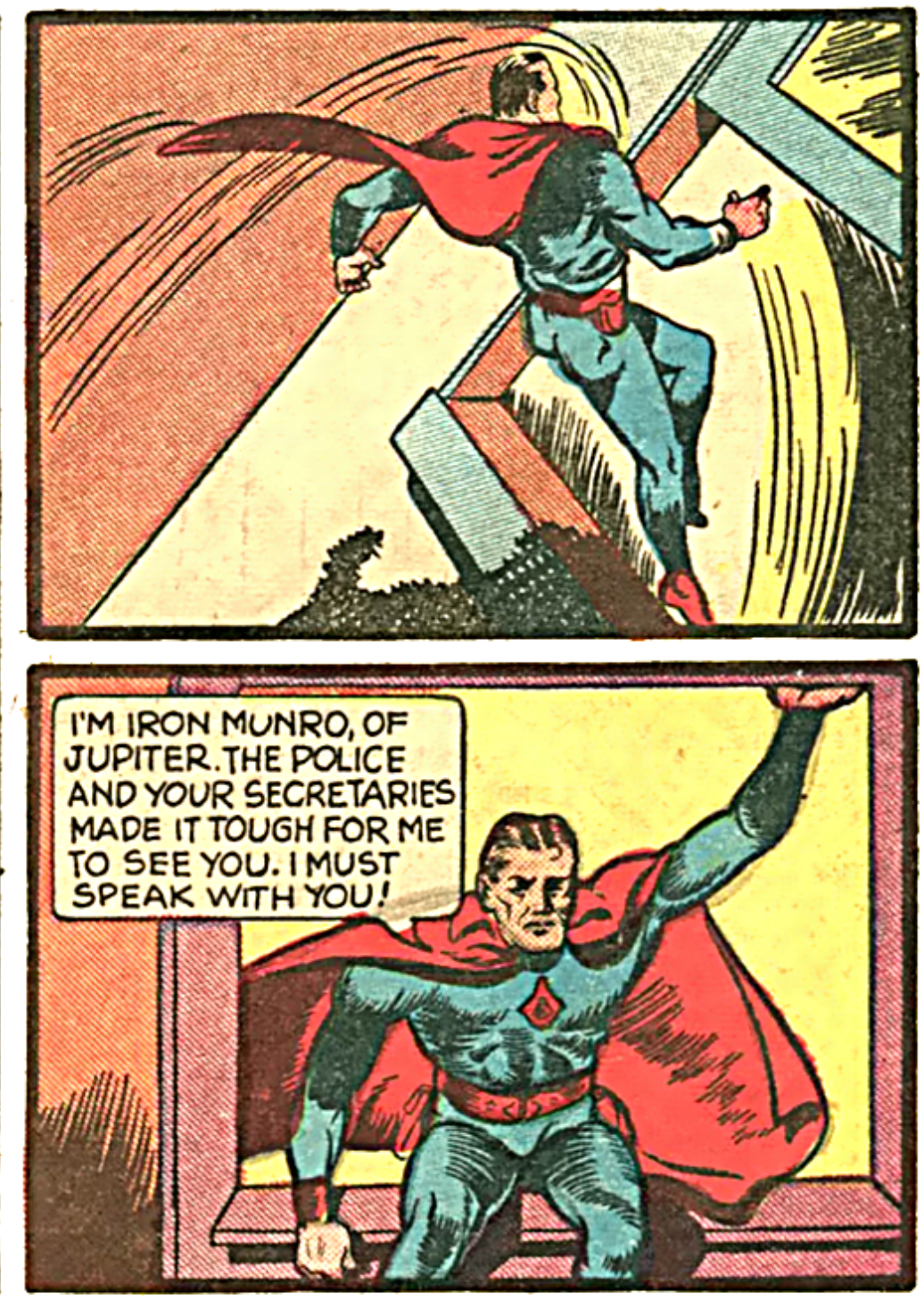

FROM LEDGE TO LEDGE THE ASTOUNDING MAN LEAPS, UNTIL FINALLY HE LANDS ON THE STREET LEVEL IN FRONT OF A PAWNSHOP.

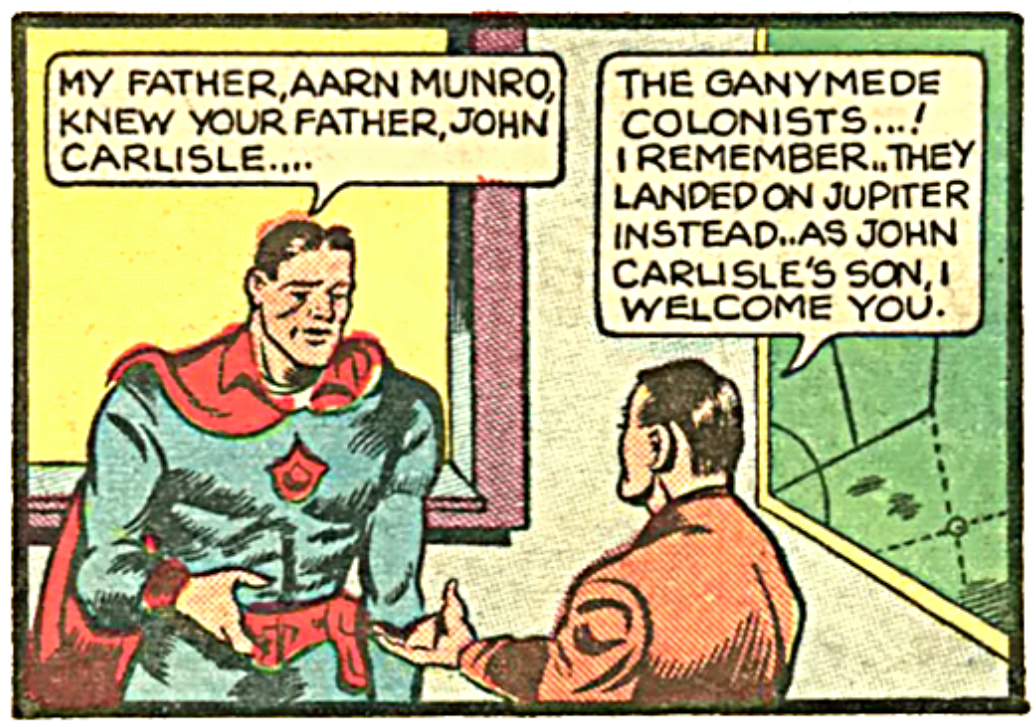
ELUDING HIS PURSUERS BY DASHING INTO THE PAWNSHOP, HE PAWNS HIS WATCH FOR GOLD.
IS THIS ALL I GET FOR IT?
I'M LOSING MONEY!

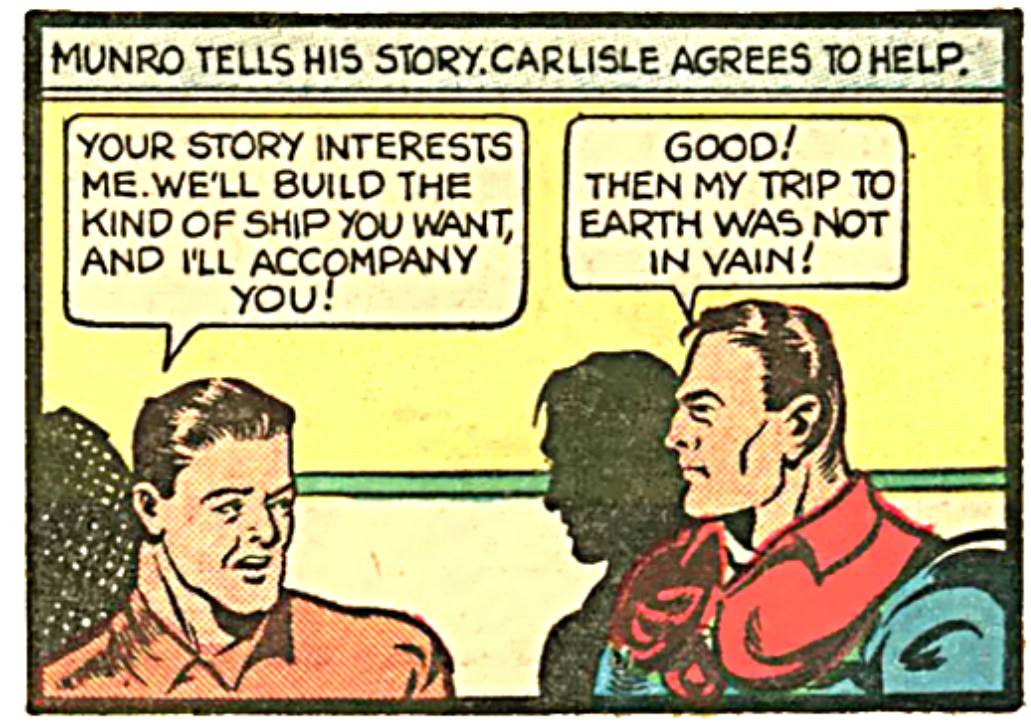

HAVING OBTAINED ENOUGH MONEY FOR A BATH, SHAVE AND A NEW CLOAK, THE ASTOUNDING MAN HEADS FOR THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.
NOW I FEEL BETTER. I MUST GET TO CARLISLE!

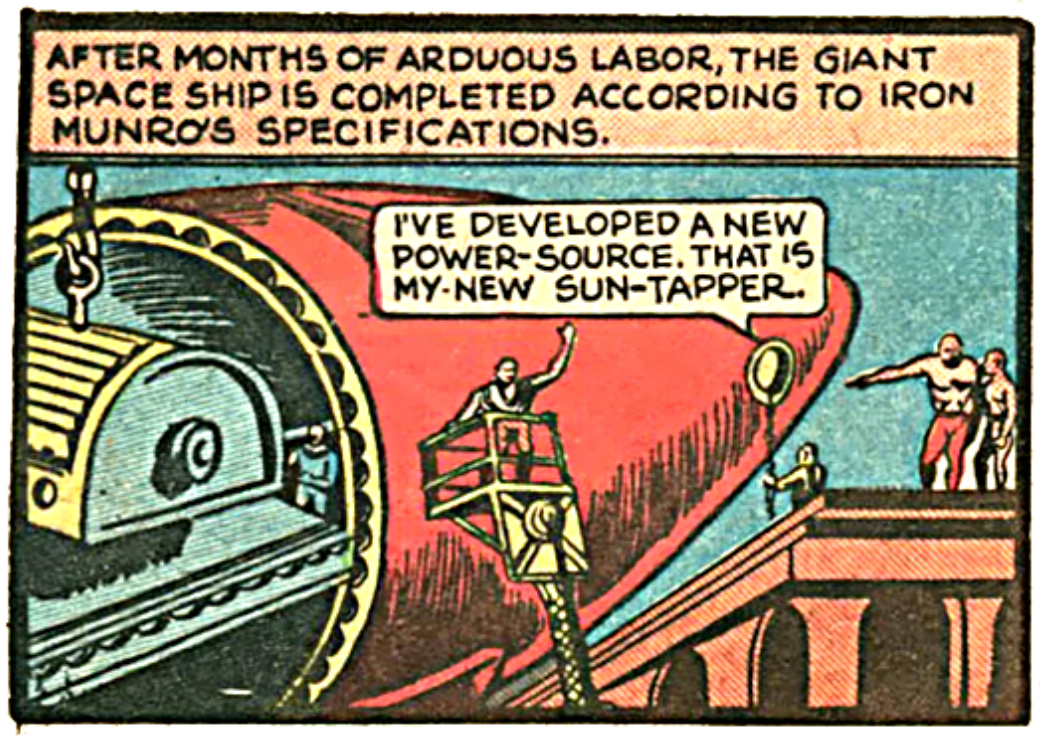

AT THE OFFICES OF AMERICAN ROCKET, IRON MUNRO MEETS WITH ANOTHER SETBACK.
SORRY, SIR! YOU CAN'T SEE PRES. CARLISLE.
WHERE IS HIS OFFICE?
IT IS ON THE THIRD FLOOR.

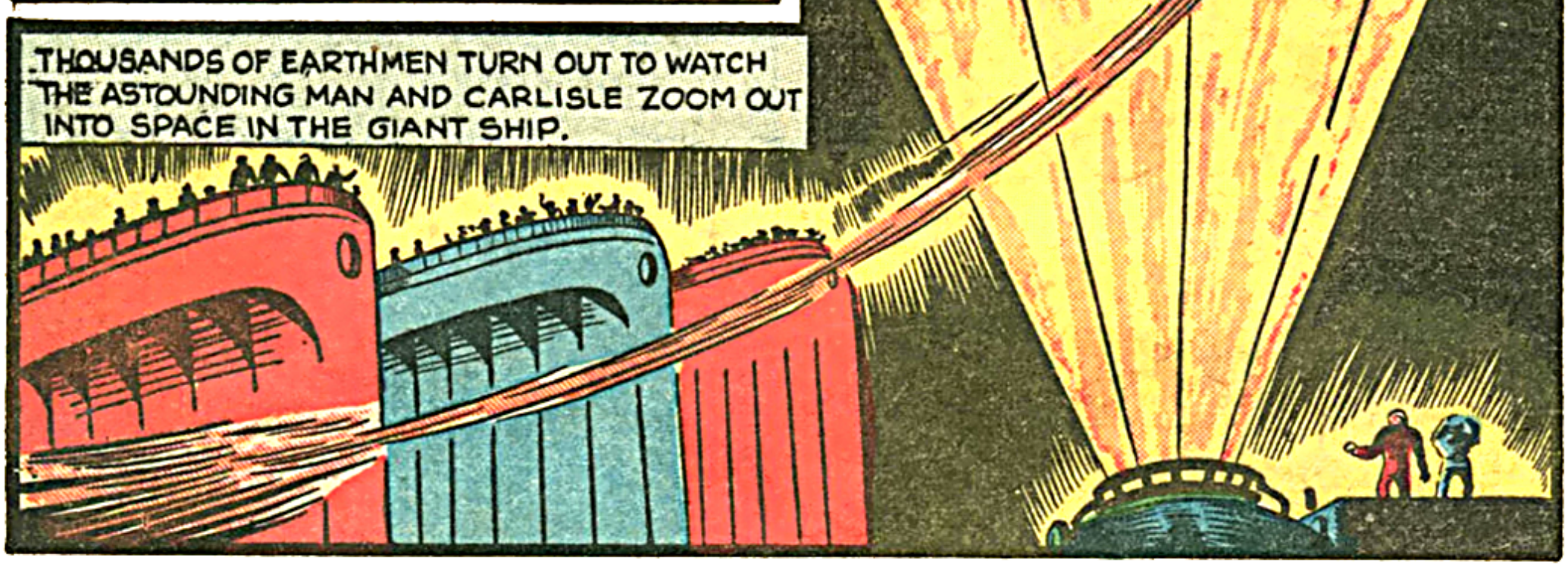

WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, IRON MUNRO WALKED OUT TO THE WORK YARD AND THEN, BEFORE THE STARTLED EYES OF THE WORKERS, IRON MADE A TREMENDOUS LEAP TO A LEDGE HIGH UPON THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING. ANOTHER LEAP SENT HIM TO THE SILL OF THE PRESIDENT'S WINDOW.


I'M IRON MUNRO, OF JUPITER. THE POLICE AND YOUR SECRETARIES MADE IT TOUGH FOR ME TO SEE YOU. I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU!

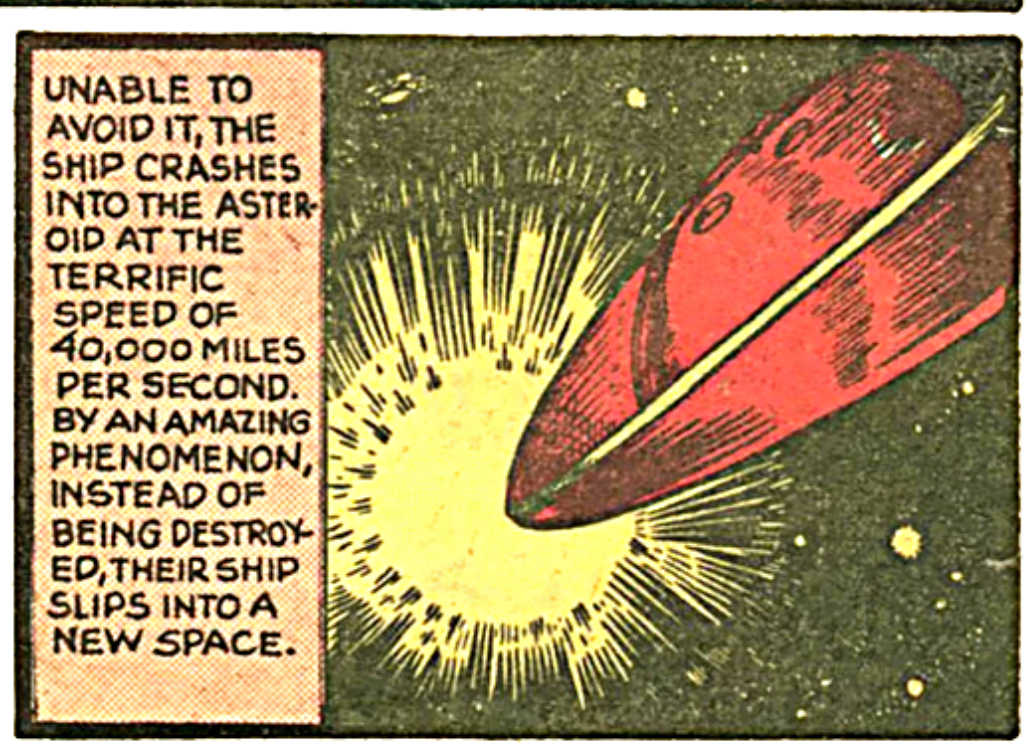

MY FATHER, AARN MUNRO, KNEW YOUR FATHER, JOHN CARLISLE....
THE GANYMEDE COLONISTS...! I REMEMBER.. THEY LANDED ON JUPITER INSTEAD.. AS JOHN CARLISLE'S SON, I WELCOME YOU.

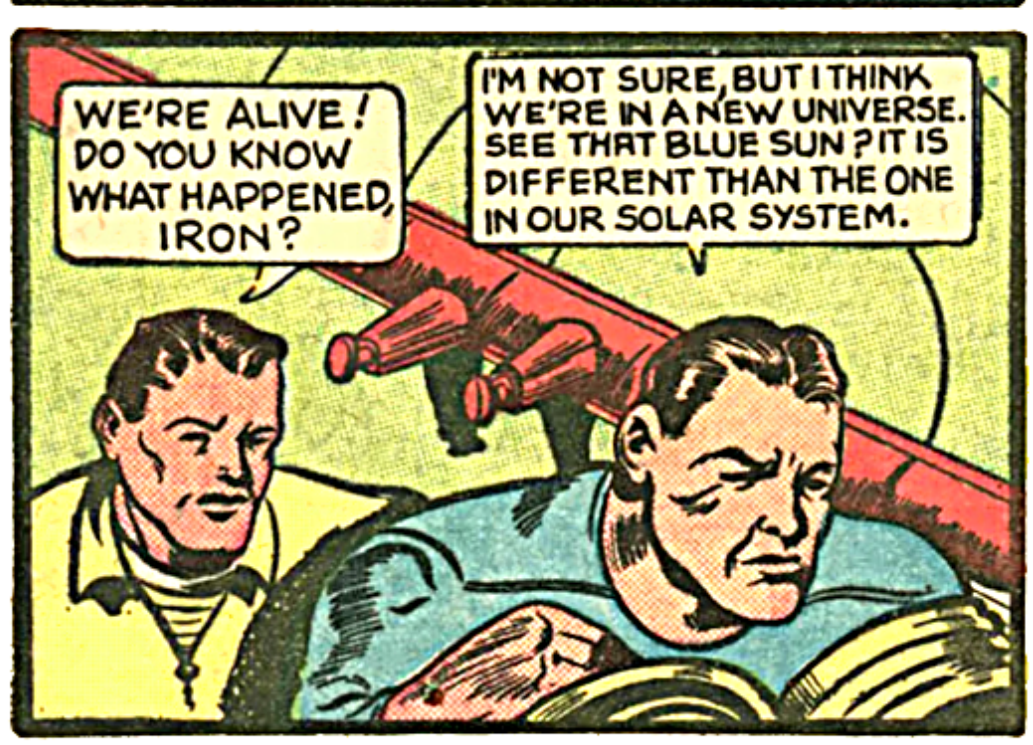

MUNRO TELLS HIS STORY. CARLISLE AGREES TO HELP.
YOUR STORY INTERESTS ME. WE'LL BUILD THE KIND OF SHIP YOU WANT, AND I'LL ACCOMPANY YOU!
GOOD! THEN MY TRIP TO EARTH WAS NOT IN VAIN!


AFTER MONTHS OF ARDUOUS LABOR, THE GIANT SPACE SHIP IS COMPLETED ACCORDING TO IRON MUNRO'S SPECIFICATIONS.
I'VE DEVELOPED A NEW POWER-SOURCE. THAT IS MY-NEW SUN-TAPPER.

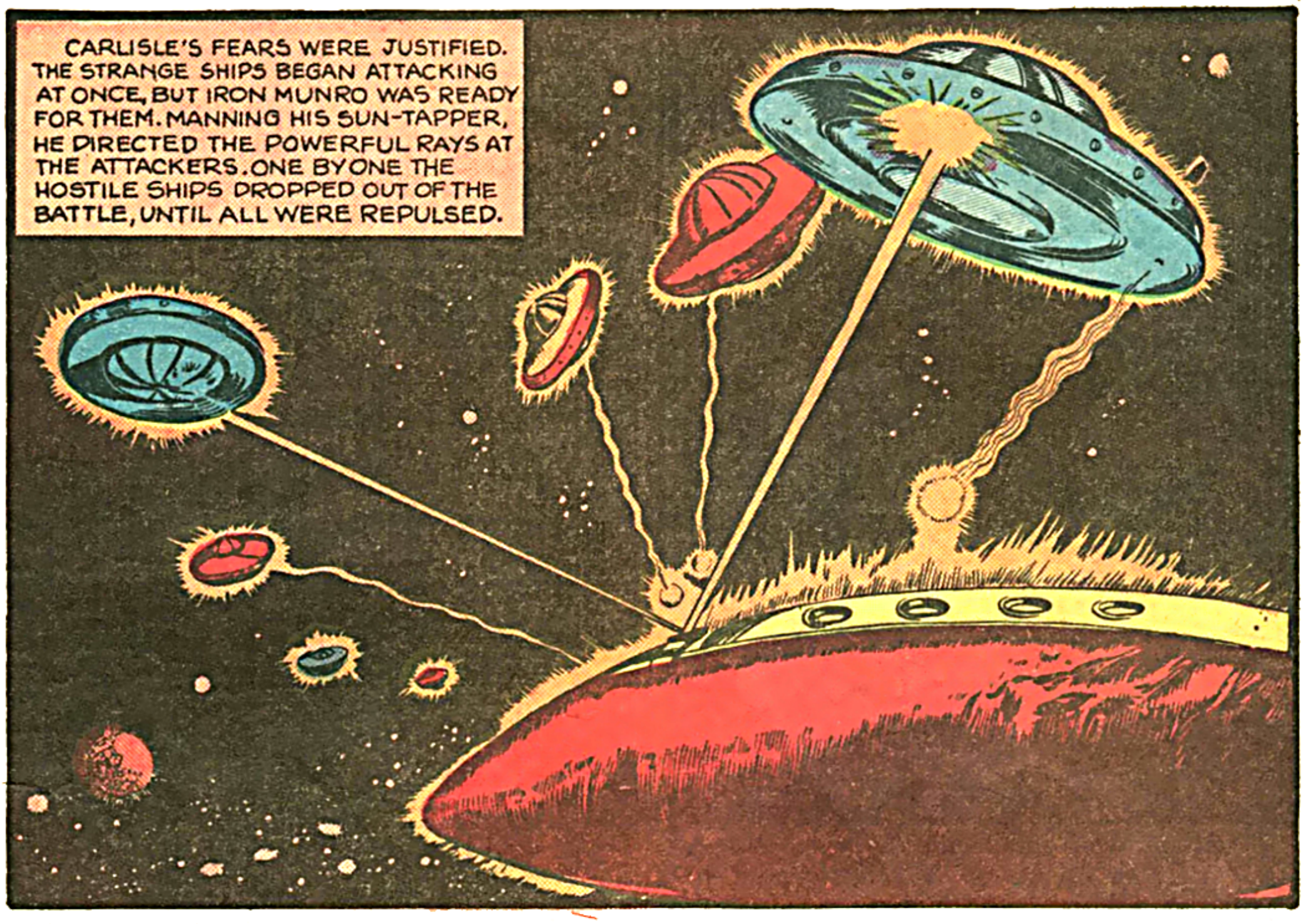

THOUSANDS OF EARTHMEN TURN OUT TO WATCH THE ASTOUNDING MAN AND CARLISLE ZOOM OUT INTO SPACE IN THE GIANT SHIP.

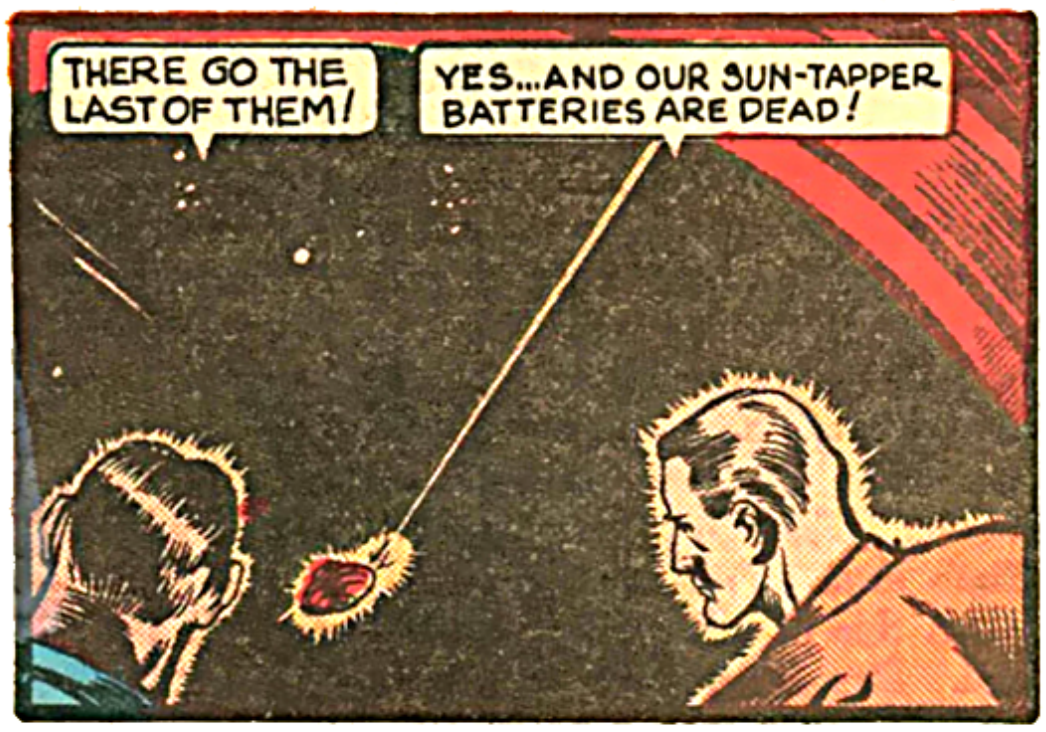
AFTER REACHING OUTER SPACE, A HUGE ASTEROID SUDDENLY APPEARS BEFORE THEM.
LOOK-AN ASTEROID DEAD AHEAD ...WE CAN'T ESCAPE IT...!

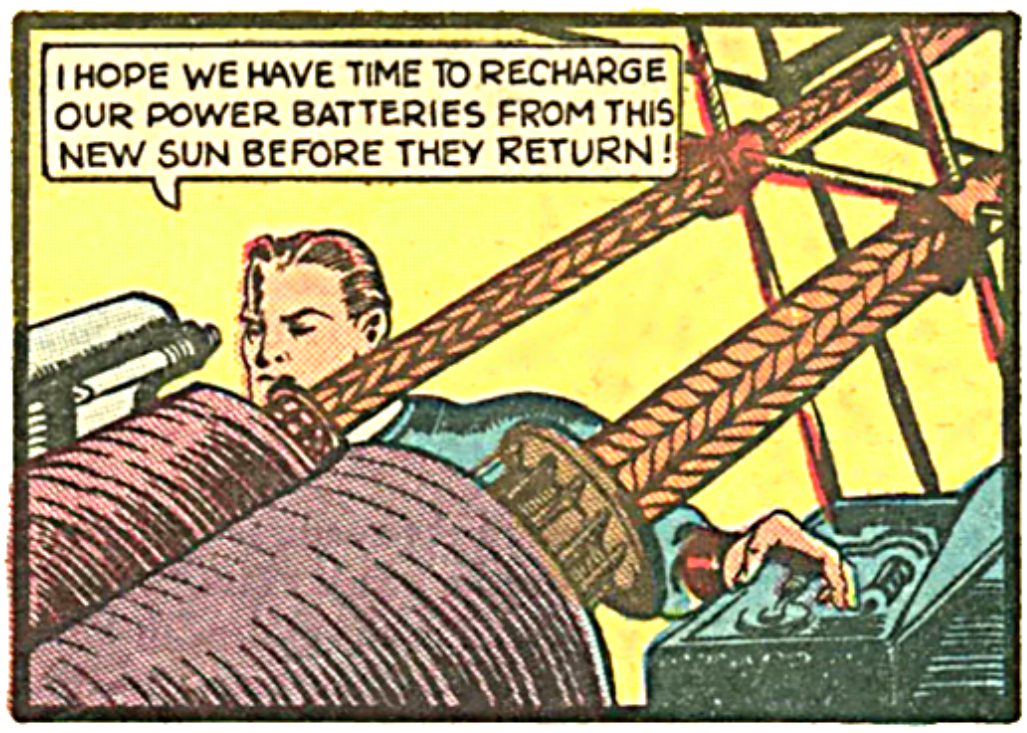

UNABLE TO AVOID IT, THE SHIP CRASHES INTO THE ASTEROID AT THE TERRIFIC SPEED OF 40,000 MILES PER SECOND. BY AN AMAZING PHENOMENON, INSTEAD OF BEING DESTROYED, THEIR SHIP SLIPS INTO A NEW SPACE.

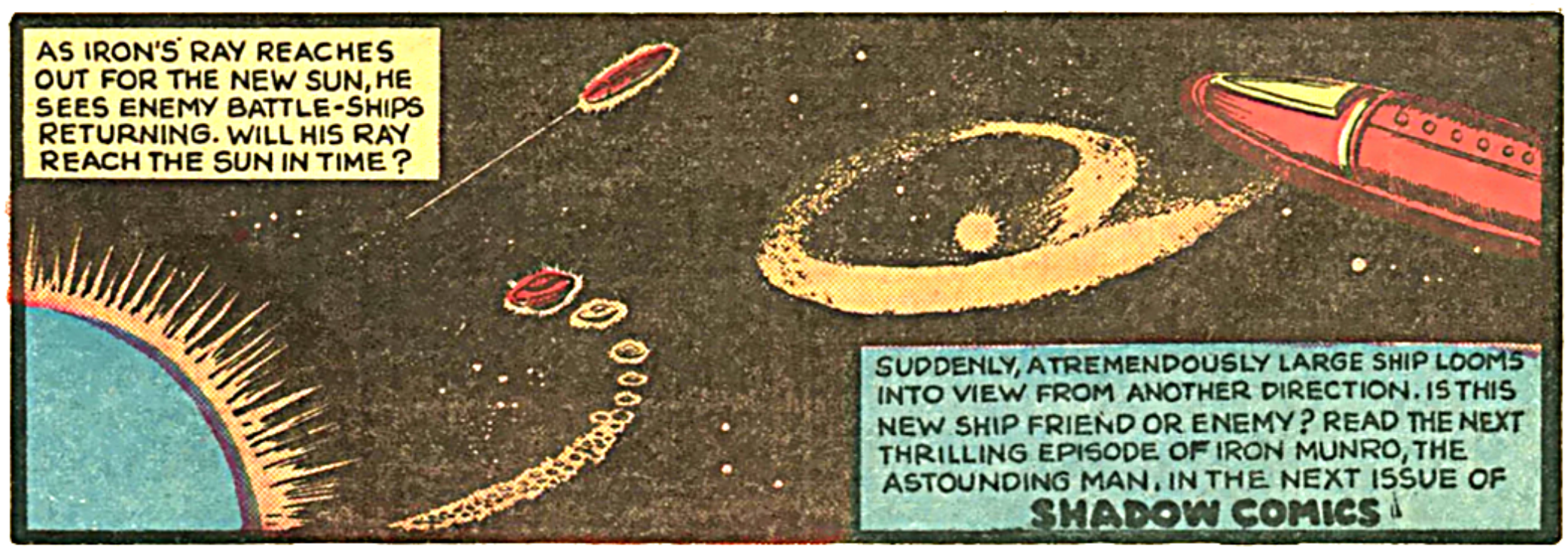

WE'RE ALIVE! DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, IRON?
I'M NOT SURE, BUT I THINK WE'RE IN A NEW UNIVERSE. SEE THAT BLUE SUN? IT IS DIFFERENT THAN THE ONE IN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM.

SAY, IRON! LOOK... STRANGE SHIPS... AND NONE TOO FRIENDLY LOOKING!


CARLISLE'S FEARS WERE JUSTIFIED. THE STRANGE SHIPS BEGAN ATTACKING AT ONCE, BUT IRON MUNRO WAS READY FOR THEM. MANNING HIS SUN-TAPPER, HE DIRECTED THE POWERFUL RAYS AT THE ATTACKERS. ONE BY ONE THE HOSTILE SHIPS DROPPED OUT OF THE BATTLE, UNTIL ALL WERE REPULSED.


THERE GO THE LAST OF THEM!
YES...AND OUR SUN-TAPPER BATTERIES ARE DEAD!


I HOPE WE HAVE TIME TO RECHARGE OUR POWER BATTERIES FROM THIS NEW SUN BEFORE THEY RETURN!


AS IRON'S RAY REACHES OUT FOR THE NEW SUN, HE SEES ENEMY BATTLE-SHIPS RETURNING. WILL HIS RAY REACH THE SUN IN TIME?
SUDDENLY, A TREMENDOUSLY LARGE SHIP LOOMS INTO VIEW FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION. IS THIS NEW SHIP FRIEND OR ENEMY? READ THE NEXT THRILLING EPISODE OF IRON MUNRO, THE ASTOUNDING MAN, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SHADOW COMICS!

DAN DUGAN and Tim Haley were doing all right for themselves. Their latest method of piling up shekels was to buy run-down gasoline stations for a song, build them up with high-pressure advertising schemes, and then resell at fancy profits.

Their latest gasoline mansion—for that's what it was after they got through rebuilding it—was doing a snappy business. But Dan and Tim were not men to stay put in any one place for too long a time. They already had a customer for it. At this moment they were waiting in the office for the buyer.

Dan glanced out toward the roadway and saw a car approaching. "Here he comes, Tim," he told his partner. "I hope he's got the cash with him."

Manley, the buyer, did have the cash with him —five thousand dollars in one-hundred-dollar bills. A few minutes later he turned over the cash to the partners and received his bill of sale.

After wishing the new owner lots of luck, Dan and Tim hopped into their car and sped off toward the hotel.

"Sure you haven't got a hole in the pocket where you've got that wad of greenbacks?" Tim joked.

"It's O. K. where it is," Dan assured him, patting the bulge in his coat pocket. "It's too bad the bank is closed, though. I don't like to carry around this much cabbage."

They arrived at the hotel, went up in the elevator, then walked down the hallway to their room.

When Tim opened the door and stepped into the room, a surprising thing happened! A foot shot out from behind the door and Tim tripped over it. He landed sprawling on his stomach. As he fell, the owner of the foot dived at him, landing on Tim's back and knocking the breath out of him. The intruder's right hand made a sweeping motion. The butt of an automatic thudded against Tim's head. Tim went limp!

All this happened in a split fraction of a second. Dan Dugan was already lunging at the intruder when a second figure stepped from behind the door and swung a blackjack. The leaded instrument did not land solidly. It glanced off of Dan's shoulder. Turning almost in midair, Dan swung a terrific right at the chin of his assailant. *Boff!* Knuckles crashed against jawbone and down went the attacker!

Dan turned to the other attacker, but was stopped by a terse command. "Cut it!" the stranger ordered, pointing his automatic straight at Dan's heart. "Now sit down in that chair like a nice little boy, Dugan, or I'll blast ya wide open!"

Having no alternative in the face of the murderous weapon, Dan slumped in the chair. Tim

regained consciousness and was also ordered to sit down. Both intruders stood covering them with their guns.

"C'mon, Dugan—where's the dough?"

"What dough? I don't know what you're talking about!" Dan told his questioner.

"Don't give us that stuff! Slug and me know all about you two guys. We've been keepin' an eye on ya. We know that ya sold your gas station fer five thousand smackers. Now git it up!"

"Yeah," added Slug, "and we ain't playin'!"

"You're not such smart guys," Dan taunted.

"What's that?" boomed Tony, the first speaker.

"If you were smart you would have known that we didn't get the money yet," Dan said calmly, hoping to outwit the two toughies. "The buyer is supposed to meet us here with the money at five o'clock."

Tim didn't know just what Dan was driving at, but he spoke to back up his pal and partner. "Sure, that's why we came up to the room."

Slug looked at his wrist watch, his face sullen. "It's ten after five now," he said angrily. "Where is the guy with the dough?"

"Yeah, how about it?" Tony sneered. "If you guys are puttin' somethin' over on us, we'll—"

"Don't be foolish!" Dan interrupted. "We know when we're licked. If we had the money here we'd give it to you. We're not looking to be bumped off!"

"Well, we'll wait five more minutes," Tony said out of the side of his mouth. "And if he don't show up, it'll be too bad for the both of ya!"

Still watching Dan and Tim closely, the two thugs lit cigarettes. Dan had a definite plan in mind, but could not communicate it to Tim. The latter looked questioningly at Dan, wondering what was going through his partner's mind. He had implicit faith in his partner, and was reassured by Dan's outwardly calm appearance.

Five minutes passed. Slug looked at his watch again. "It's five fifteen," he bellowed, "and no sign of the guy with the dough! I think you guys are tryin' to string us!"

"Yeah, how about it?" Tony questioned threateningly.

"He is late," Dan admitted. "I'll call him up and find out what's keeping him."

Slug moved closer, placed the muzzle of his ugly automatic against the back of Dan's head and said: "O. K., Dugan! But if you try to call the cops—or any kind of funny business—this gun will go off sorta by accident."

Dan knew that the gangster meant every word he said. He reached for the telephone on the table and dialed a number. After listening for a second he slammed the receiver down and mumbled: "The line's busy."

"NOW SIT DOWN-OR I'LL BLAST YOU OPEN!"

Before the two thugs could say anything, the telephone rang. As Dan picked up the receiver again, Slug prodded him with the gun and said: "Remember, Dugan, no funny stuff!"

Dan spoke into the phone. "Hello. . . . Oh, a letter was left at the desk for me? All right, I'll be right down to pick it up.

"The fellow who bought the gas station just left an envelope for me at the desk," Dan told the two mobsters. "That must be the money."

"O. K.," Slug said. "But I'll go down with ya to see that ya don't try to scram with it. Tony, you stick with this other guy!"

The two men left the room, went down in the elevator, and entered the lobby. Slug, his fingers draped around the gun in his coat pocket, lagged behind as Dan approached the desk clerk.

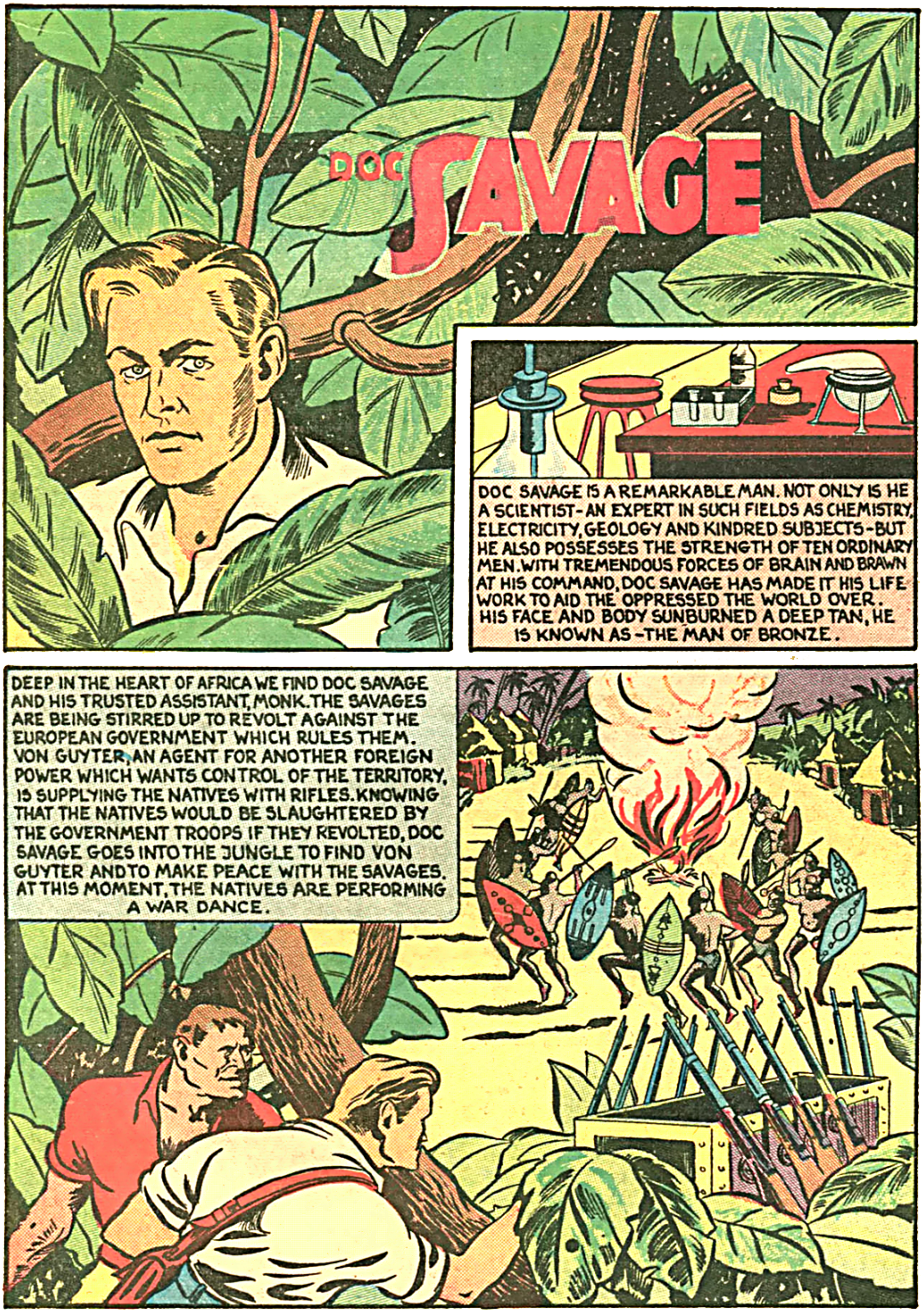
"I'll take that envelope in my box," Dan told the clerk.

"Yes, Mr. Dugan," the clerk answered. "Here it is."

Slug watched closely, but did not see Dan wink when he said to the clerk: "Very well, I'll write you out a receipt for it."

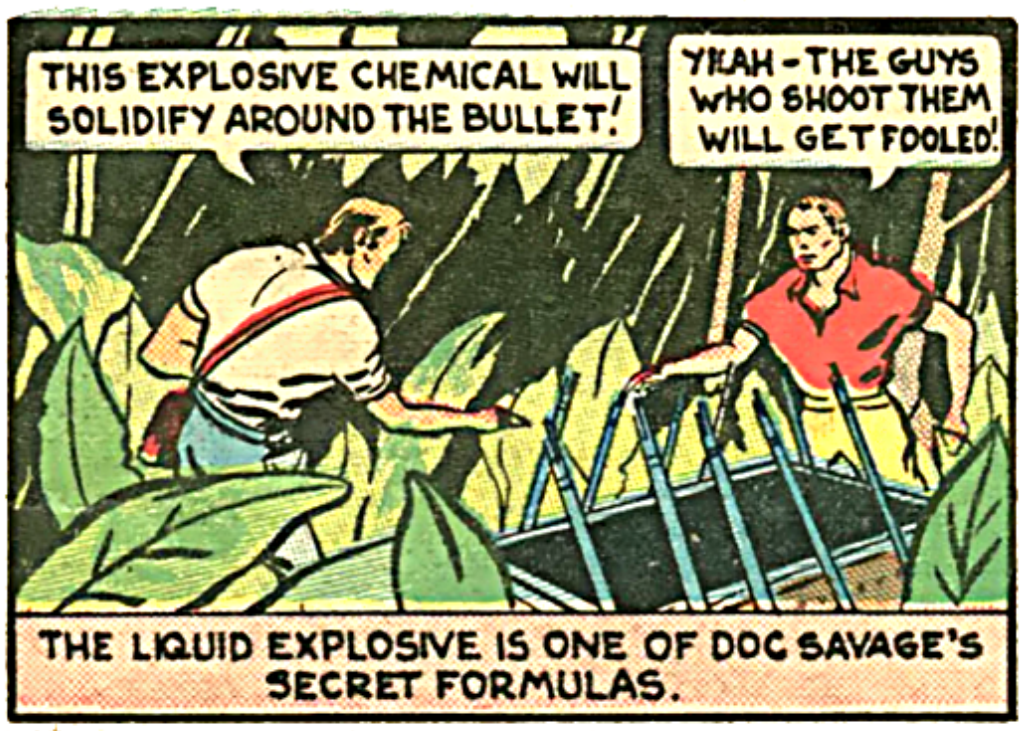
Dan scratched a few words on a piece of paper and handed it to the clerk. The clerk looked questioningly at Dan, and then at the paper, but said nothing.

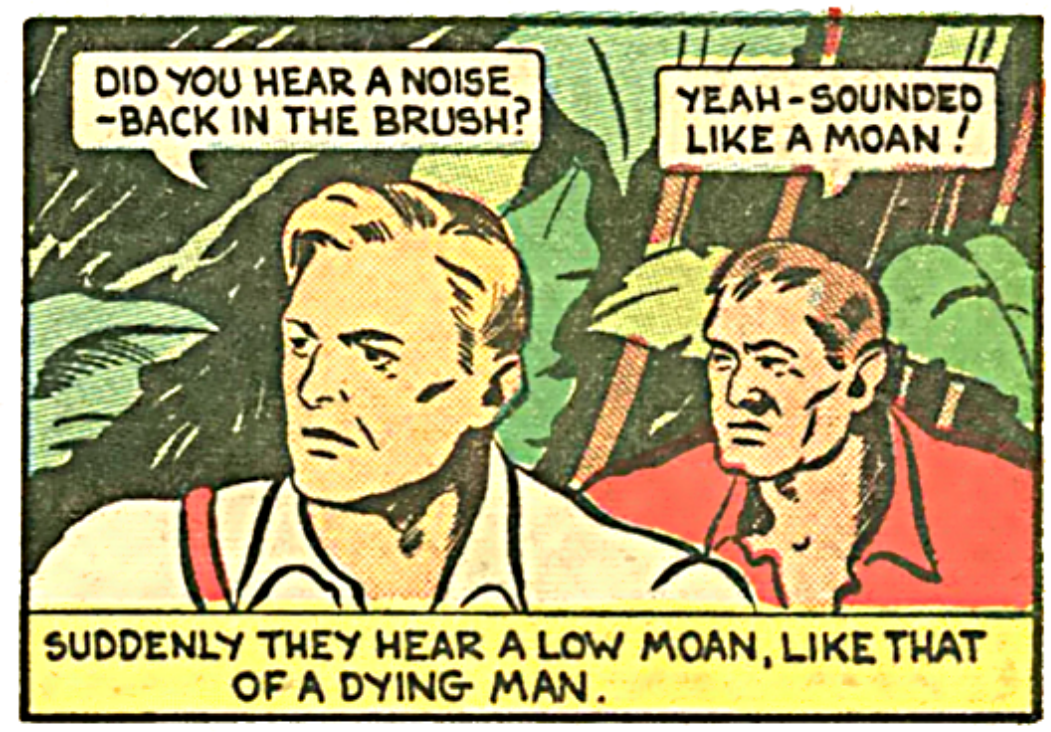
(Turn to page 61)


DOC SAVAGE
DOC SAVAGE IS A REMARKABLE MAN. NOT ONLY IS HE A SCIENTIST - AN EXPERT IN SUCH FIELDS AS CHEMISTRY, ELECTRICITY, GEOLOGY AND KINDRED SUBJECTS - BUT HE ALSO POSSESSES THE STRENGTH OF TEN ORDINARY MEN. WITH TREMENDOUS FORCES OF BRAIN AND BRAWN AT HIS COMMAND, DOC SAVAGE HAS MADE IT HIS LIFE WORK TO AID THE OPPRESSED THE WORLD OVER. HIS FACE AND BODY SUNBURNED A DEEP TAN, HE IS KNOWN AS - THE MAN OF BRONZE.
DEEP IN THE HEART OF AFRICA WE FIND DOC SAVAGE AND HIS TRUSTED ASSISTANT, MONK. THE SAVAGES ARE BEING STIRRED UP TO REVOLT AGAINST THE EUROPEAN GOVERNMENT WHICH RULES THEM. VON GUYTER, AN AGENT FOR ANOTHER FOREIGN POWER WHICH WANTS CONTROL OF THE TERRITORY, IS SUPPLYING THE NATIVES WITH RIFLES. KNOWING THAT THE NATIVES WOULD BE SLAUGHTERED BY THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS IF THEY REVOLTED, DOC SAVAGE GOES INTO THE JUNGLE TO FIND VON GUYTER AND TO MAKE PEACE WITH THE SAVAGES. AT THIS MOMENT, THE NATIVES ARE PERFORMING A WAR DANCE.

WE CAN'T CARRY ALL THOSE RIFLES AWAY, SO WE'LL RENDER THEM USELESS!
GOOD IDEA, DOC!
DOC SAVAGE DIGS DOWN INTO HIS BAG OF TRICKS IN ORDER TO BE ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE NATIVES.

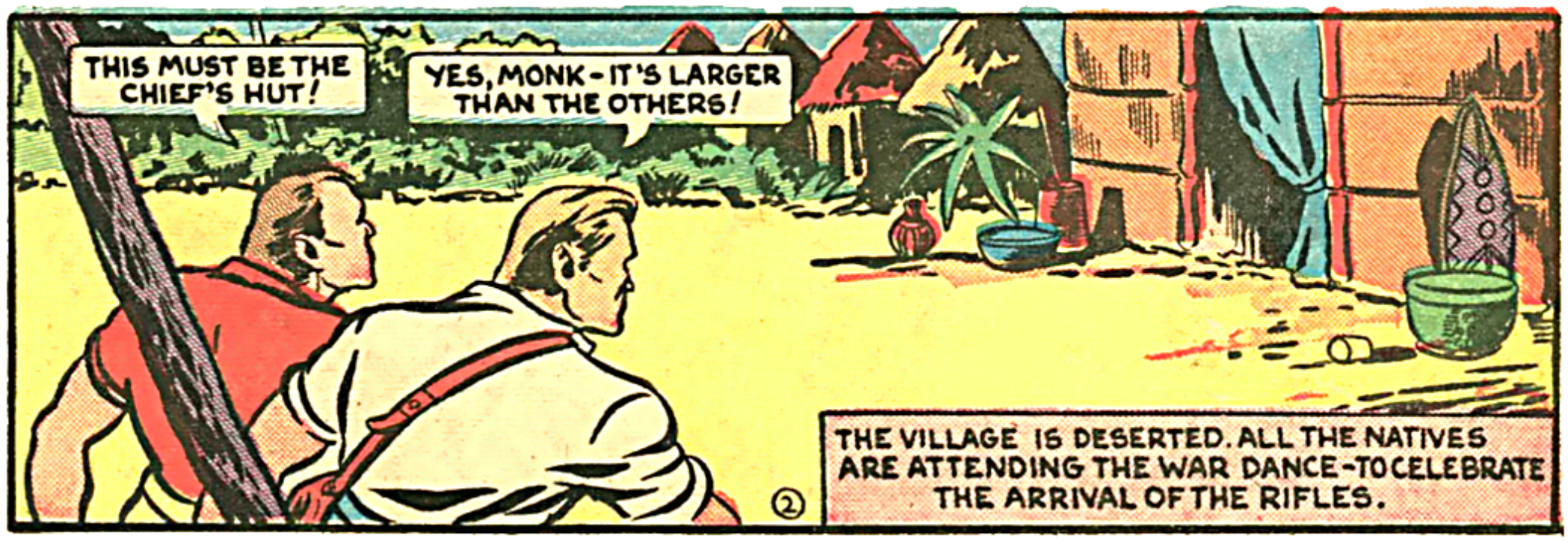
NOT A SOUND! OUR LIVES WON'T BE WORTH A LEAD NICKEL, IF WE'RE DISCOVERED!
RIGHT YOU ARE, DOC!
THE TWO MEN CREEP STEALTHILY TOWARD THE STACKED RIFLES.

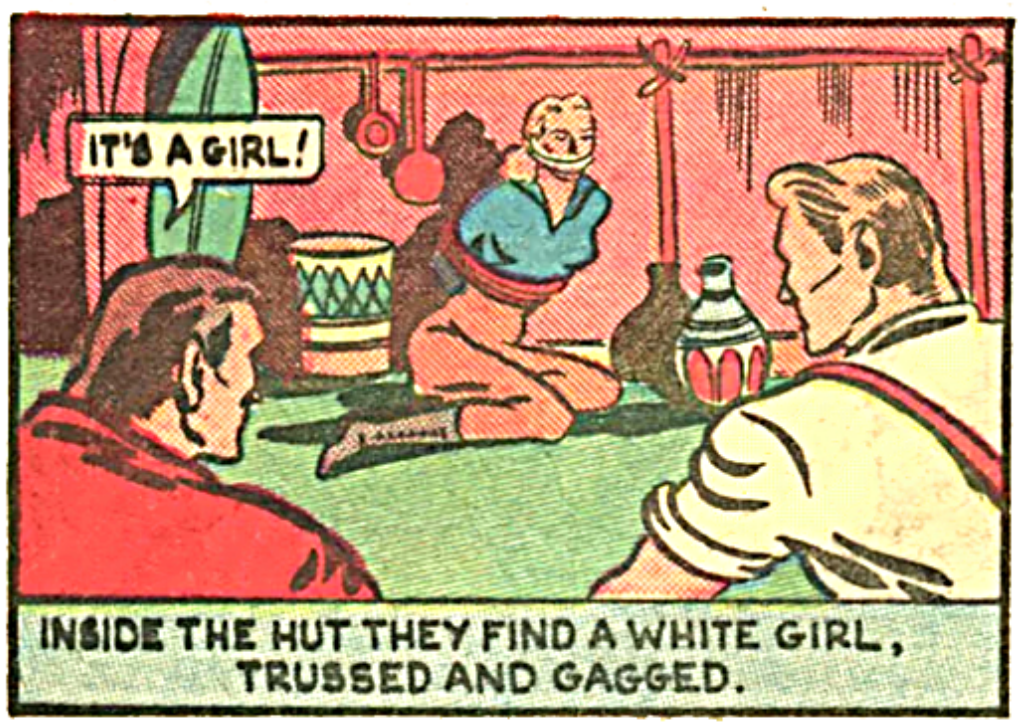

THIS EXPLOSIVE CHEMICAL WILL SOLIDIFY AROUND THE BULLET!
YEAH - THE GUYS WHO SHOOT THEM WILL GET FOOLED!
THE LIQUID EXPLOSIVE IS ONE OF DOC SAVAGE'S SECRET FORMULAS.

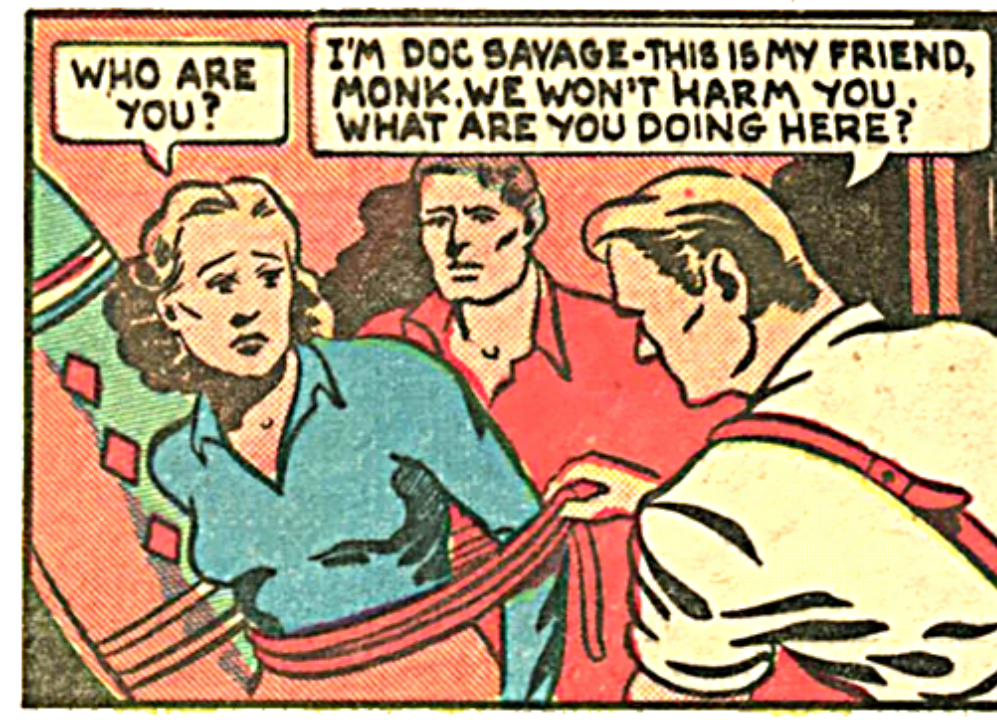

DID YOU HEAR A NOISE -BACK IN THE BRUSH?
YEAH - SOUNDED LIKE A MOAN!
SUDDENLY THEY HEAR A LOW MOAN, LIKE THAT OF A DYING MAN.

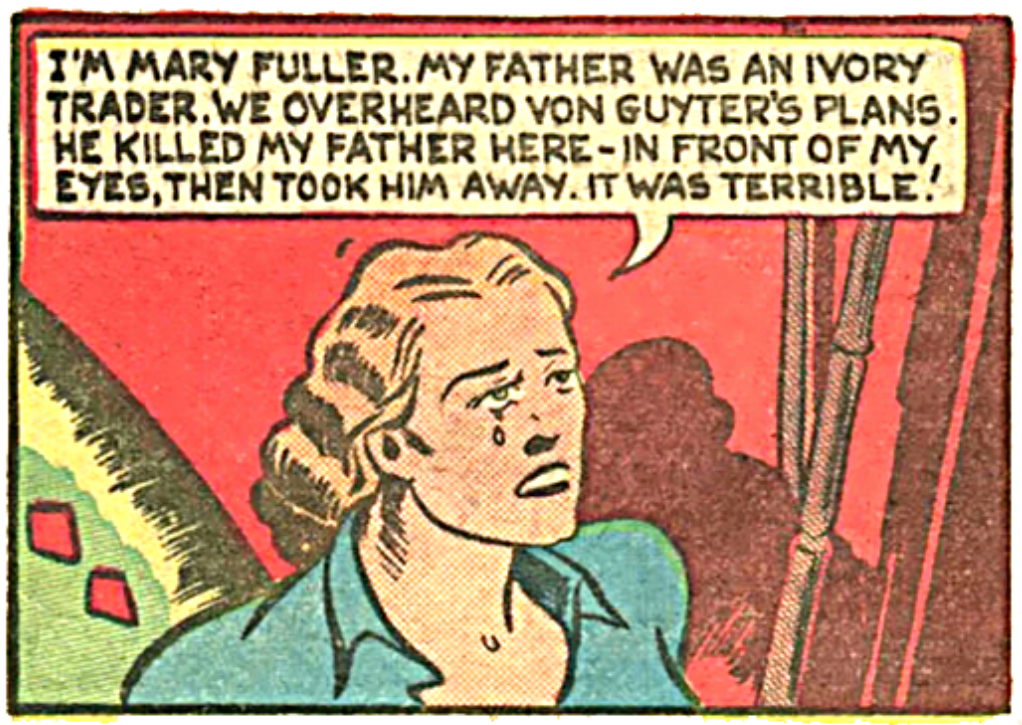
A WHITE MAN! -HE'S DEAD!
YES. IT LOOKS LIKE HE TRIED TO SCRAWL A MESSAGE BEFORE HE DIED.
INVESTIGATING, THEY DISCOVER A WHITE MAN, STABBED TO DEATH.

WHAT DOES IT SAY?
KONING HUIS - IN AFRICANDER THAT MEANS - KING'S HOUSE. HE PROBABLY MEANT THE CHIEF'S HUT. LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND OUT THERE!

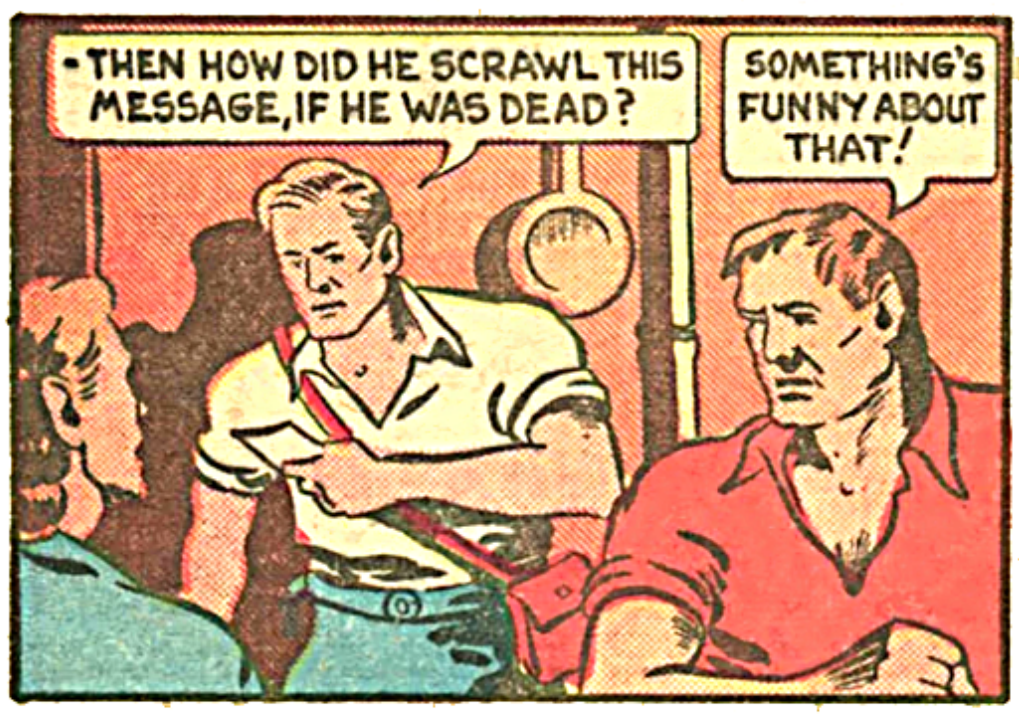

THIS MUST BE THE CHIEF'S HUT!
YES, MONK - IT'S LARGER THAN THE OTHERS!
THE VILLAGE IS DESERTED. ALL THE NATIVES ARE ATTENDING THE WAR DANCE - TO CELEBRATE THE ARRIVAL OF THE RIFLES.
2


IT'S A GIRL!
INSIDE THE HUT THEY FIND A WHITE GIRL, TRUSSED AND GAGGED.


WHO ARE YOU?
I'M DOC SAVAGE-THIS IS MY FRIEND, MONK. WE WON'T HARM YOU. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?


I'M MARY FULLER. MY FATHER WAS AN IVORY TRADER. WE OVERHEARD VON GUYTER'S PLANS. HE KILLED MY FATHER HERE-IN FRONT OF MY EYES, THEN TOOK HIM AWAY. IT WAS TERRIBLE!

THAT MUST HAVE BEEN YOUR FATHER WE FOUND. ARE YOU SURE HE WAS DEAD WHEN THEY TOOK HIM AWAY?
I'M POSITIVE!


-THEN HOW DID HE SCRAWL THIS MESSAGE, IF HE WAS DEAD?
SOMETHING'S FUNNY ABOUT THAT!

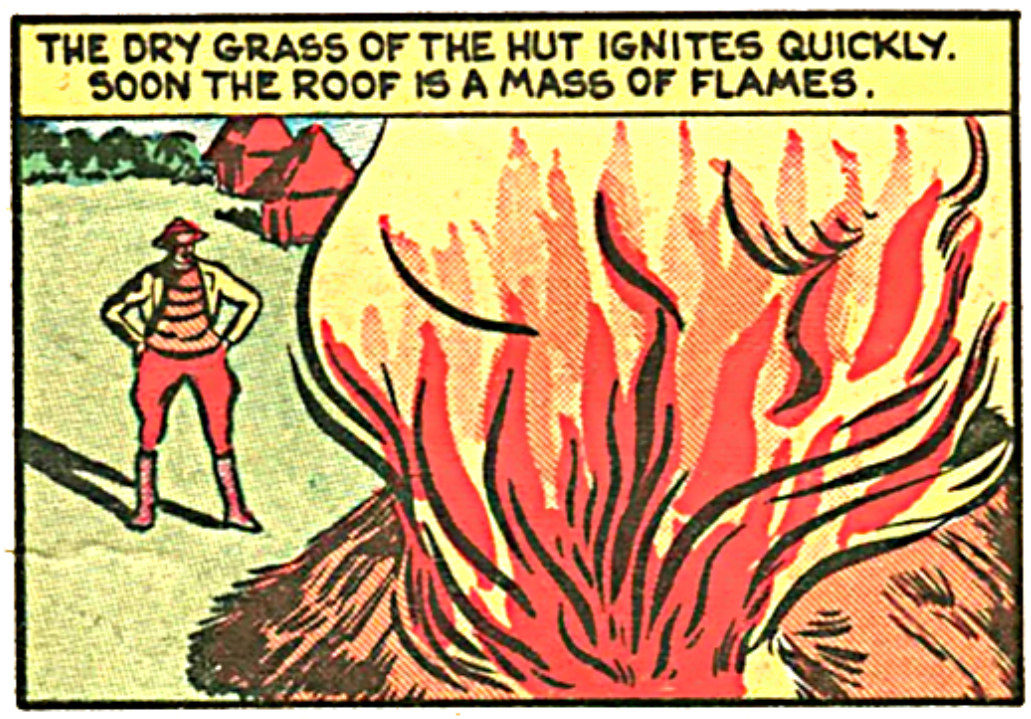
AT THAT MOMENT, VON GUYTER APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY, GUN IN HAND.
WOULD YOU LIKE THAT MYSTERY CLEARED UP, GENTLEMEN?

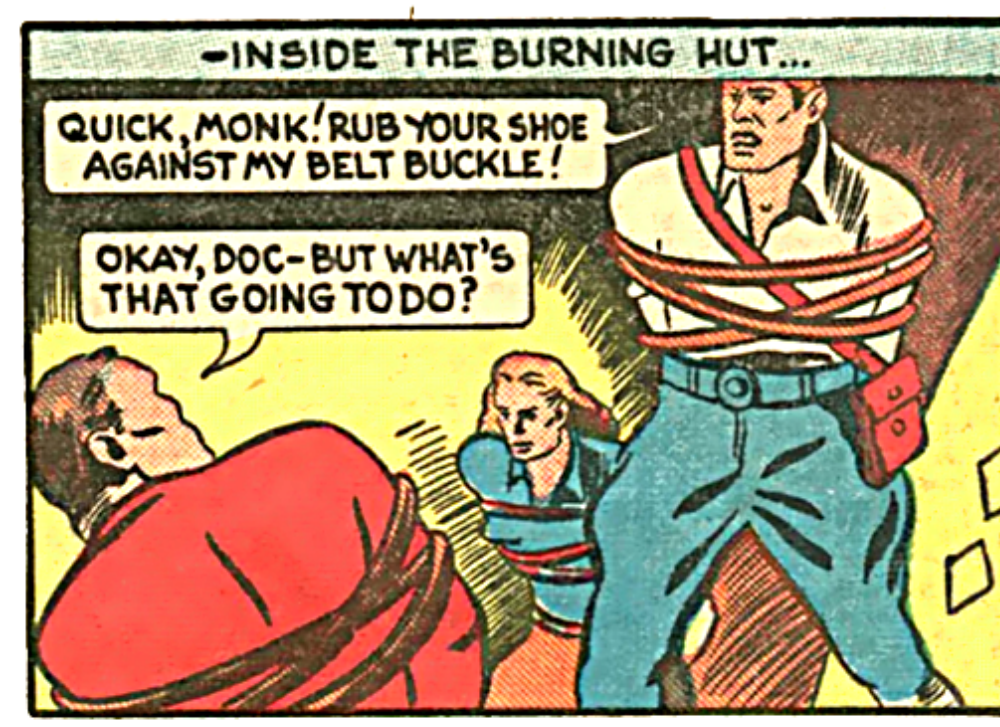
IT WAS MERELY A TRAP FOR THE GREAT DOC SAVAGE AND HIS MONKEY FACED FRIEND!
WHY, YOU LOP-EARED VIPER, I'LL-!!

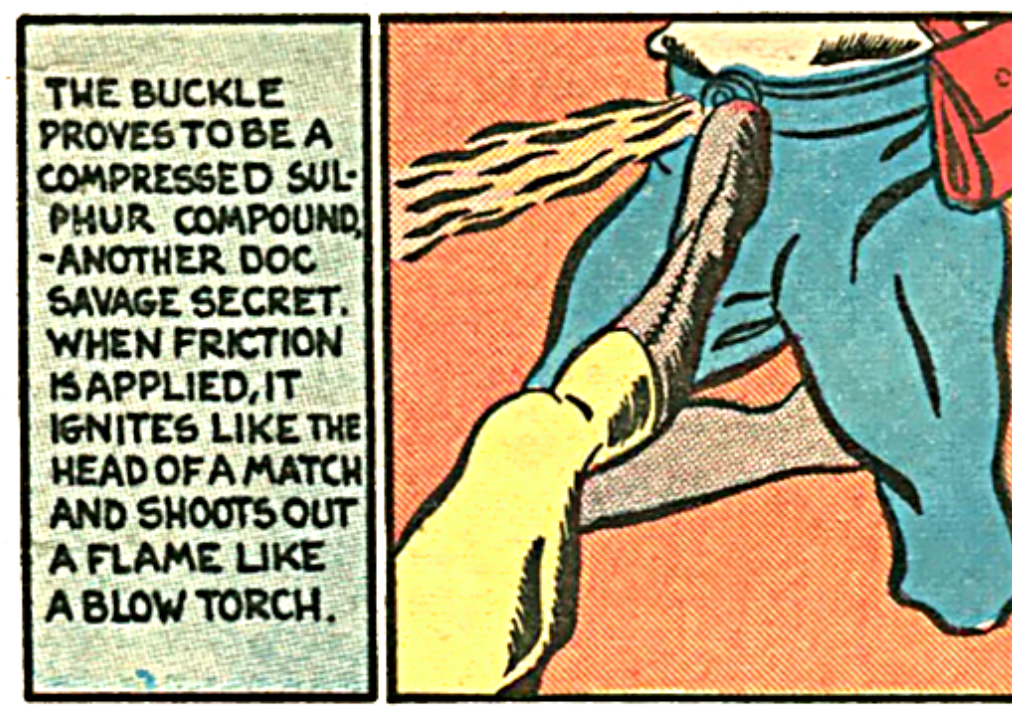
QUIET, YOU BABOON!
DO AS HE SAYS, MONK! DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!
3

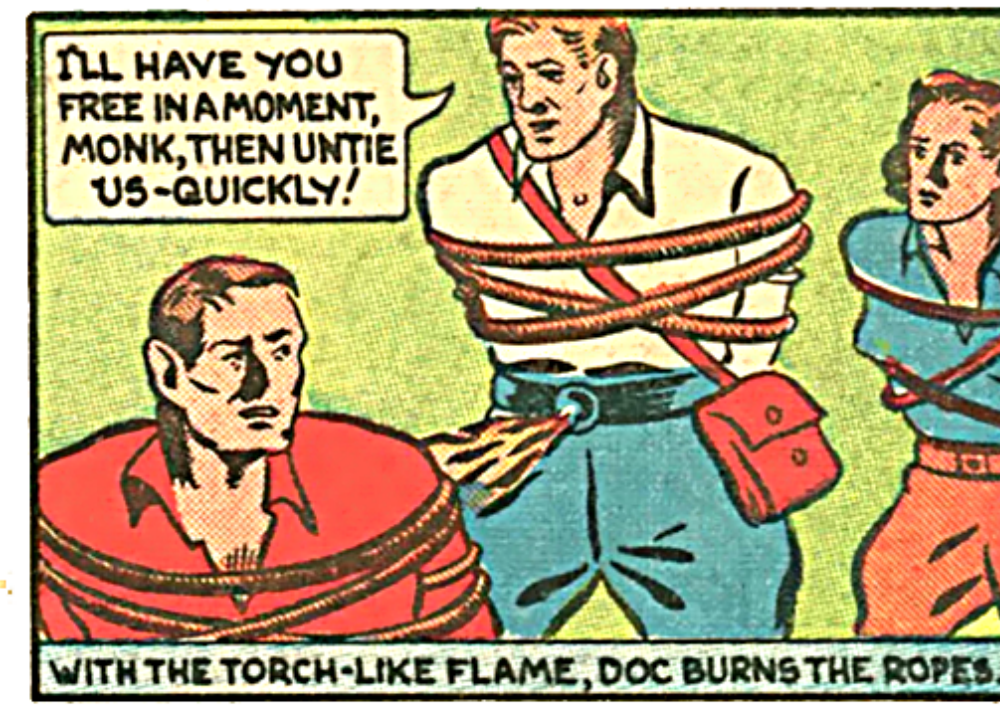
AFTER DISARMING DOC AND MONK, VON GUYTER BINDS THEM.
NOW-YOU ARE ALL DISARMED AND TIED SECURELY!
JUST WHAT DO YOU INTEND DOING WITH US?

I'LL TEACH YOU THAT VON GUYTER DOES NOT TOLERATE INTERFERENCE. THIS HUT WILL BE YOUR FUNERAL PYRE!
A WICKED SNEER ON HIS FACE, VON GUYTER SETS FIRE TO THE HUT.

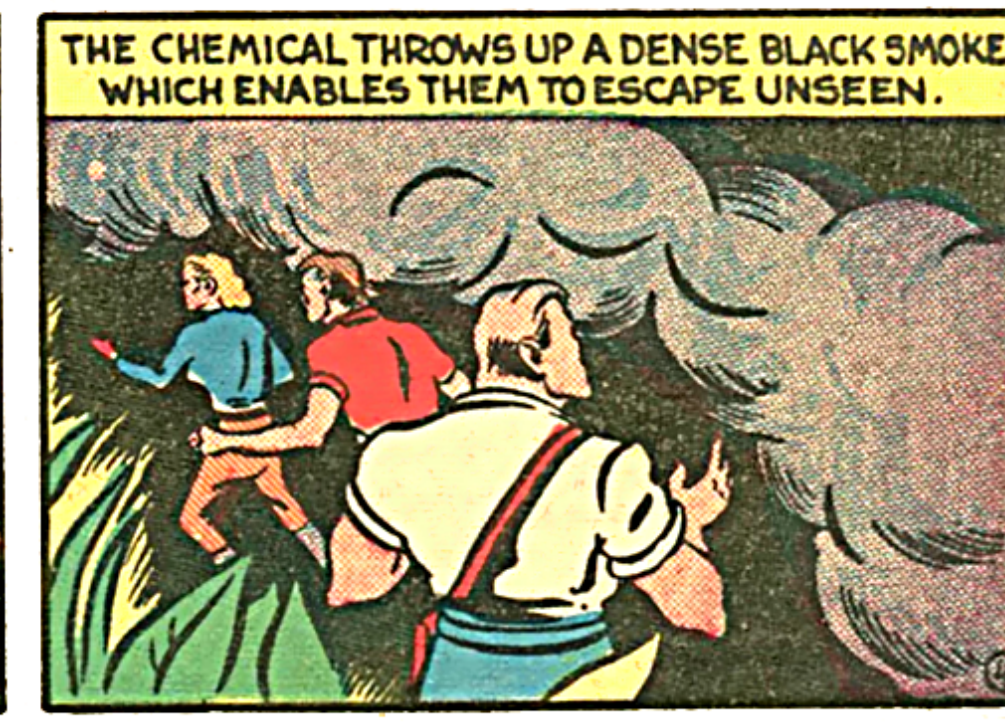

THE DRY GRASS OF THE HUT IGNITES QUICKLY. SOON THE ROOF IS A MASS OF FLAMES.

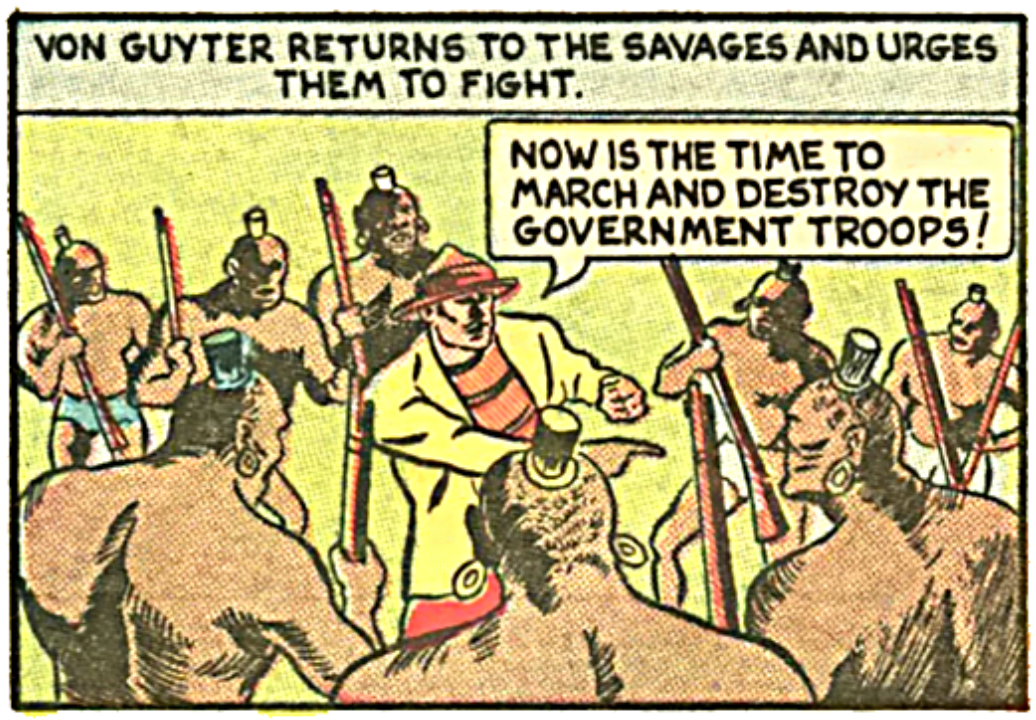

-INSIDE THE BURNING HUT...
QUICK, MONK! RUB YOUR SHOE AGAINST MY BELT BUCKLE!
OKAY, DOC-BUT WHAT'S THAT GOING TO DO?

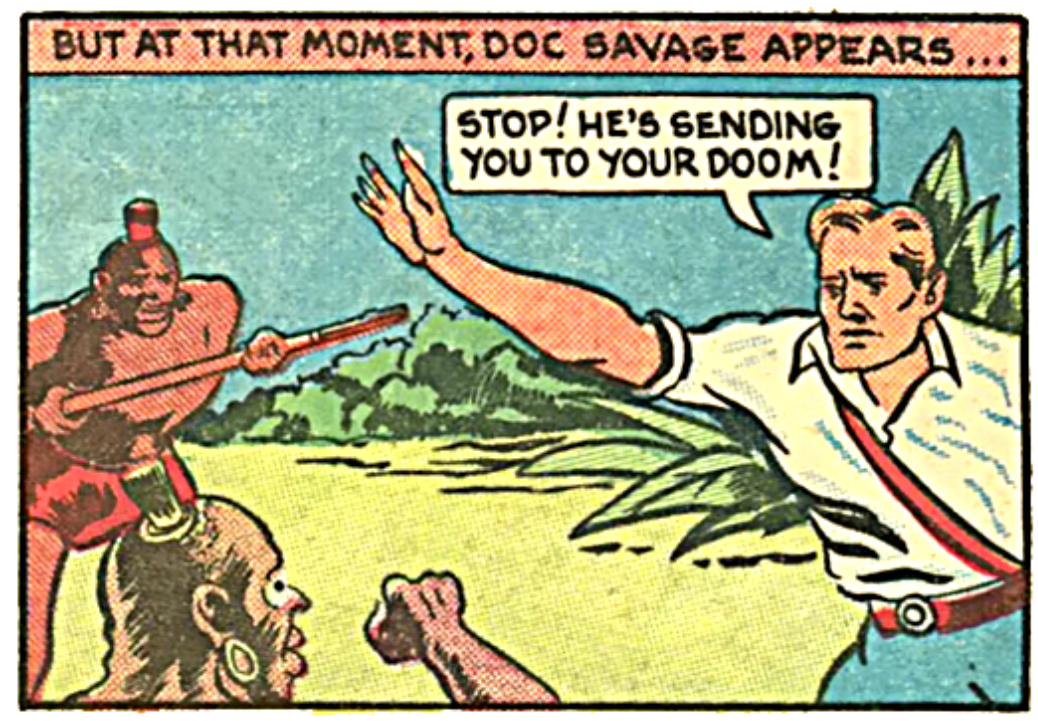

THE BUCKLE PROVES TO BE A COMPRESSED SULPHUR COMPOUND, -ANOTHER DOC SAVAGE SECRET. WHEN FRICTION IS APPLIED, IT IGNITES LIKE THE HEAD OF A MATCH AND SHOOTS OUT A FLAME LIKE A BLOW TORCH.


I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MOMENT, MONK, THEN UNTIE US-QUICKLY!
WITH THE TORCH-LIKE FLAME, DOC BURNS THE ROPES.

AS SOON AS THEY ARE ALL FREE, DOC SAVAGE THROWS A LIQUID CHEMICAL ON THE FLAMES.
HURRY, DOC! THE HUT WILL CRASH IN A MINUTE!

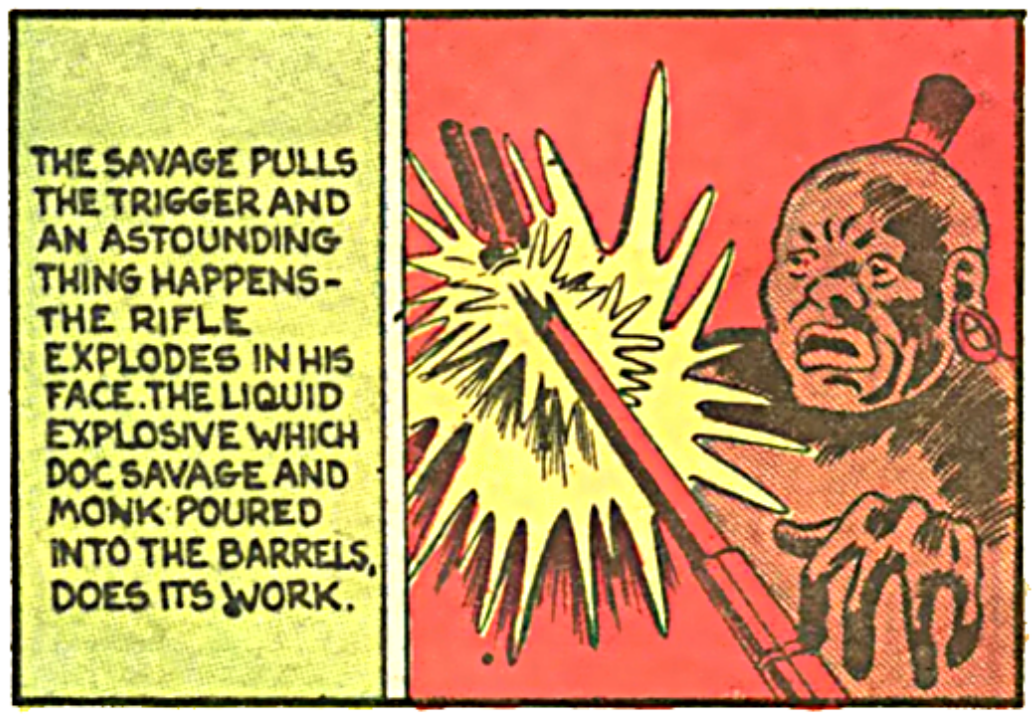

THE CHEMICAL THROWS UP A DENSE BLACK SMOKE WHICH ENABLES THEM TO ESCAPE UNSEEN.

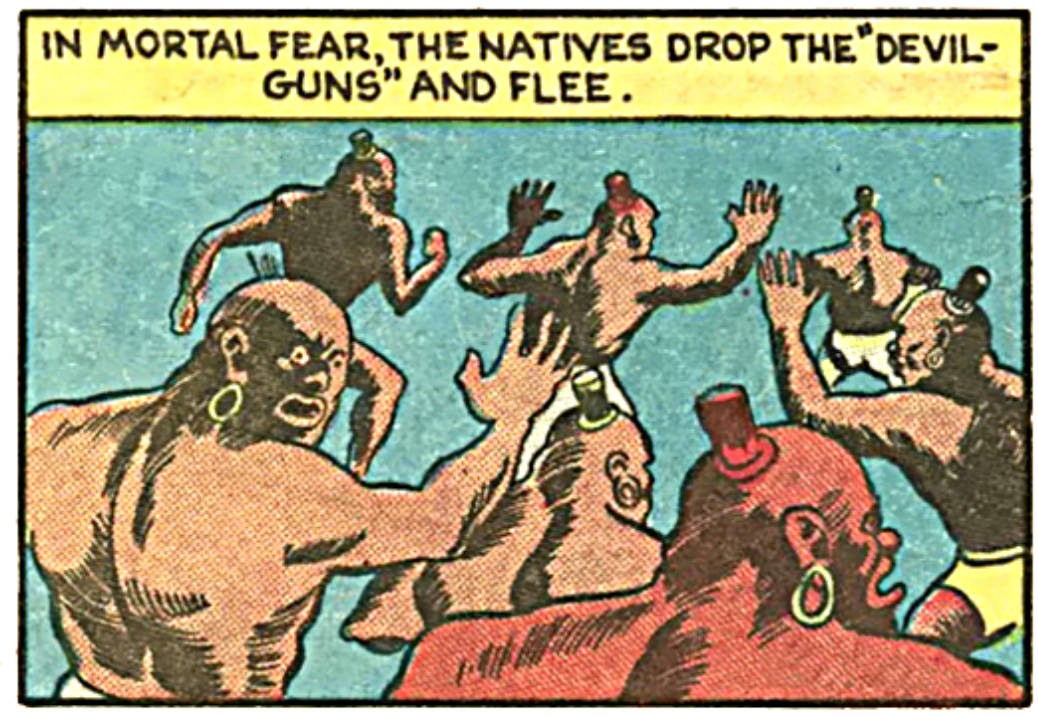

VON GUYTER RETURNS TO THE SAVAGES AND URGES THEM TO FIGHT.
NOW IS THE TIME TO MARCH AND DESTROY THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS!


BUT AT THAT MOMENT, DOC SAVAGE APPEARS...
STOP! HE'S SENDING YOU TO YOUR DOOM!

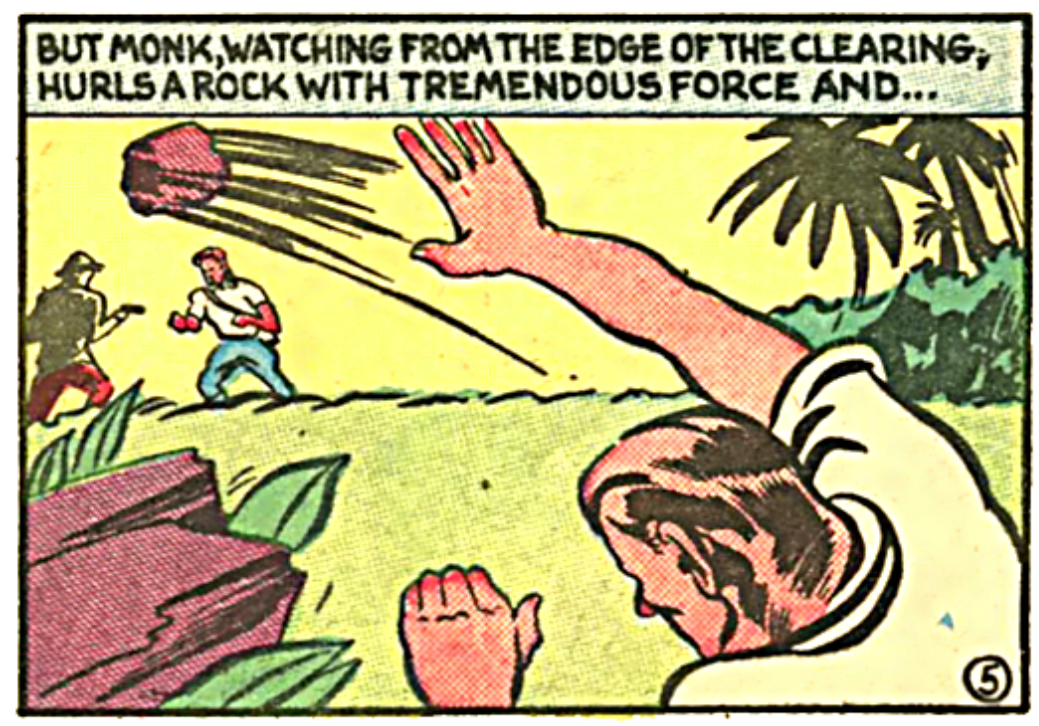
WHAT! YOU STILL ALIVE? SHOOT HIM DOWN LIKE A DOG!

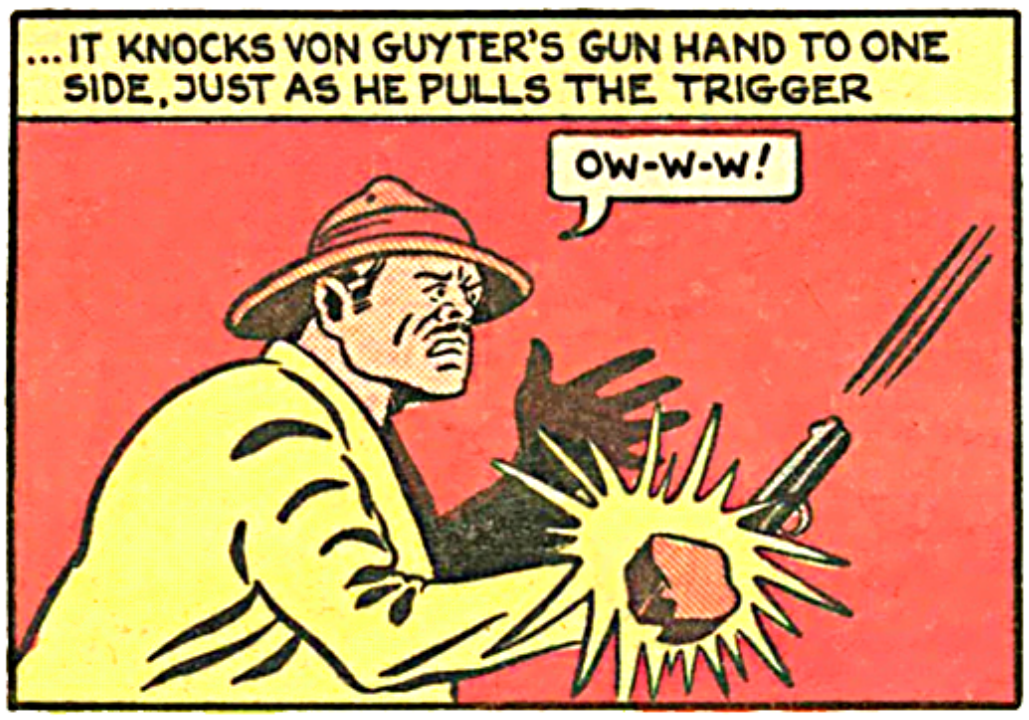
DON'T SHOOT! HE GAVE YOU DEVIL-GUNS,-NO GOOD! HE NO FRIEND!
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM - SHOOT!


THE SAVAGE PULLS THE TRIGGER AND AN ASTOUNDING THING HAPPENS- THE RIFLE EXPLODES IN HIS FACE. THE LIQUID EXPLOSIVE WHICH DOC SAVAGE AND MONK POURED INTO THE BARRELS, DOES ITS WORK.

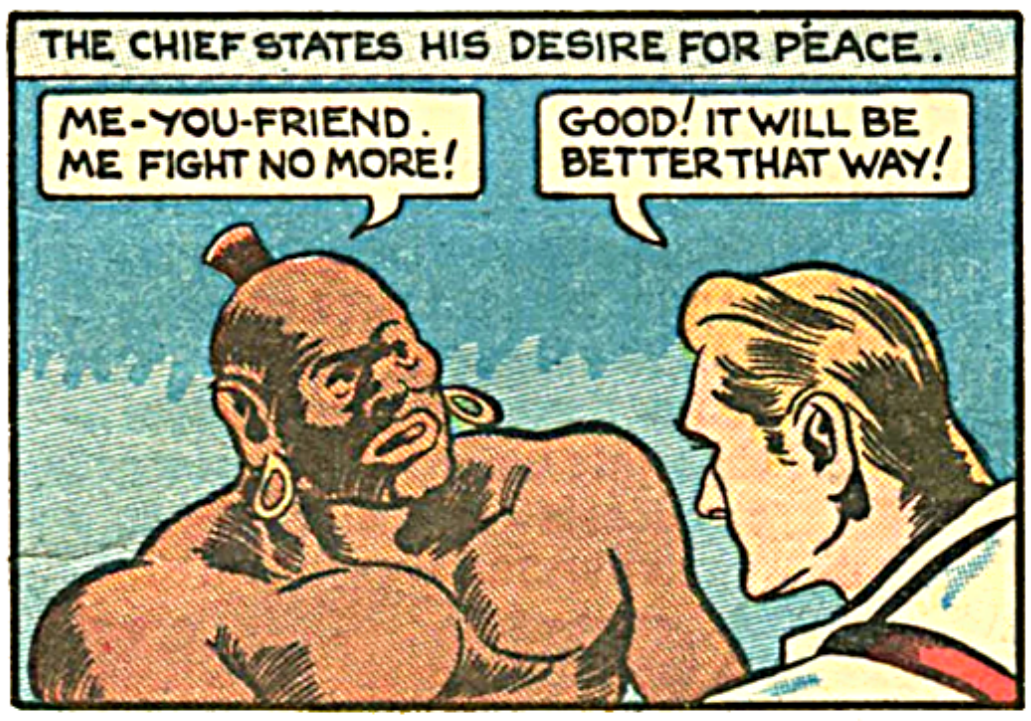

IN MORTAL FEAR, THE NATIVES DROP THE "DEVIL-GUNS" AND FLEE.

ENRAGED, VON GUYTER AIMS HIS GUN AT DOC SAVAGE.
SO-YOU MEDDLING FOOL- I'LL KILL YOU MYSELF!

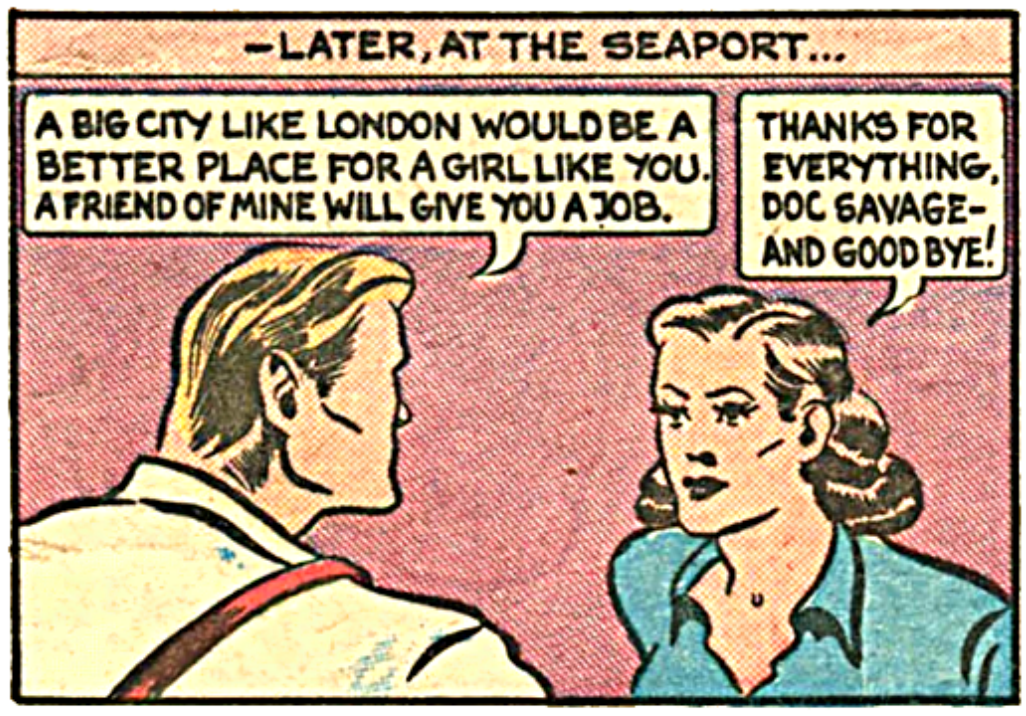

BUT MONK, WATCHING FROM THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING, HURLS A ROCK WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE AND...


...IT KNOCKS VON GUYTER'S GUN HAND TO ONE SIDE, JUST AS HE PULLS THE TRIGGER
OW-W-W!

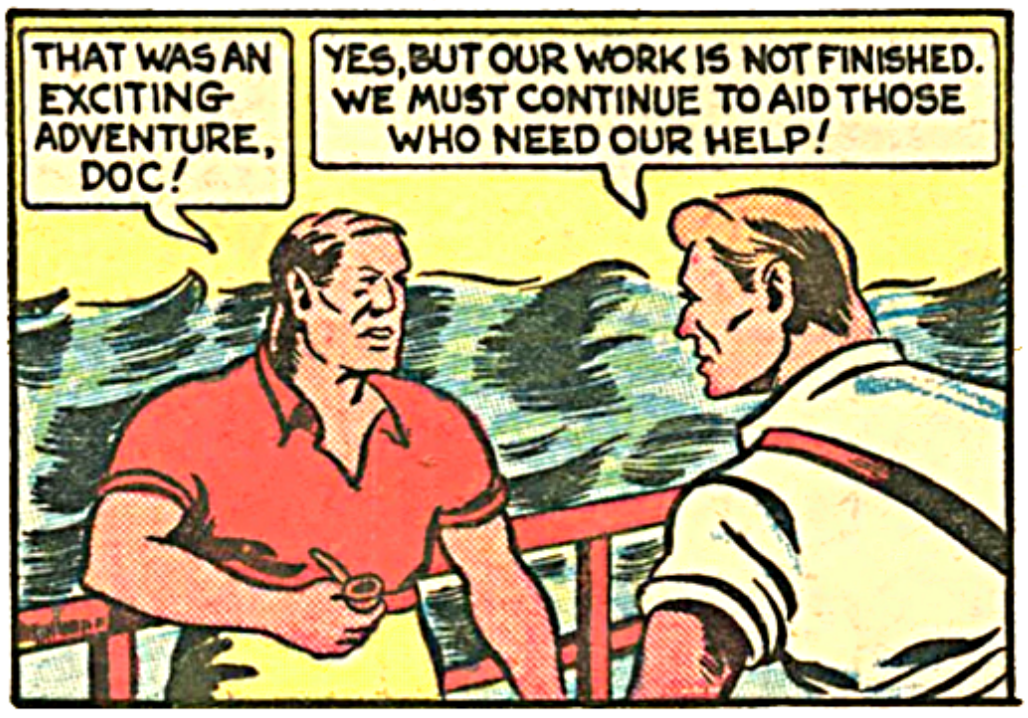
THE NATIVE CHIEF, CONVINCED OF VON GUYTER'S TREACHERY, HURLS A SPEAR AT THE MURDEROUS FOREIGN AGENT. THE SPEAR FINDS ITS MARK.


THE CHIEF STATES HIS DESIRE FOR PEACE.
ME-YOU-FRIEND. ME FIGHT NO MORE!
GOOD! IT WILL BE BETTER THAT WAY!

THE CHIEF ORGANIZES A SAFARI AND ESCORTS DOC, MONK AND THE GIRL BACK TO CIVILIZATION.

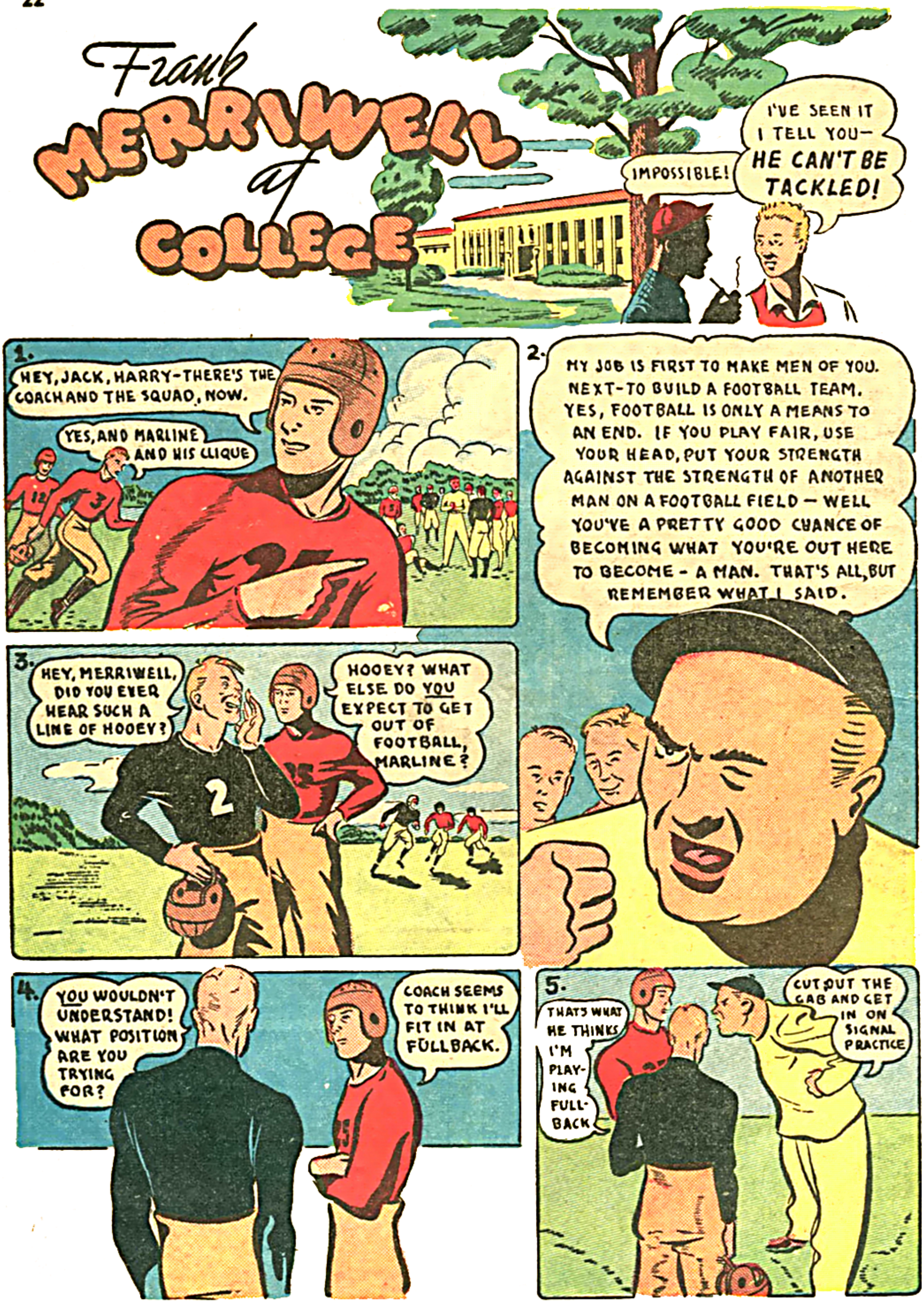

—LATER, AT THE SEAPORT...
A BIG CITY LIKE LONDON WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU. A FRIEND OF MINE WILL GIVE YOU A JOB.
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, DOC SAVAGE— AND GOOD BYE!

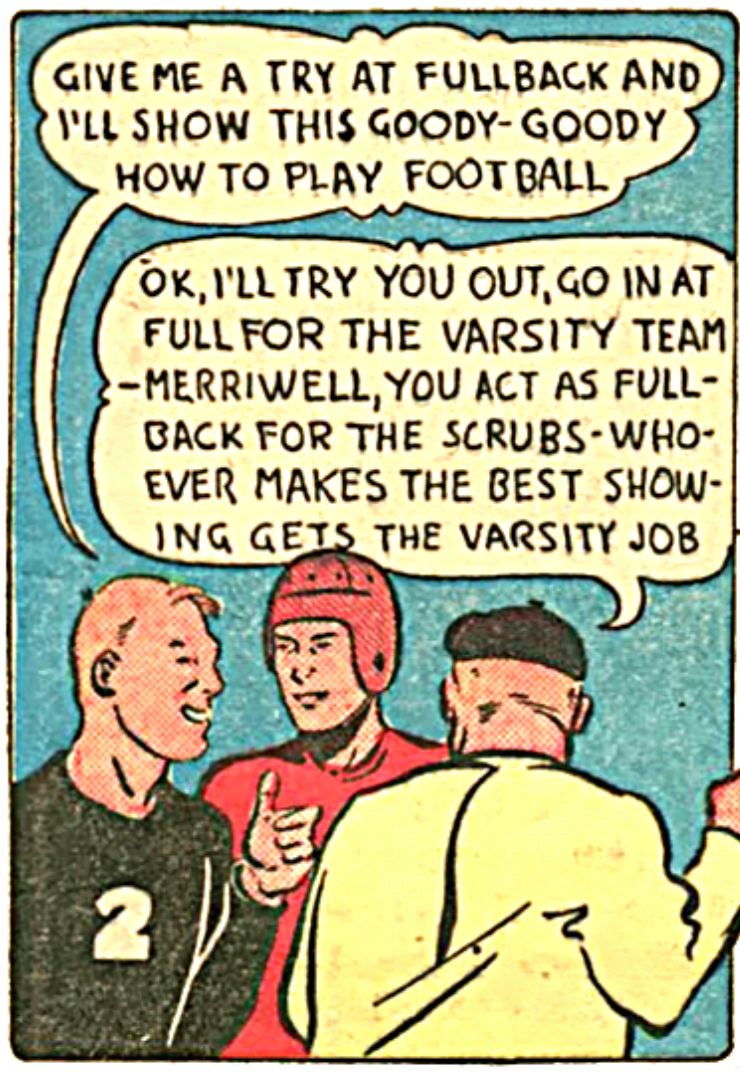
THEIR MISSION COMPLETED, DOC SAVAGE AND HIS FRIEND SAIL FOR HOME.


THAT WAS AN EXCITING ADVENTURE, DOC!
YES, BUT OUR WORK IS NOT FINISHED. WE MUST CONTINUE TO AID THOSE WHO NEED OUR HELP!

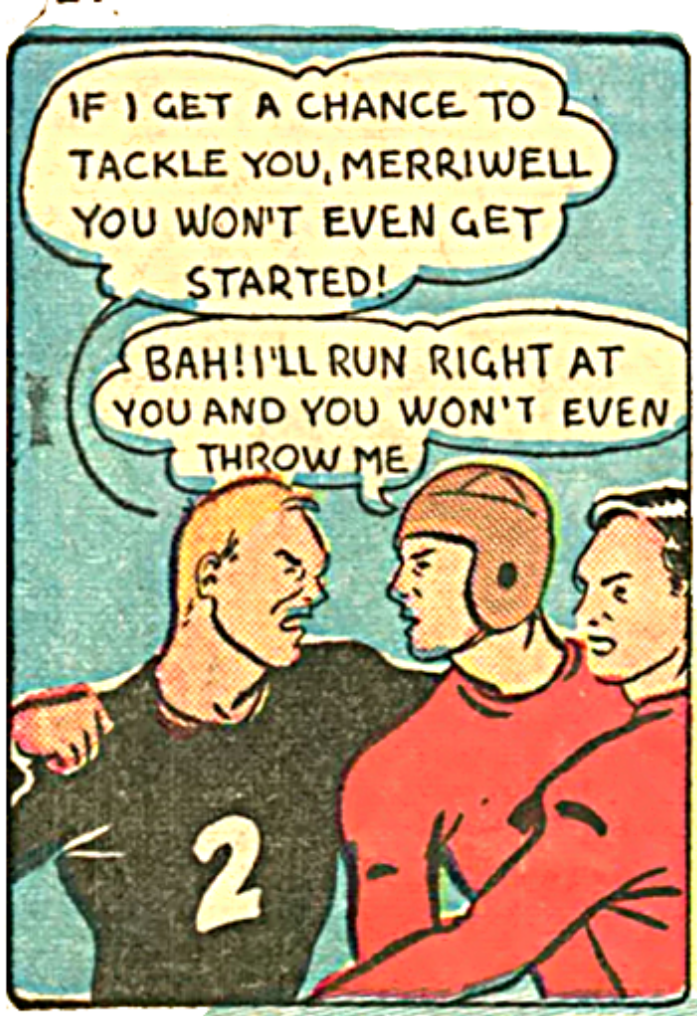
THUS ENDS ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF DOC SAVAGE - THE MAN OF BRONZE. WATCH HIM PIT HIS BRAIN AND BRAWN AGAINST VICIOUS CHARACTERS OF THE UNDERWORLD IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SHADOW COMICS

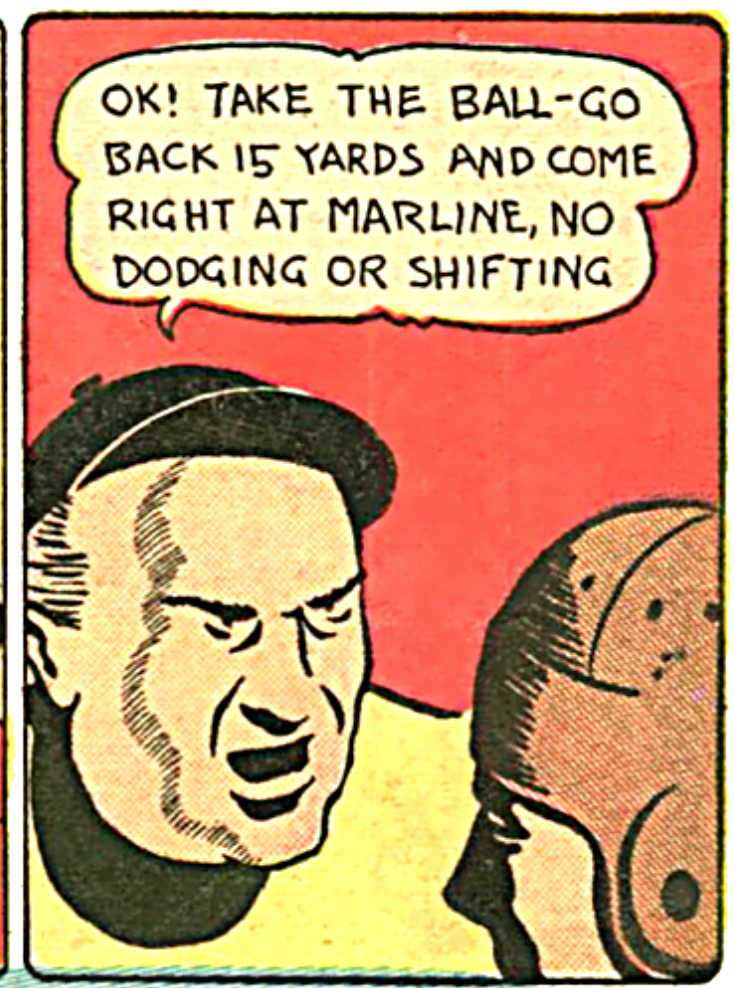
Frank MERRIWELL at COLLEGE





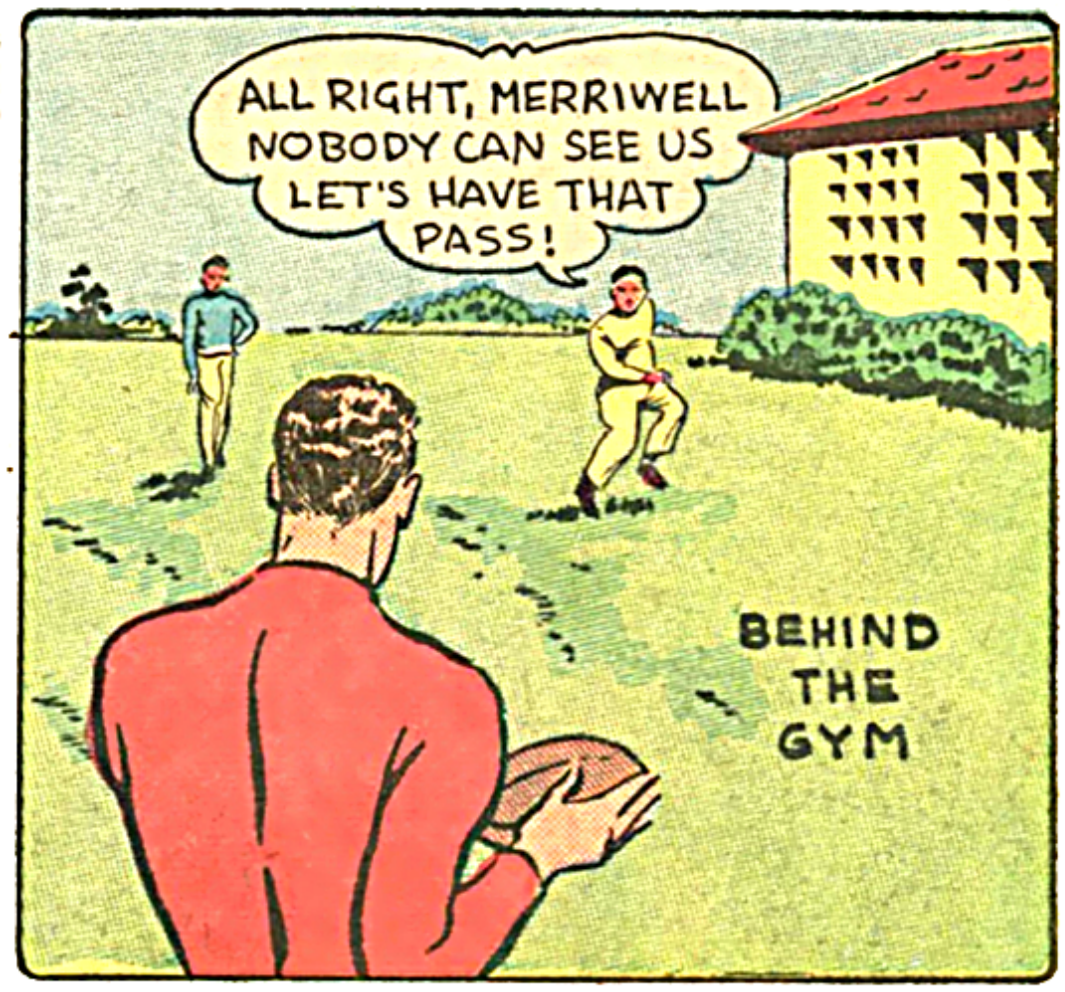
HARRY HAULETON, FRANK'S FRIEND COMES INTO PRACTICE





FRANK SLIPS THRU MARLINE'S FINGERS LIKE A GREASED EEL!

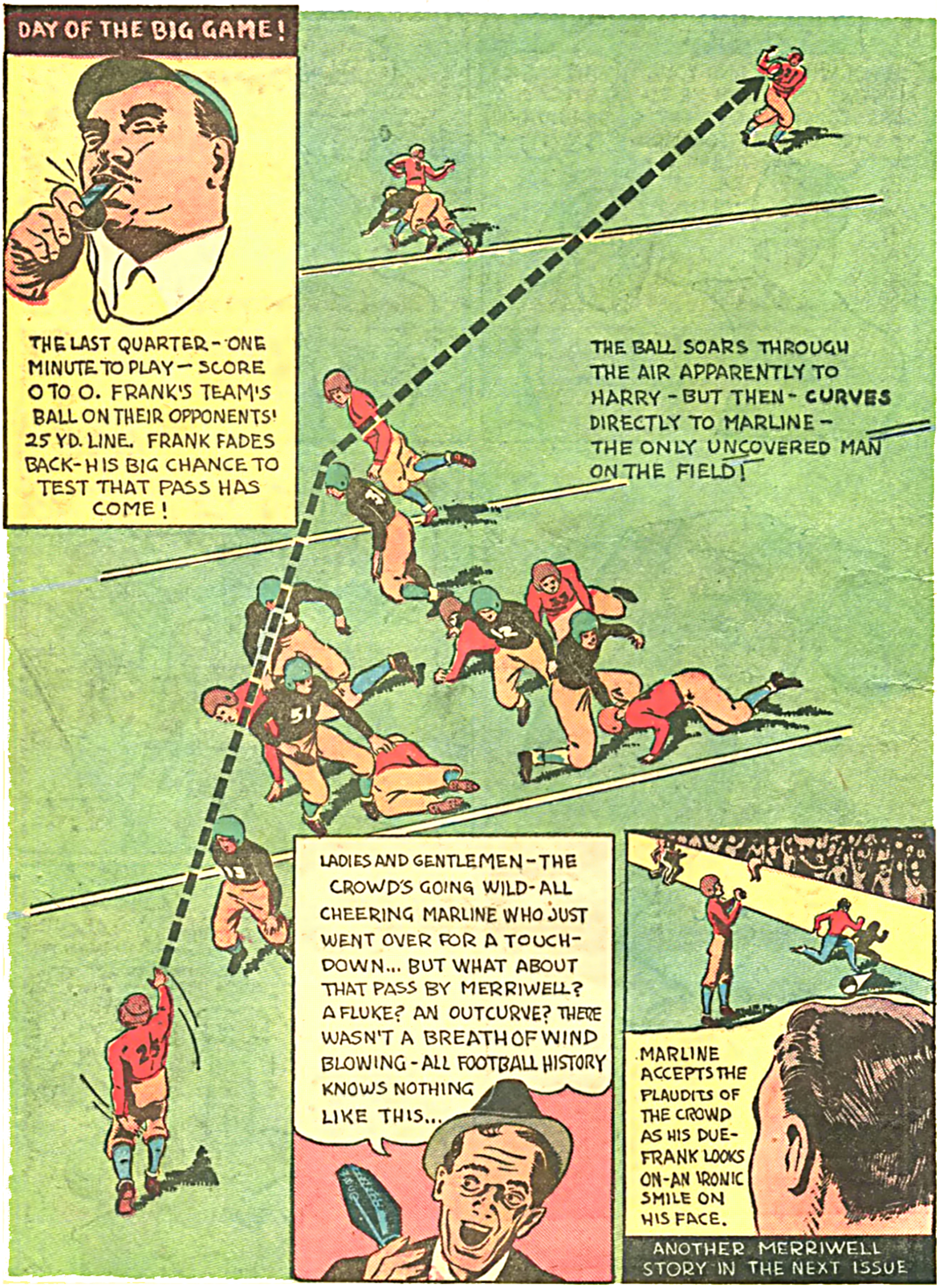
AFTER PRACTICE
COACH, WILL YOU AND YOUR ASSISTANT COME WITH ME TO SOME SECRET SPOT, I WANT TO SHOW YOU A NEW FORWARD PASS. I'VE DEVELOPED
OK, FRANK LET'S GO BEHIND THE GYM

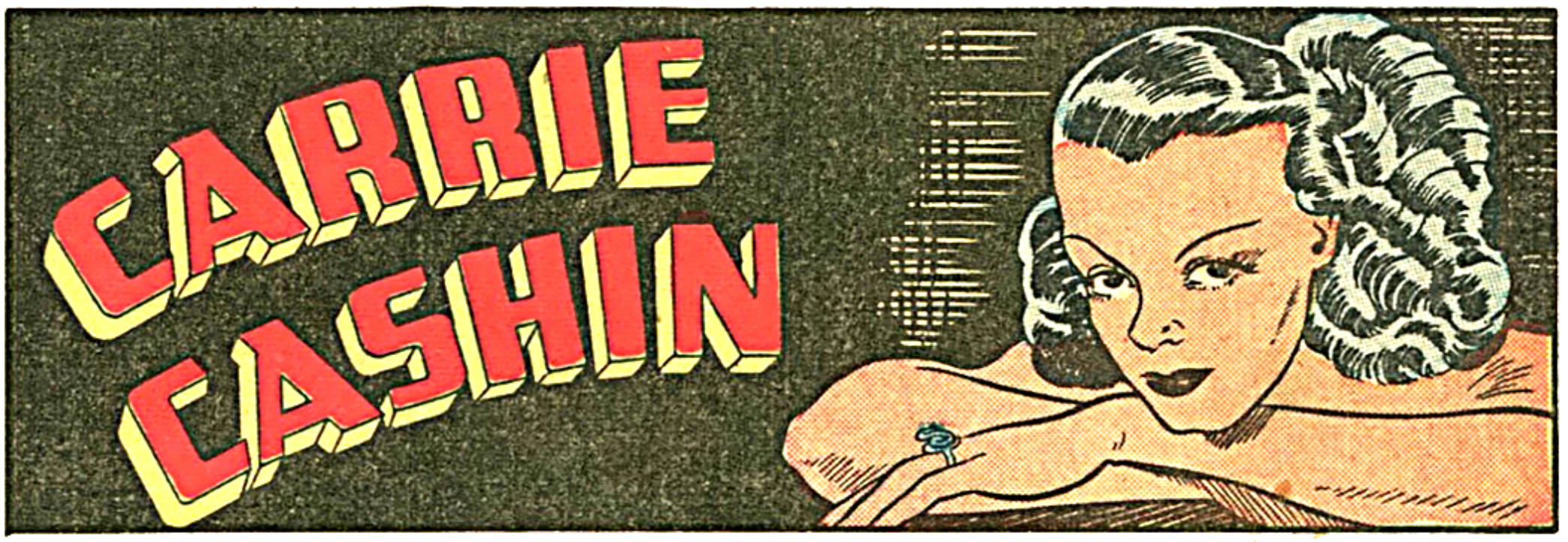

ALL RIGHT, MERRIWELL NOBODY CAN SEE US LET'S HAVE THAT PASS!
BEHIND THE GYM

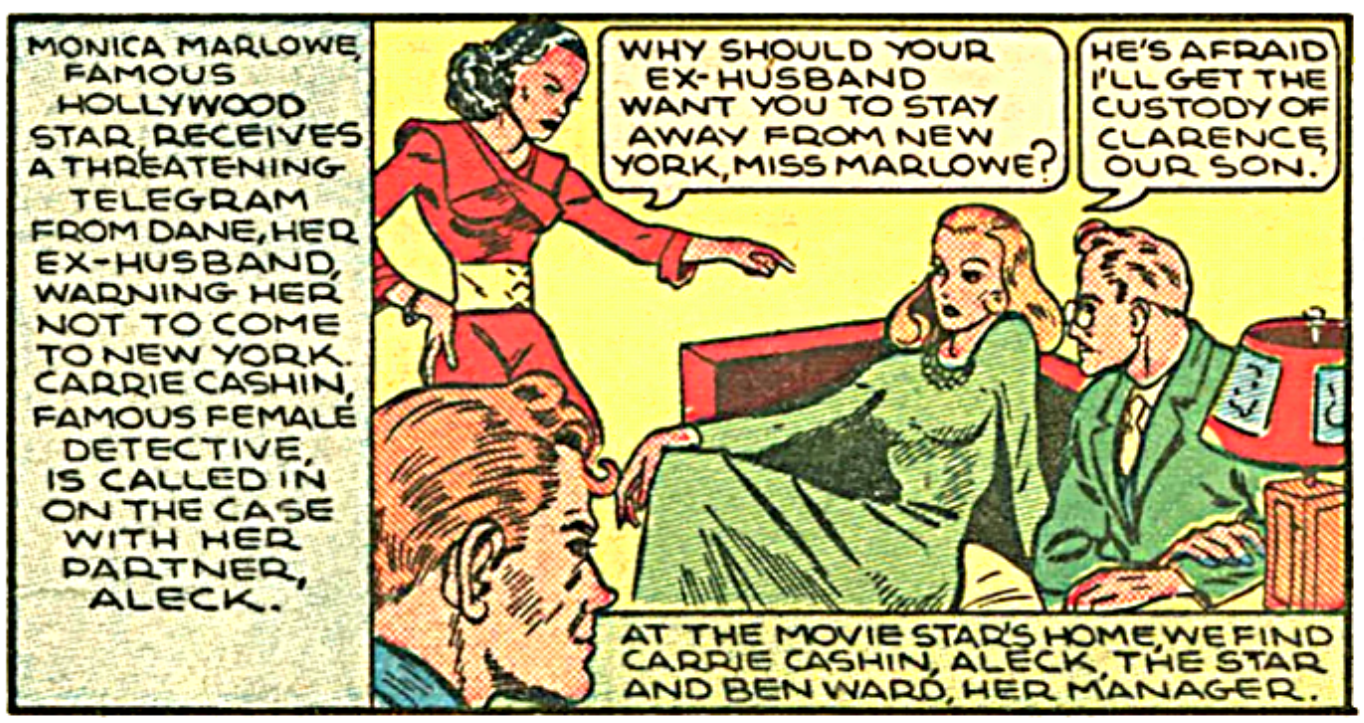
WHAT PHENOMENAL PASS HAS FRANK DEVELOPED?

IT'S AMAZING - THE GREATEST PASS I'VE EVER SEEN, WE CAN USE IT SATURDAY IN OUR BIG GAME. WE MUST TRAIN TWO MEN TO WORK WITH YOU
WHY NOT MARLINE AND HARRY?
O.K.
25

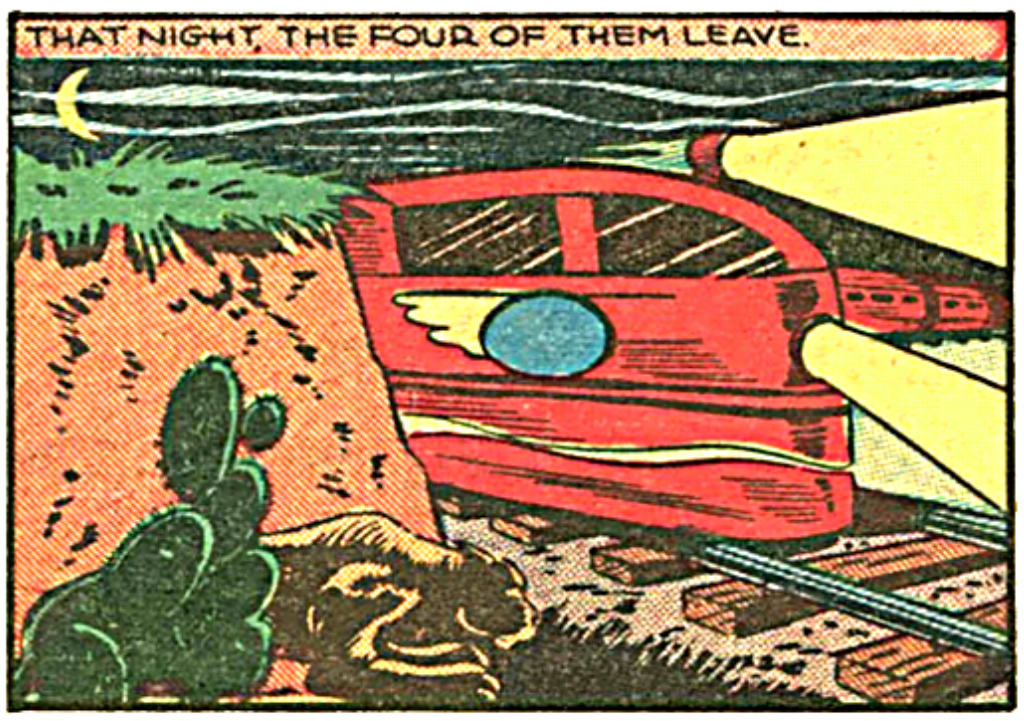
MARLINE, FRANK MERRIWELL SUGGESTED YOU AND HARRY AS THE MEN TO WORK WITH HIM IN DEVELOPING HIS NEW PASS PLAY. ARE YOU A GOOD ENOUGH SPORT TO DO IT?
I-UH-UH- I'LL DO IT!
5
2

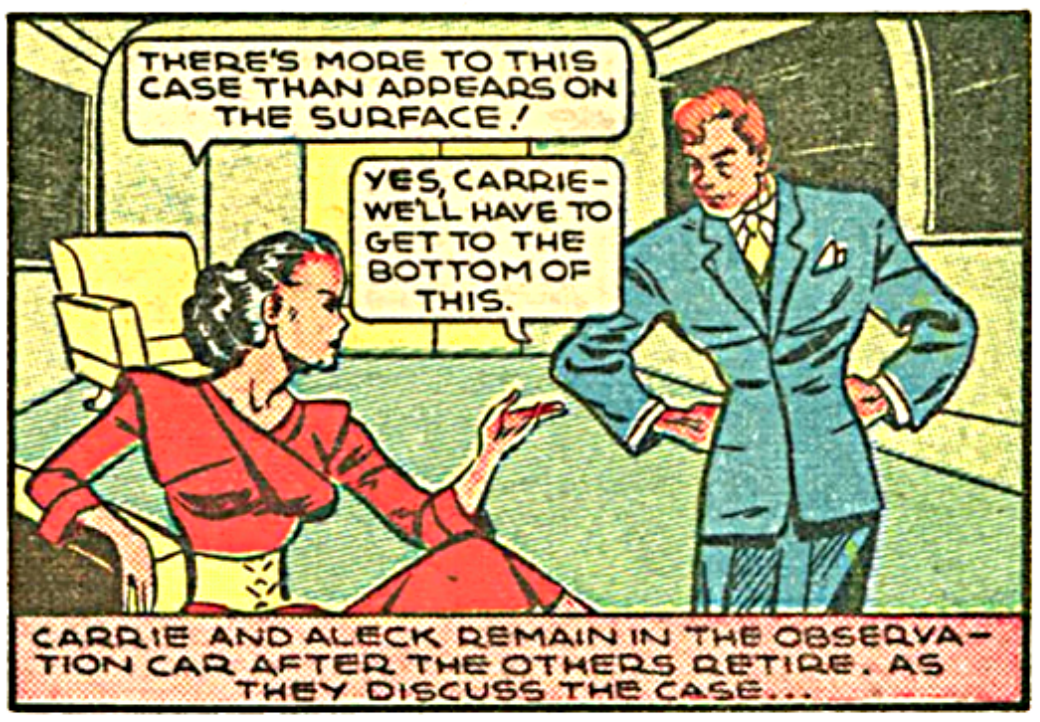

DAY OF THE BIG GAME!
THE LAST QUARTER - ONE MINUTE TO PLAY — SCORE 0 TO 0. FRANK'S TEAM'S BALL ON THEIR OPPONENTS' 25 YD. LINE. FRANK FADES BACK - HIS BIG CHANCE TO TEST THAT PASS HAS COME!
THE BALL SOARS THROUGH THE AIR APPARENTLY TO HARRY - BUT THEN - CURVES DIRECTLY TO MARLINE - THE ONLY UNCOVERED MAN ON THE FIELD!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - THE CROWD'S GOING WILD - ALL CHEERING MARLINE WHO JUST WENT OVER FOR A TOUCH-DOWN... BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT PASS BY MERRIWELL? A FLUKE? AN OUTCURVE? THERE WASN'T A BREATH OF WIND BLOWING - ALL FOOTBALL HISTORY KNOWS NOTHING LIKE THIS...
MARLINE ACCEPTS THE PLAUDITS OF THE CROWD AS HIS DUE - FRANK LOOKS ON - AN IRONIC SMILE ON HIS FACE.
ANOTHER MERRIWELL STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE


CARRIE CASHIN

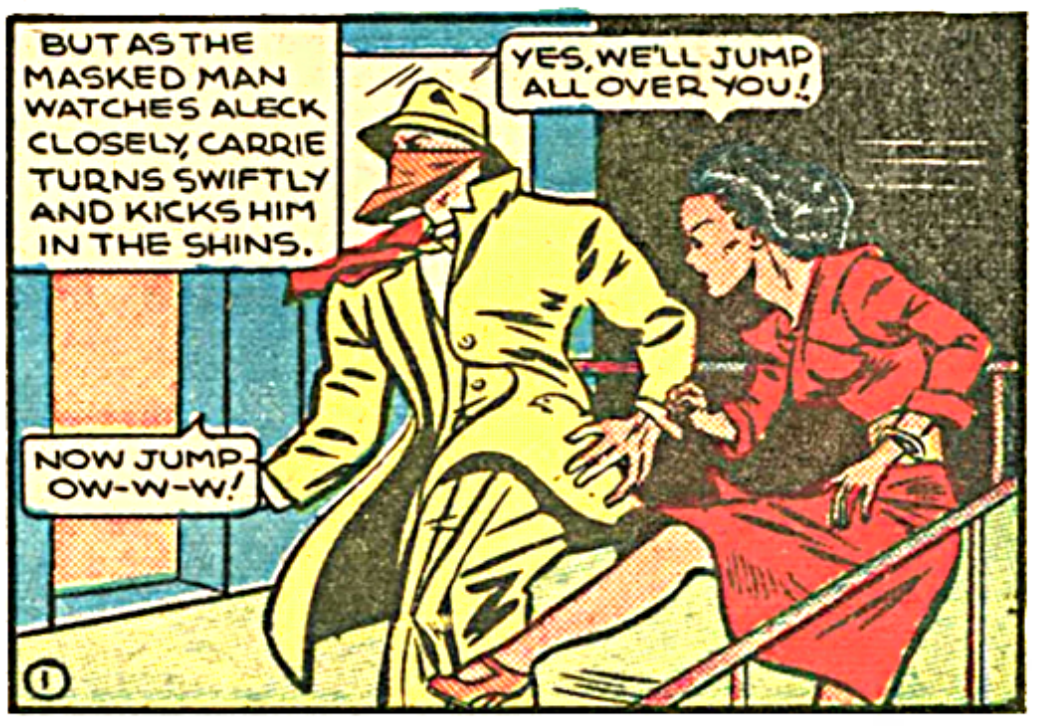

MONICA MARLOWE, FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD STAR, RECEIVES A THREATENING TELEGRAM FROM DANE, HER EX-HUSBAND, WARNING HER NOT TO COME TO NEW YORK. CARRIE CASHIN, FAMOUS FEMALE DETECTIVE, IS CALLED IN ON THE CASE WITH HER PARTNER, ALECK.
WHY SHOULD YOUR EX-HUSBAND WANT YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM NEW YORK, MISS MARLOWE?
HE'S AFRAID I'LL GET THE CUSTODY OF CLARENCE, OUR SON.
AT THE MOVIE STAR'S HOME, WE FIND CARRIE CASHIN, ALECK, THE STAR AND BEN WARD, HER MANAGER.

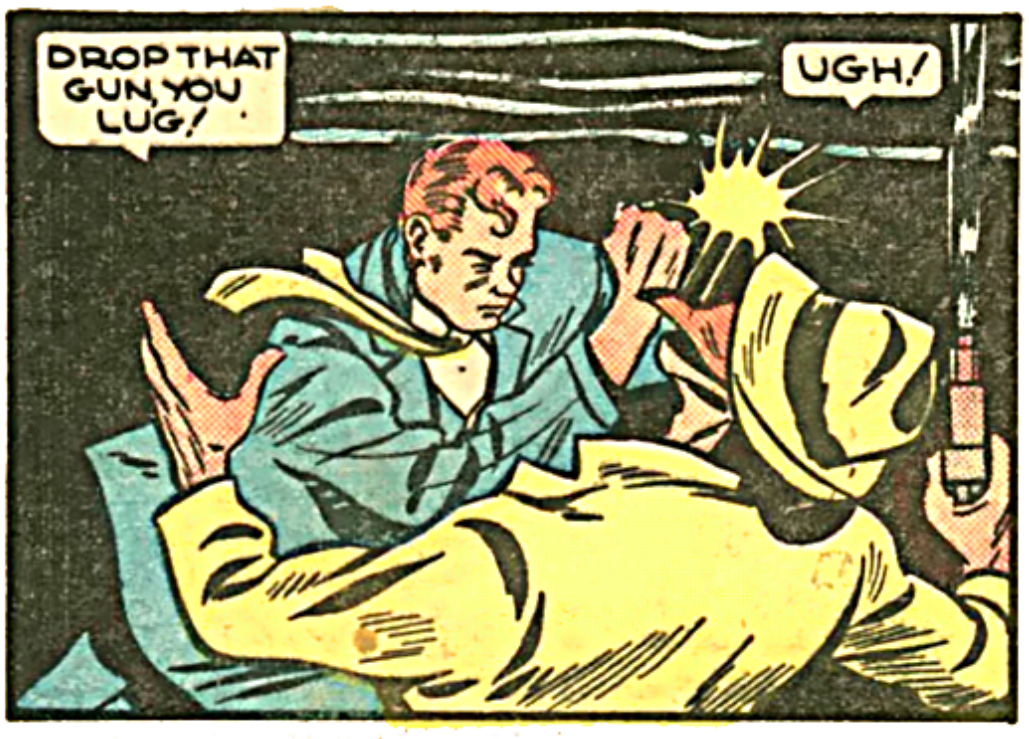
I WANT YOU TO COME TO NEW YORK WITH ME, JUST IN CASE-
WE'LL BE GLAD TO, MISS MARLOWE.


THAT NIGHT, THE FOUR OF THEM LEAVE.

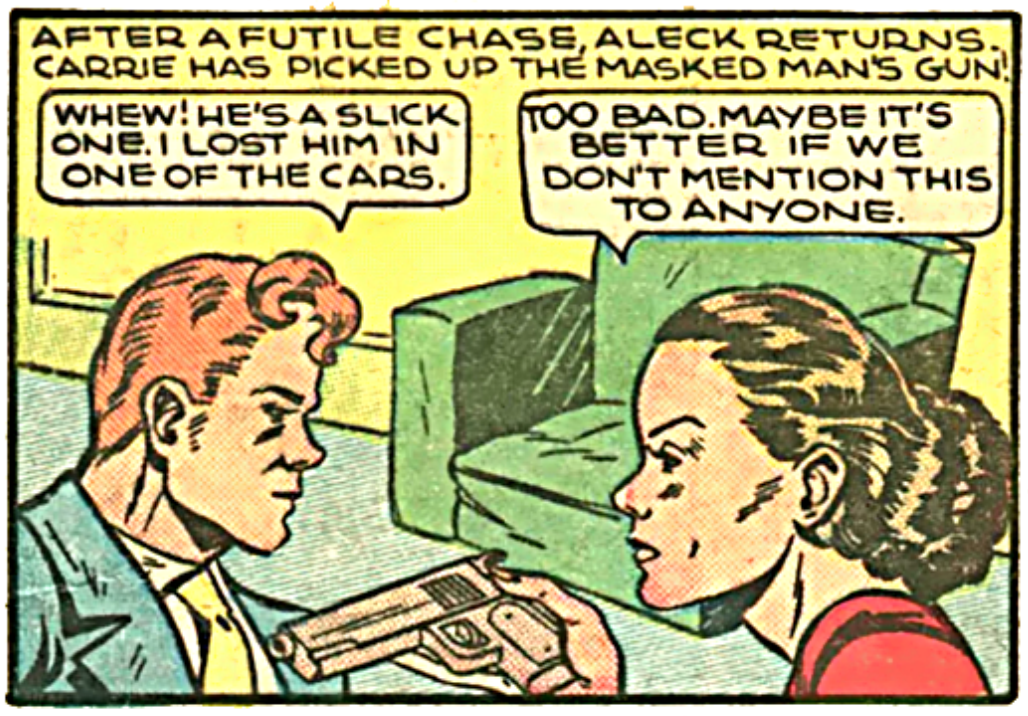

THERE'S MORE TO THIS CASE THAN APPEARS ON THE SURFACE!
YES, CARRIE- WE'LL HAVE TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS.
CARRIE AND ALECK REMAIN IN THE OBSERVATION CAR AFTER THE OTHERS RETIRE. AS THEY DISCUSS THE CASE...

GET 'EM UP, YOU FLATFOOTS! MARCH TOWARD THE REAR PLATFORM!
SAY, WHAT'S THE IDEA?
...A MASKED MAN ENTERS THE CAR AND COVERS THEM WITH AN UGLY AUTOMATIC.

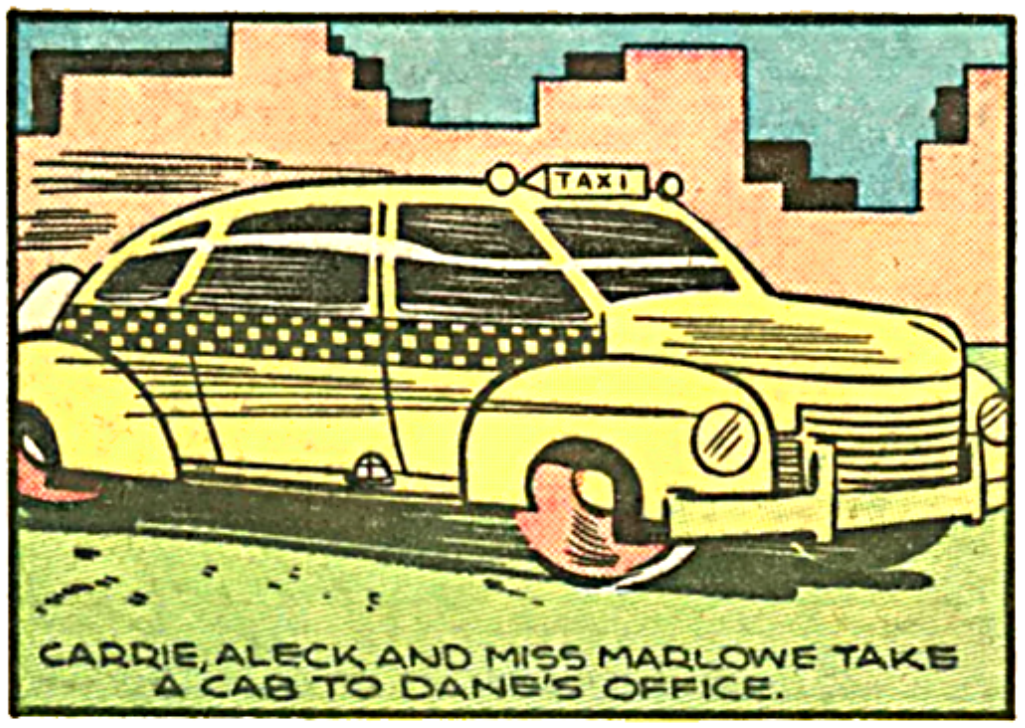

BUT AS THE MASKED MAN WATCHES ALECK CLOSELY, CARRIE TURNS SWIFTLY AND KICKS HIM IN THE SHINS.
YES, WE'LL JUMP ALL OVER YOU!
NOW JUMP- OW-W-W!
1

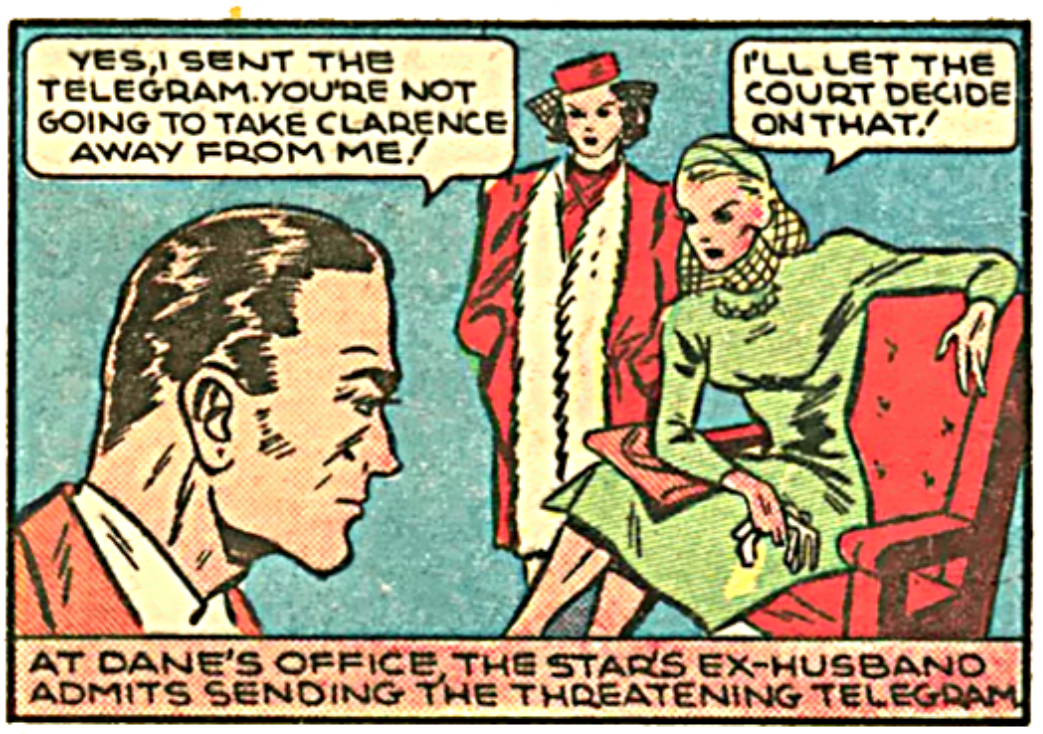

DROP THAT GUN, YOU LUG!
UGH!

AFTER HIM, ALECK!
COME BACK HERE! I'LL-!

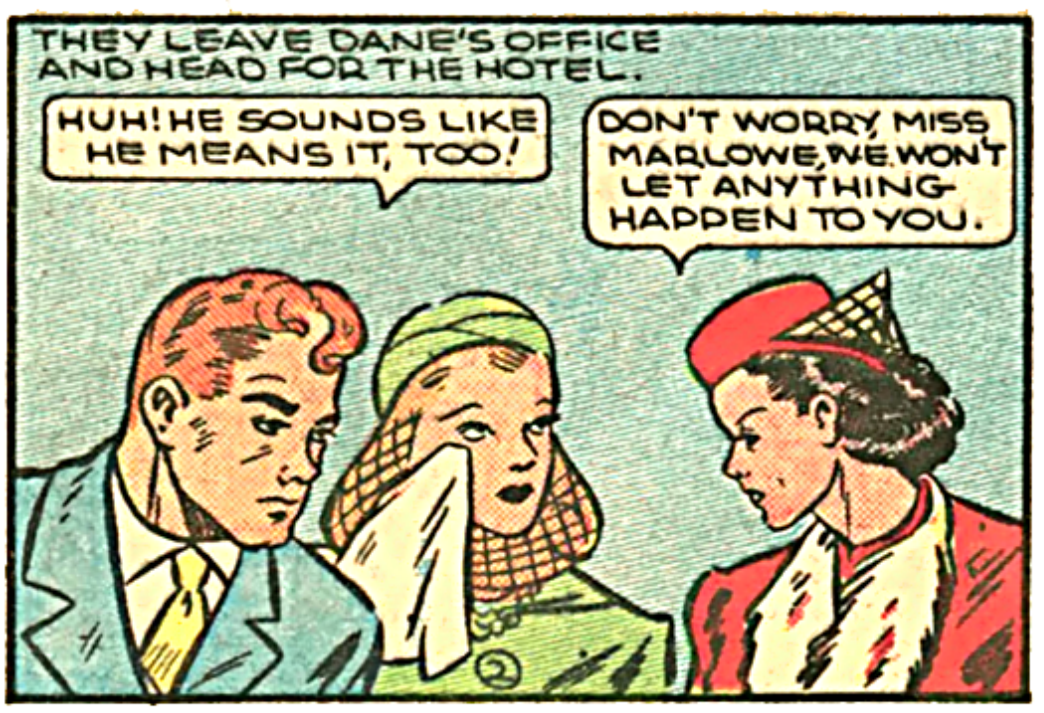

AFTER A FUTILE CHASE, ALECK RETURNS. CARRIE HAS PICKED UP THE MASKED MAN'S GUN!
WHEW! HE'S A SLICK ONE. I LOST HIM IN ONE OF THE CARS.
TOO BAD. MAYBE IT'S BETTER IF WE DON'T MENTION THIS TO ANYONE.

LET'S GO STRAIGHT TO DANE'S OFFICE. BEN, YOU TAKE CARE OF THE BAGGAGE.
OKAY, MONICA. I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING.
THEY ARRIVE AT GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL IN N.Y.C.

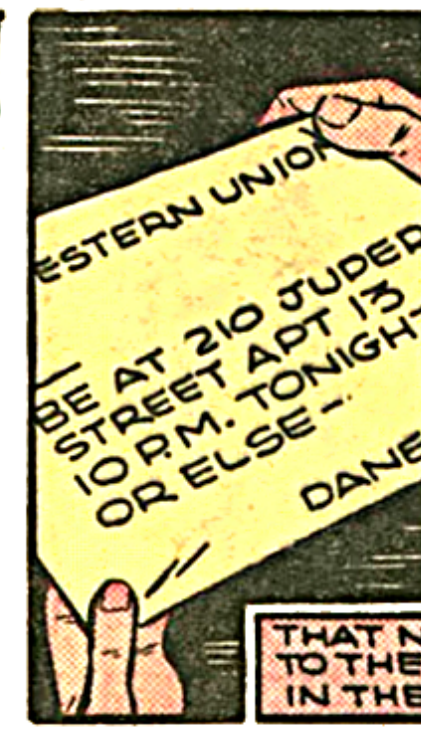

TAXI
CARRIE, ALECK AND MISS MARLOWE TAKE A CAB TO DANE'S OFFICE.


YES, I SENT THE TELEGRAM. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE CLARENCE AWAY FROM ME!
I'LL LET THE COURT DECIDE ON THAT!
AT DANE'S OFFICE, THE STAR'S EX-HUSBAND ADMITS SENDING THE THREATENING TELEGRAM.

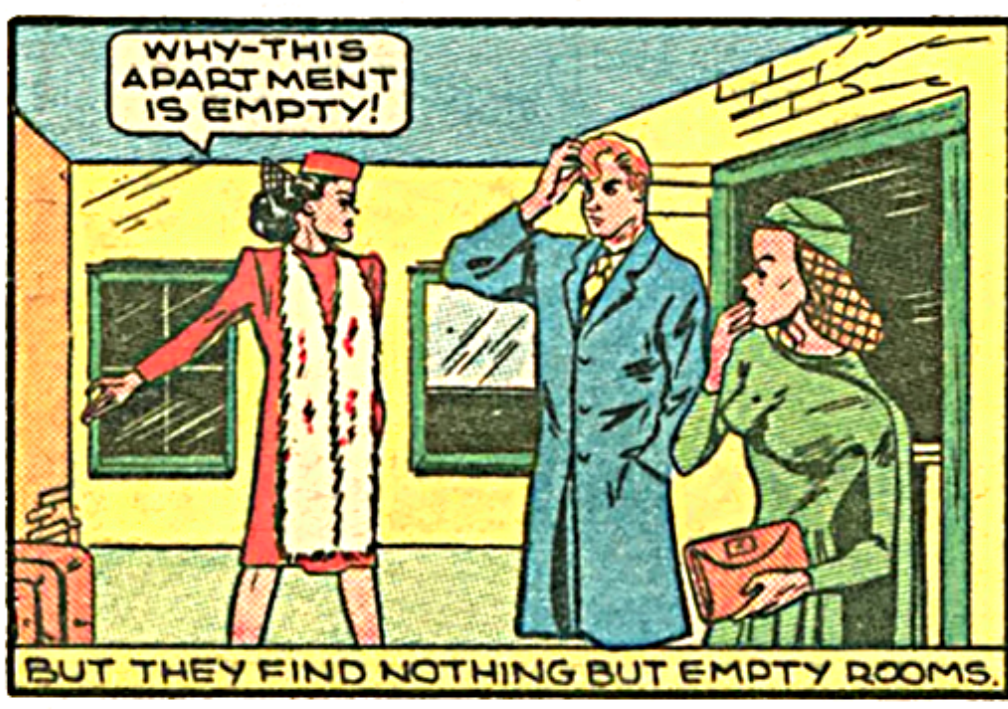
DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S A PENAL OFFENSE TO SEND THREATENING NOTES?
I DON'T CARE! I'D DO ANYTHING TO KEEP HER FROM TAKING MY BOY!


THEY LEAVE DANE'S OFFICE AND HEAD FOR THE HOTEL.
HUH! HE SOUNDS LIKE HE MEANS IT, TOO!
DON'T WORRY, MISS MARLOWE, WE WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU.

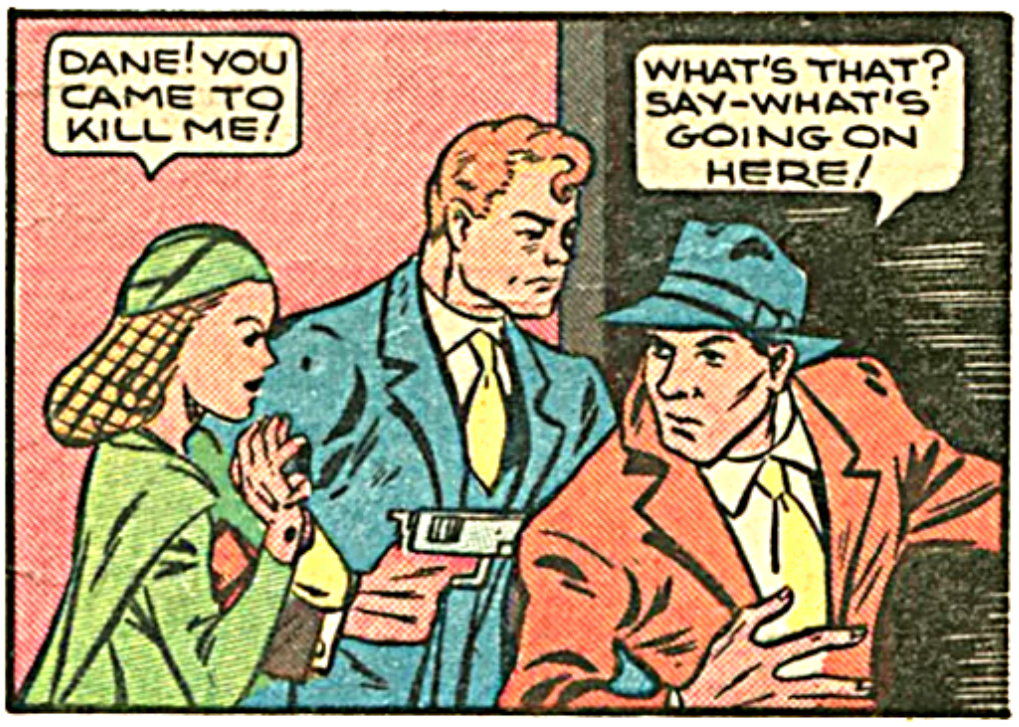
LOOK!- ANOTHER TELEGRAM FROM DANE!
WHEN THEY REACH THE HOTEL, THEY ARE MET BY BEN, WHO IS ALL EXCITED.


ESTERN UNION
BE AT 210 JUDEP STREET APT 13 10 P.M. TONIGHT OR ELSE-
DANE
THAT NIGHT THEY RUSH TO THE ADDRESS GIVEN IN THE TELEGRAM.

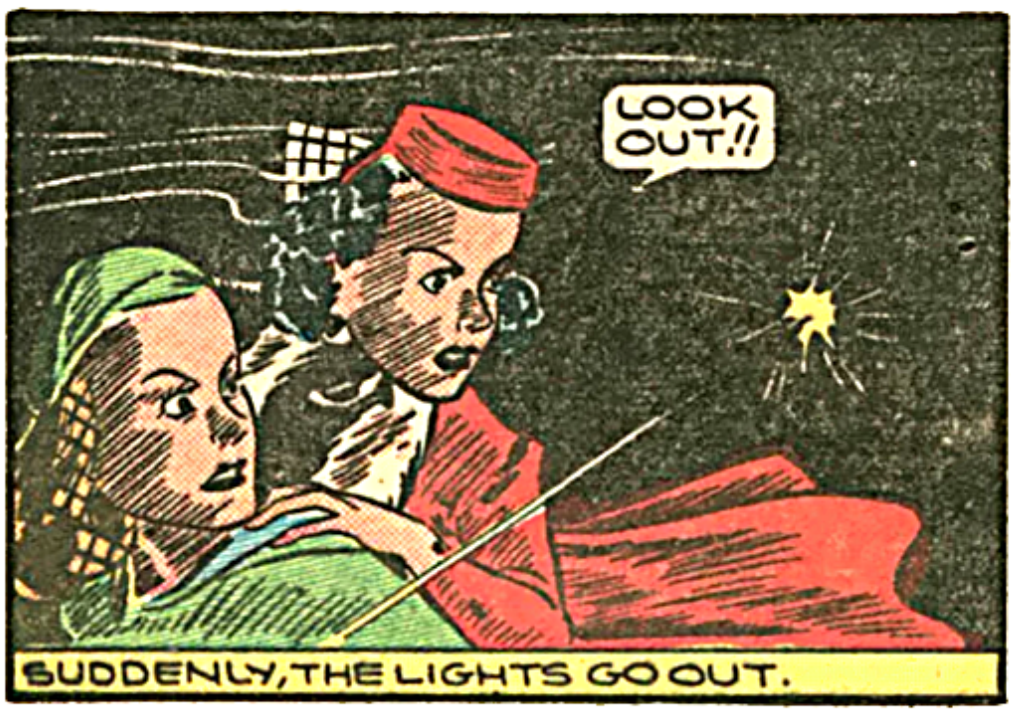
HERE IT IS.
I-I'M AFRAID!
YOU BETTER SEE IT THROUGH.
210

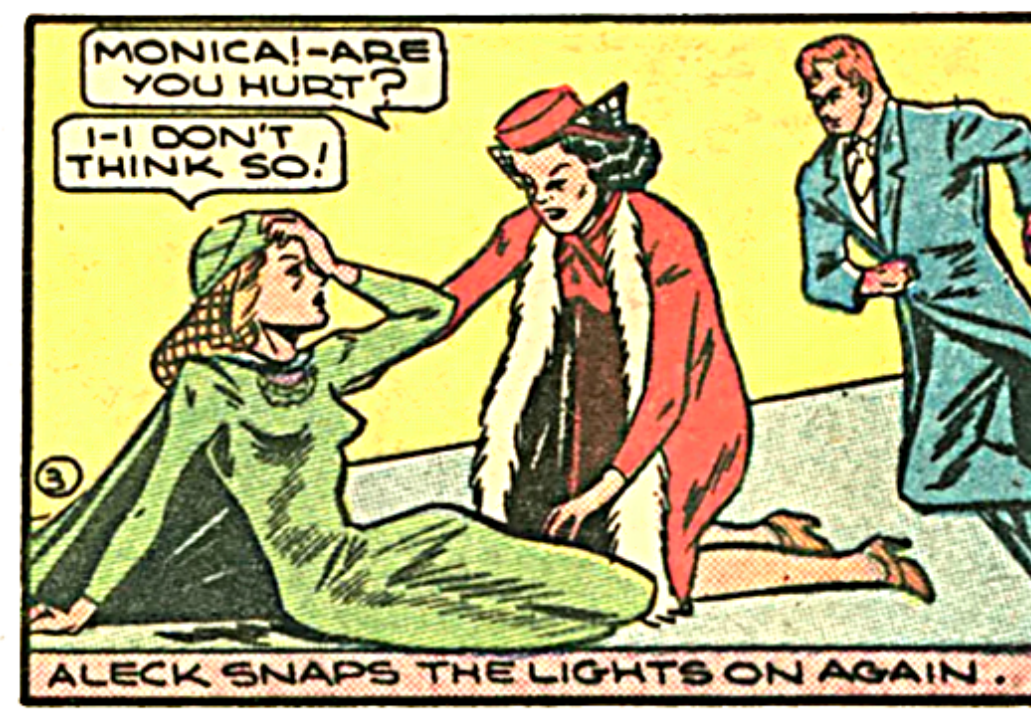

WHY-THIS APARTMENT IS EMPTY!
BUT THEY FIND NOTHING BUT EMPTY ROOMS.

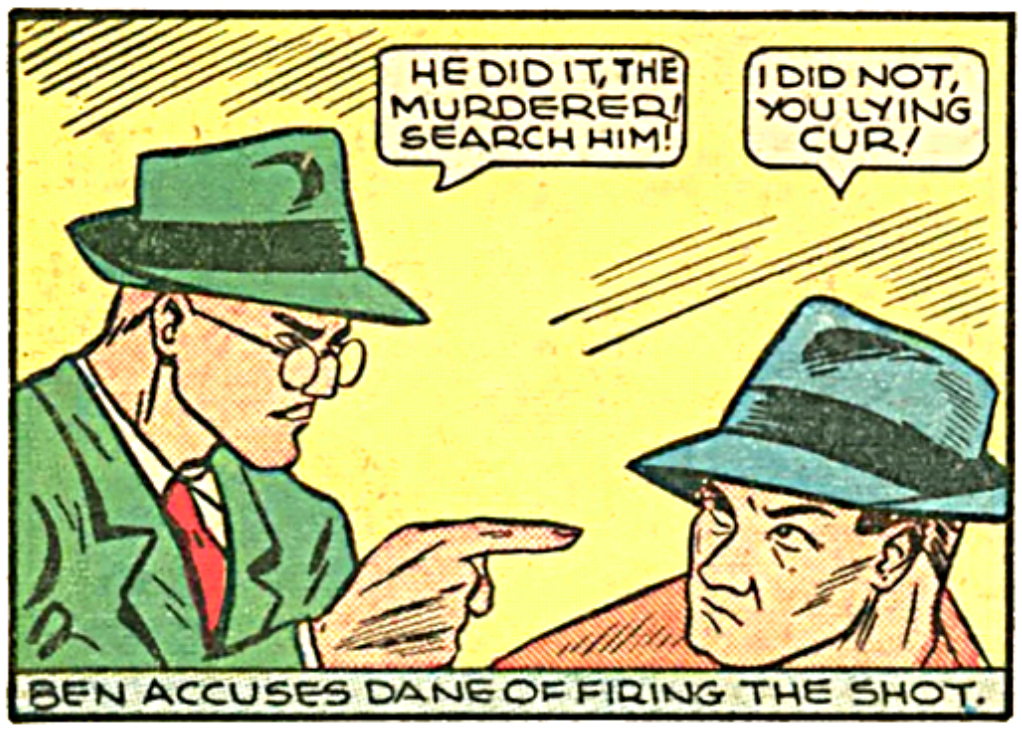
SH-H-SOMEONE'S COMING UP THE STAIRS, ALECK.
DON'T WORRY- I'M READY FOR HIM!
SUDDENLY, THEY HEAR FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.

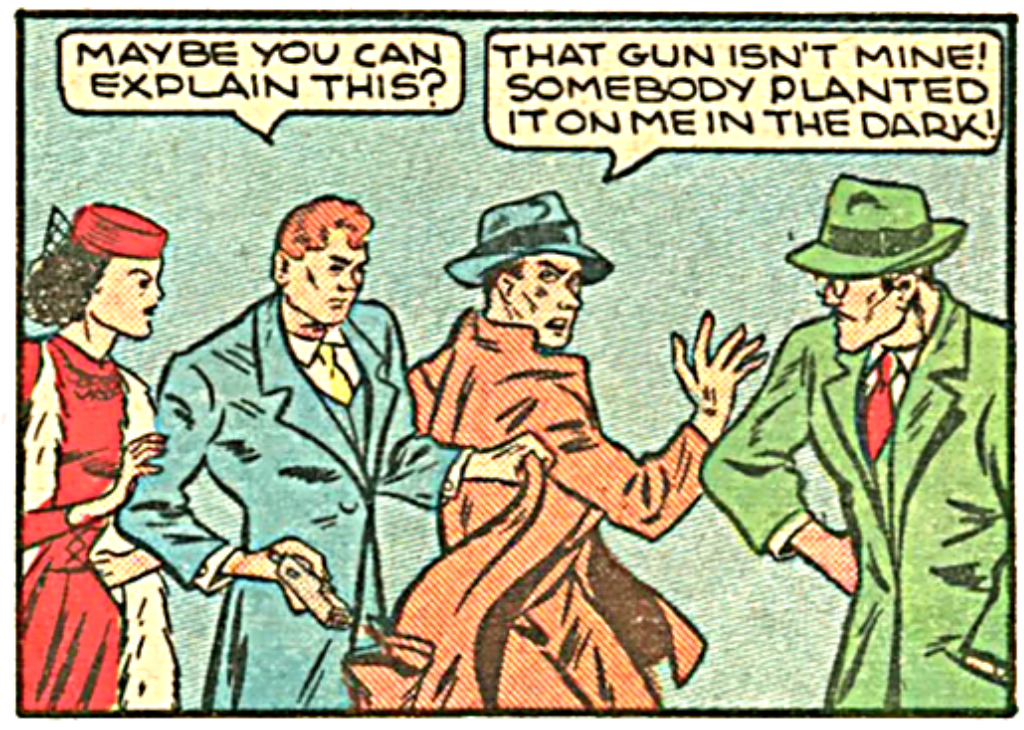

DANE! YOU CAME TO KILL ME!
WHAT'S THAT? SAY-WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!

WHY DID YOU SEND MISS MARLOWE THE TELEGRAM TELLING HER TO MEET YOU HERE, MR. DANE?
I DIDN'T SEND IT! I RECEIVED ONE FROM MONICA ASKING ME TO COME HERE!

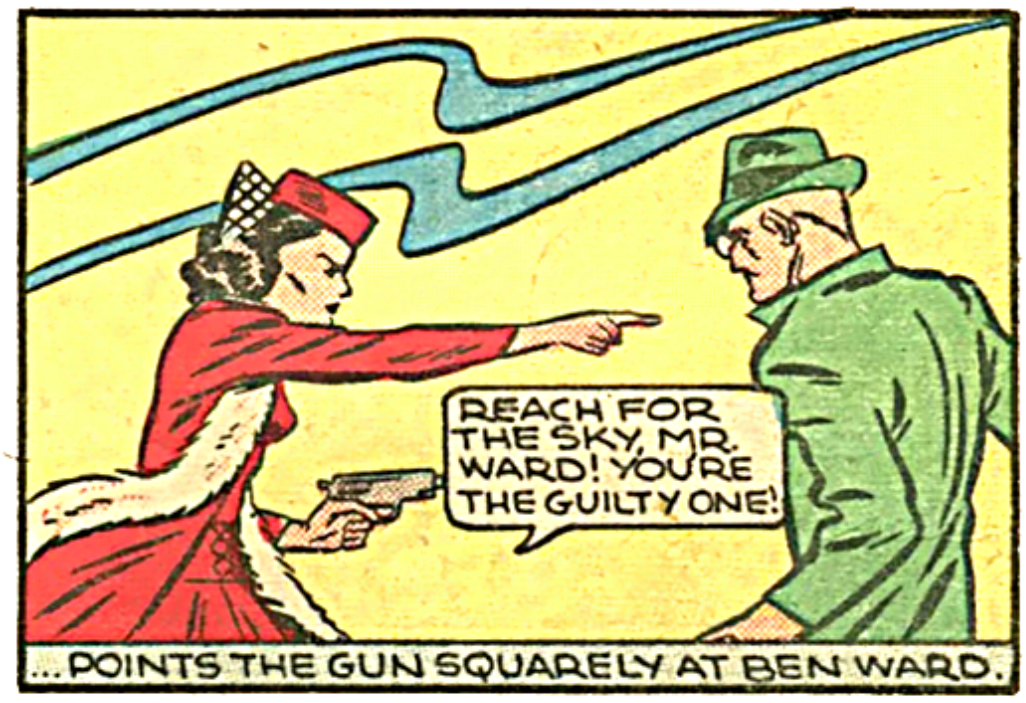

LOOK OUT!!
SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

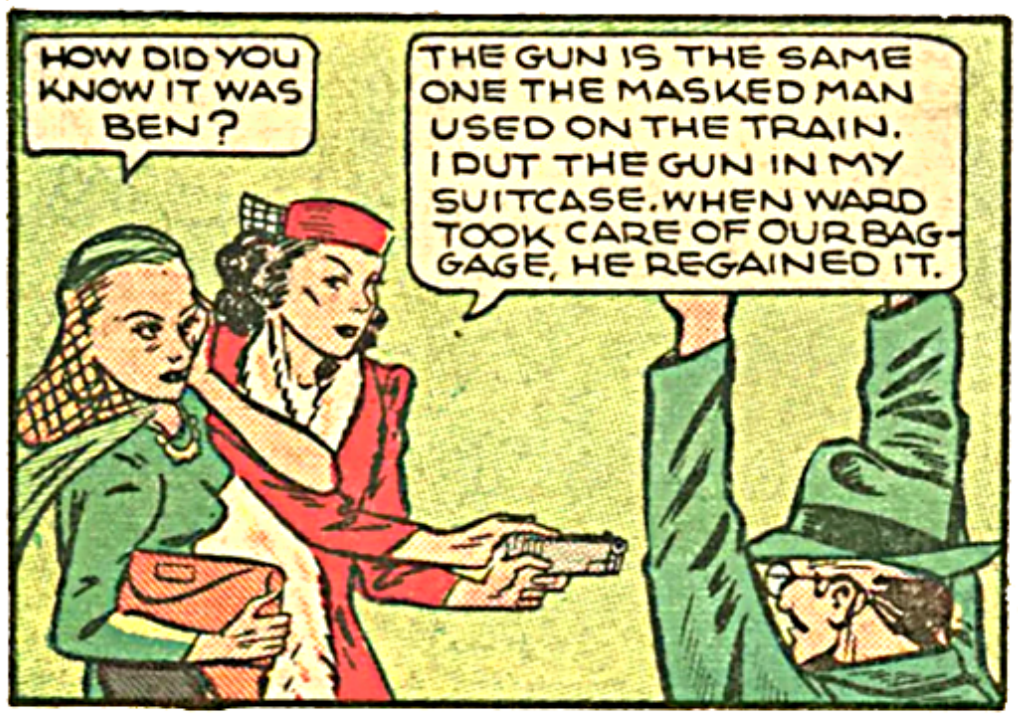

MONICA!-ARE YOU HURT?
I-I DON'T THINK SO!
ALECK SNAPS THE LIGHTS ON AGAIN.

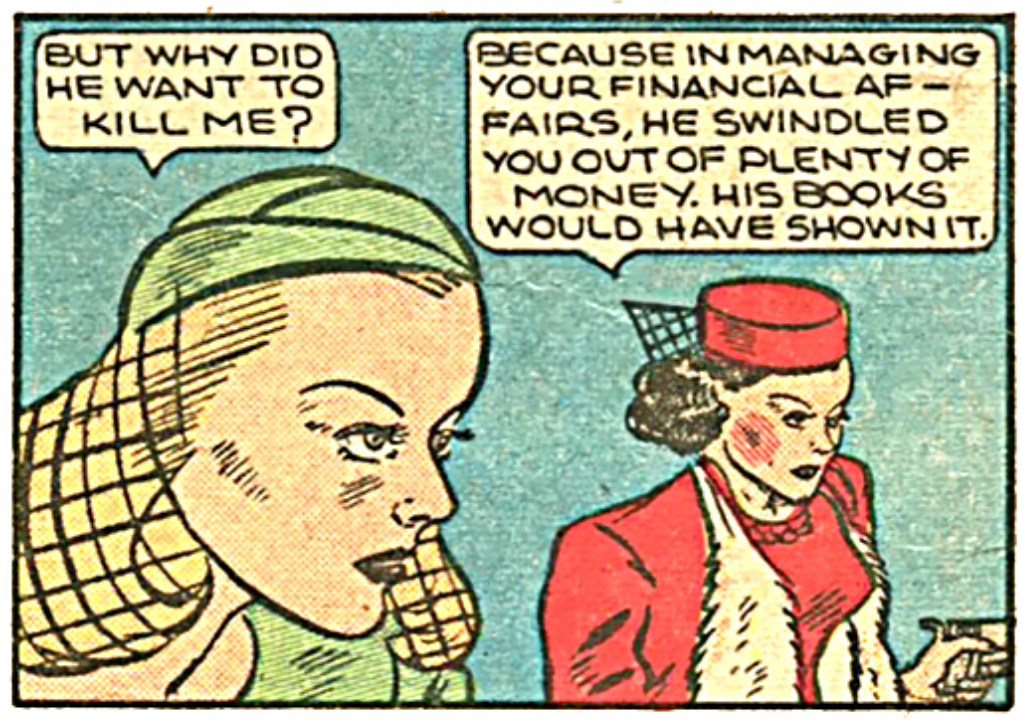

HE DID IT, THE MURDERER! SEARCH HIM!
I DID NOT, YOU LYING CUR!
BEN ACCUSES DANE OF FIRING THE SHOT.


MAYBE YOU CAN EXPLAIN THIS?
THAT GUN ISN'T MINE! SOMEBODY PLANTED IT ON ME IN THE DARK!

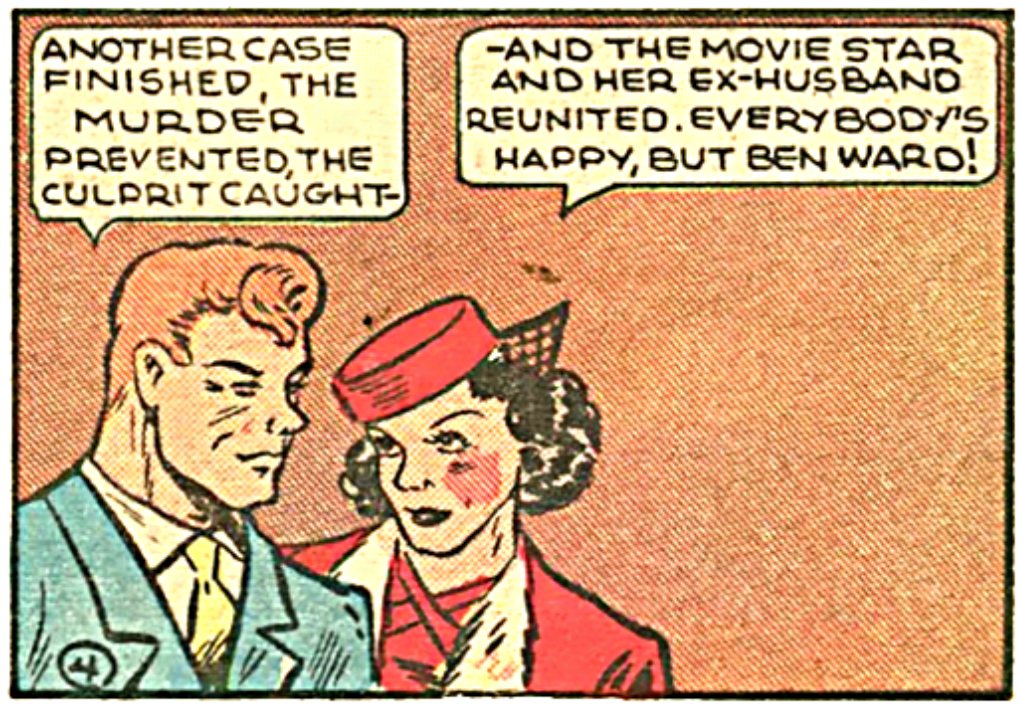
CARRIE TAKES THE GUN AND EXAMINES IT. SUDDENLY SHE TURNS AND...


REACH FOR THE SKY, MR. WARD! YOU'RE THE GUILTY ONE!
...POINTS THE GUN SQUARELY AT BEN WARD.

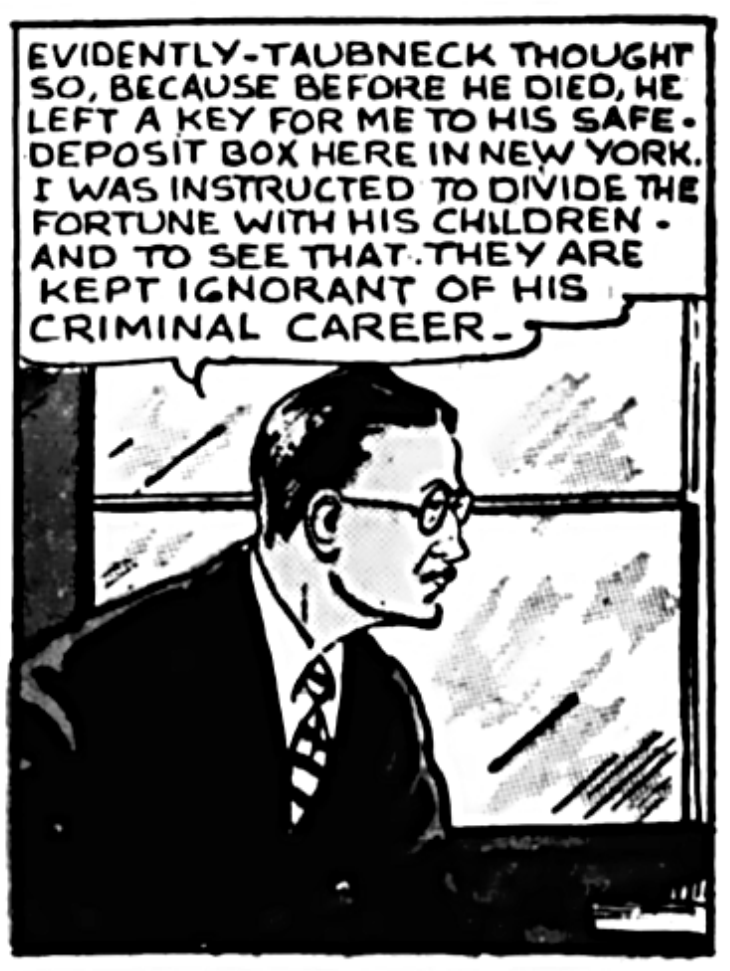

HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS BEN?
THE GUN IS THE SAME ONE THE MASKED MAN USED ON THE TRAIN. I PUT THE GUN IN MY SUITCASE. WHEN WARD TOOK CARE OF OUR BAGGAGE, HE REGAINED IT.


BUT WHY DID HE WANT TO KILL ME?
BECAUSE IN MANAGING YOUR FINANCIAL AFFAIRS, HE SWINDLED YOU OUT OF PLENTY OF MONEY. HIS BOOKS WOULD HAVE SHOWN IT.

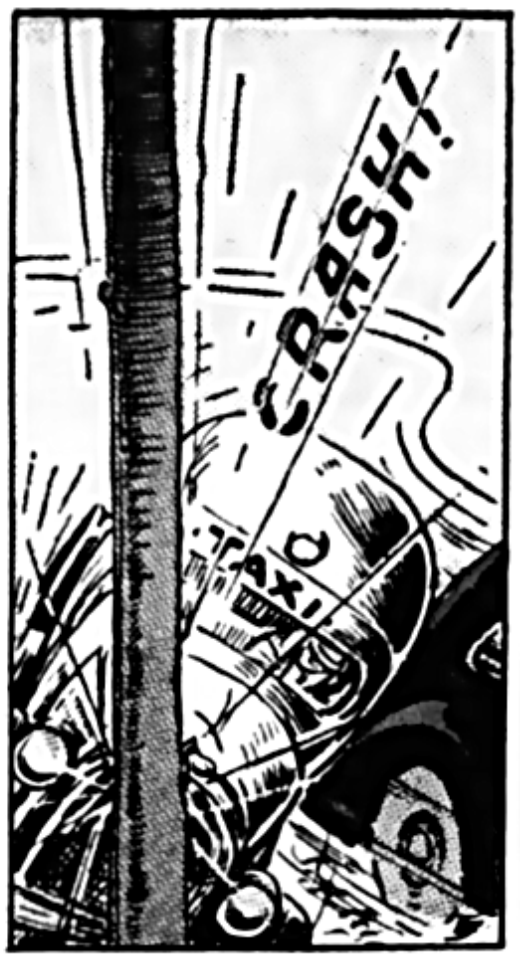
THE DANGER AND EXCITEMENT BRINGS OUT THE FACT THAT THE MOVIE STAR AND HER EX-HUSBAND ARE STILL IN LOVE, DESPITE THEIR QUARRELING. THEY DECIDE TO RE-MARRY.
LET'S STOP THIS SQUABBLING AND GO BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.
ALL RIGHT, DEAR-AND WE'LL BOTH HAVE OUR SON AGAIN.


ANOTHER CASE FINISHED, THE MURDER PREVENTED, THE CULPRIT CAUGHT-
-AND THE MOVIE STAR AND HER EX-HUSBAND REUNITED. EVERYBODY'S HAPPY, BUT BEN WARD!
4

NICK CARTER
SUPER SLEUTH
-THE SIX RINGS OF DEATH-



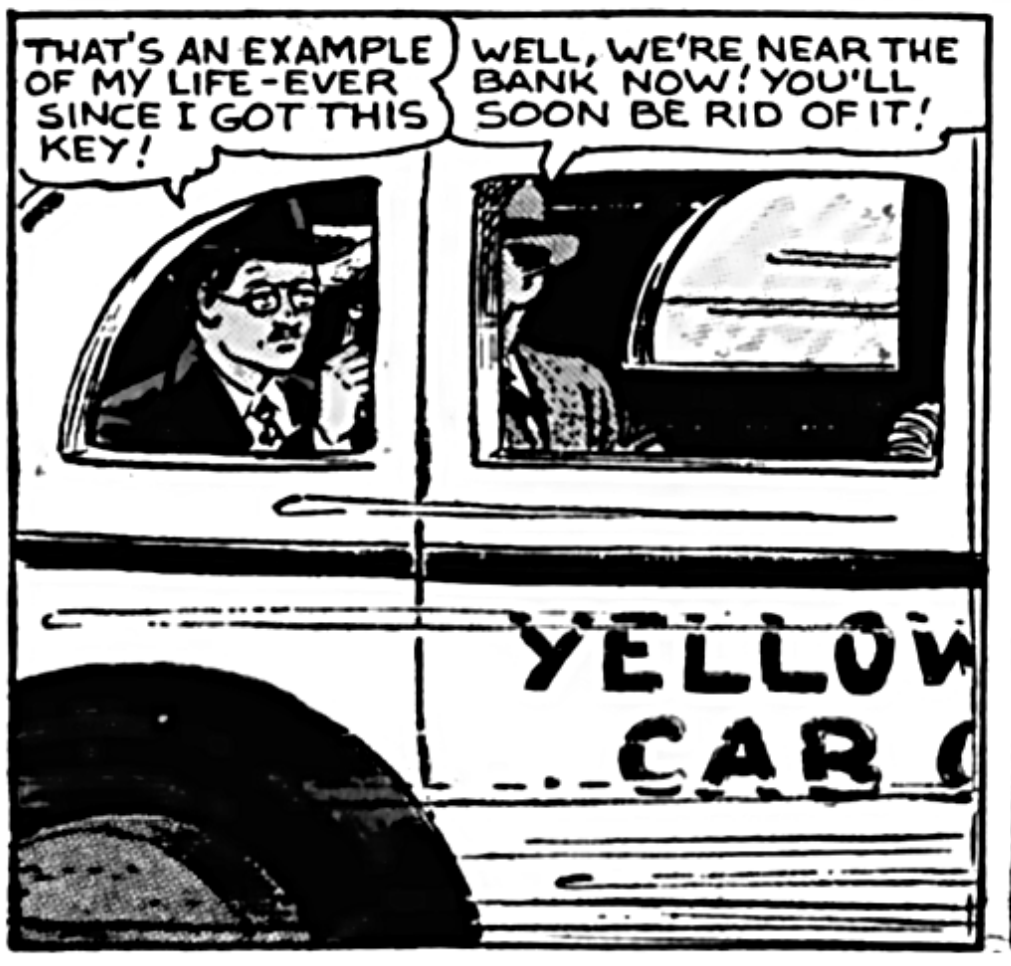
WONDER WHY HE'S TAKING THIS INDIRECT WAY TO THE BANK?
TO AVOID TRAFFIC, I PRE-
SAY! WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!
TAXI


CRASH!
TAXI

TAXI

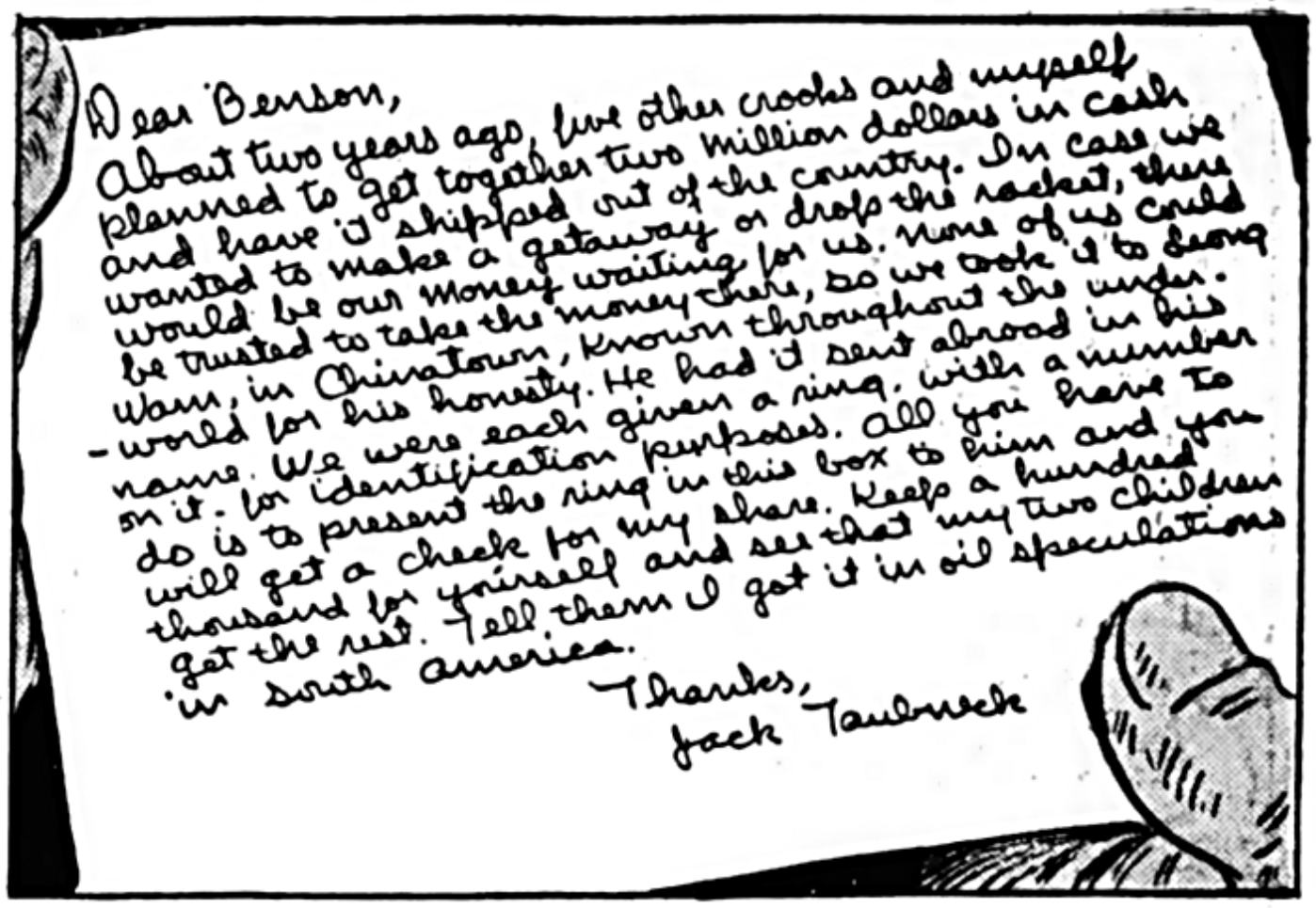
WHAT AN ODD RING! WONDER WHAT THE TWO IS FOR?
WHY! THAT'S JUST LIKE THE RING TAUBNECK WORE-ONLY HIS WAS NUMBER THREE!

WE MAY NEED THIS RING!
I HEAR THE POLICE! LET'S GO BEFORE THEY GET HERE!


THAT'S AN EXAMPLE OF MY LIFE-EVER SINCE I GOT THIS KEY!
WELL, WE'RE NEAR THE BANK NOW! YOU'LL SOON BE RID OF IT!
YELLOW
CAR

LOOK! HERE'S TAUBNECKS RING!
WHY! IT'S THE SAME THING! ONE HAS A TWO ON IT, THE OTHER-A THREE!

THIS IS ALL A MYSTERY TO ME SO FAR! I'LL SEE WHAT TAUBNECK HAS WRITTEN IN THIS LETTER TO ME!


Dear Benson,
About two years ago, five other crooks and myself planned to get together two million dollars in cash and have it shipped out of the country. In case we wanted to make a getaway or drop the racket, there would be our money waiting for us. None of us could be trusted to take the money there, so we took it to Leong Wam, in Chinatown, known throughout the under-world for his honesty. He had it sent abroad in his name. We were each given a ring, with a number on it, for identification purposes. All you have to do is to present the ring in this box to him and you will get a check for my share. Keep a hundred thousand for yourself and see that my two children get the rest. Tell them I got it in oil speculations in South America.
Thanks,
Jack Taubneck

NOW I KNOW WHY I'VE BEEN A CONSTANT TARGET! WONDER HOW THEY GOT WORD ABOUT ME AND ALL THIS?
WORD DOES GET AROUND IN THE UNDERWORLD, YOU KNOW!

I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO HIDE FOR AWHILE BEFORE GOING TO LEONG WAM! I JUST COULDN'T ENDURE ANY MORE EXCITEMENT!
YOU WON'T HAVE TO! I'M GOING TO LEONG WAM'S ALONE, DISGUISED AS YOU - WITH THIS RING!

I'M NEVER WITHOUT MY LITTLE MAKE-UP KIT, BENSON. IT COMES IN HANDY TOO OFTEN!
AND IT'S VERY FORTUNATE THAT WE WEAR THE SAME SIZE CLOTHES, MR. CARTER!

ARE Y'SURE BENSON'S IN THE BANK?
SOIT'INLY! I FOLLO'ED HIM THERE! HE'LL BE COMIN'OUT ANY MINUTE! KEEP Y'SHOIT ON!

S-A-Y! YOU'D EVEN FOOL MY FAMILY, MR. CARTER!
THANKS, BENSON, BE AT MY OFFICE IN THE MORNING

!
CRASH!

THIS WAS NO ACCIDENT!! THIS ROPE HAS BEEN DELIBERATELY CUT!

THEY MUST BE STILL IN THE BUILDING! I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON THEM COMING OUT THE REAR EXIT!

MISSED 'IM! BUT HE WON'T GET T' WAM!
YOU BET HE WON'T! HE AIN'T ONE OF THE SIX!

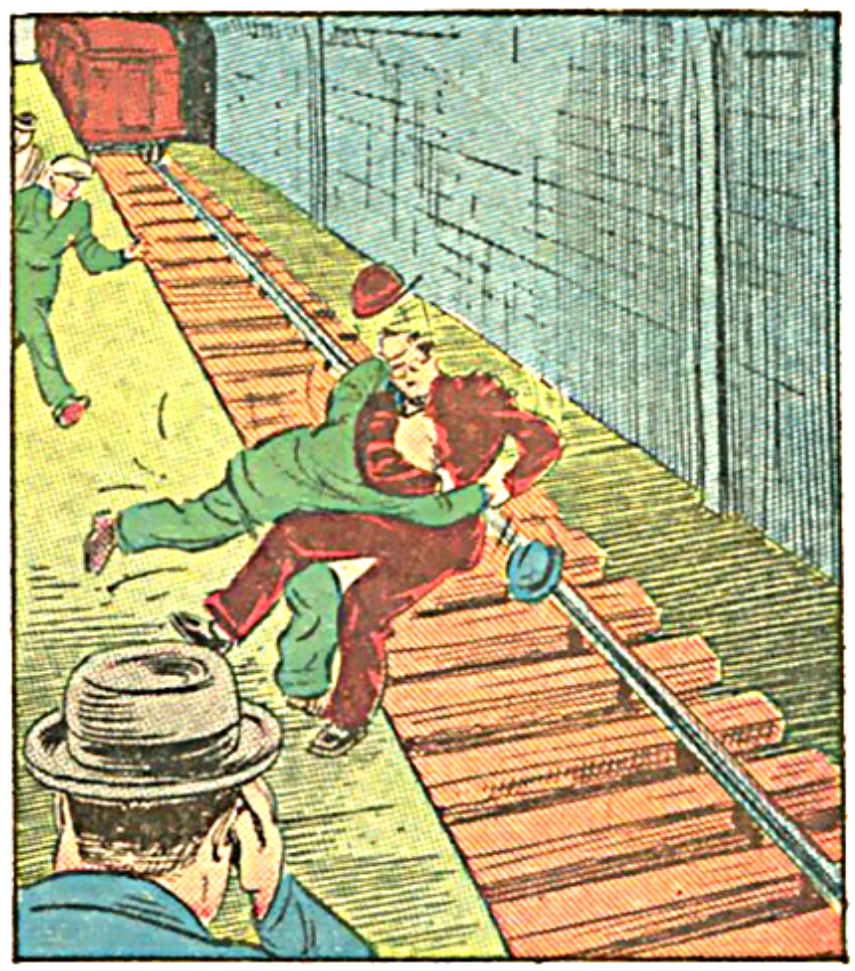
THERE HE IS! LET 'M HAVE IT!

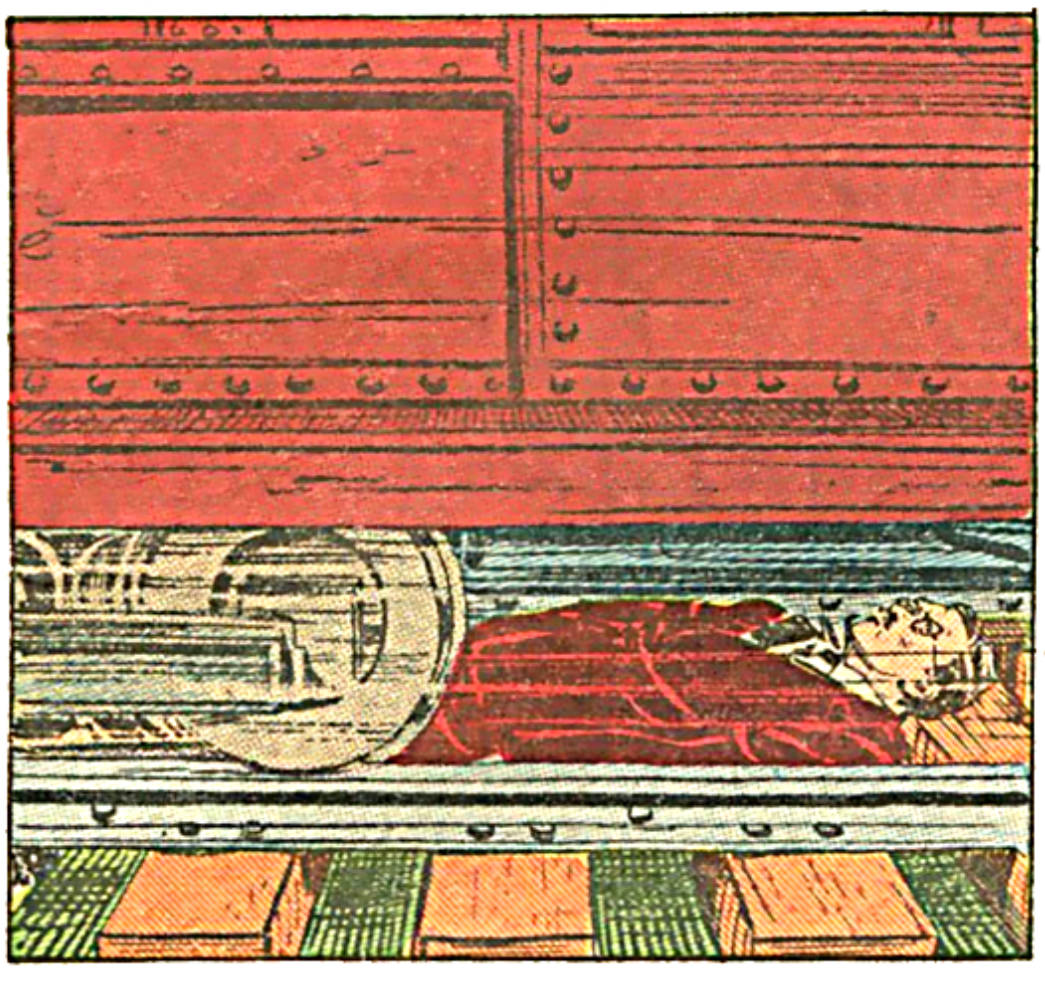
RING NUMBER FIVE!

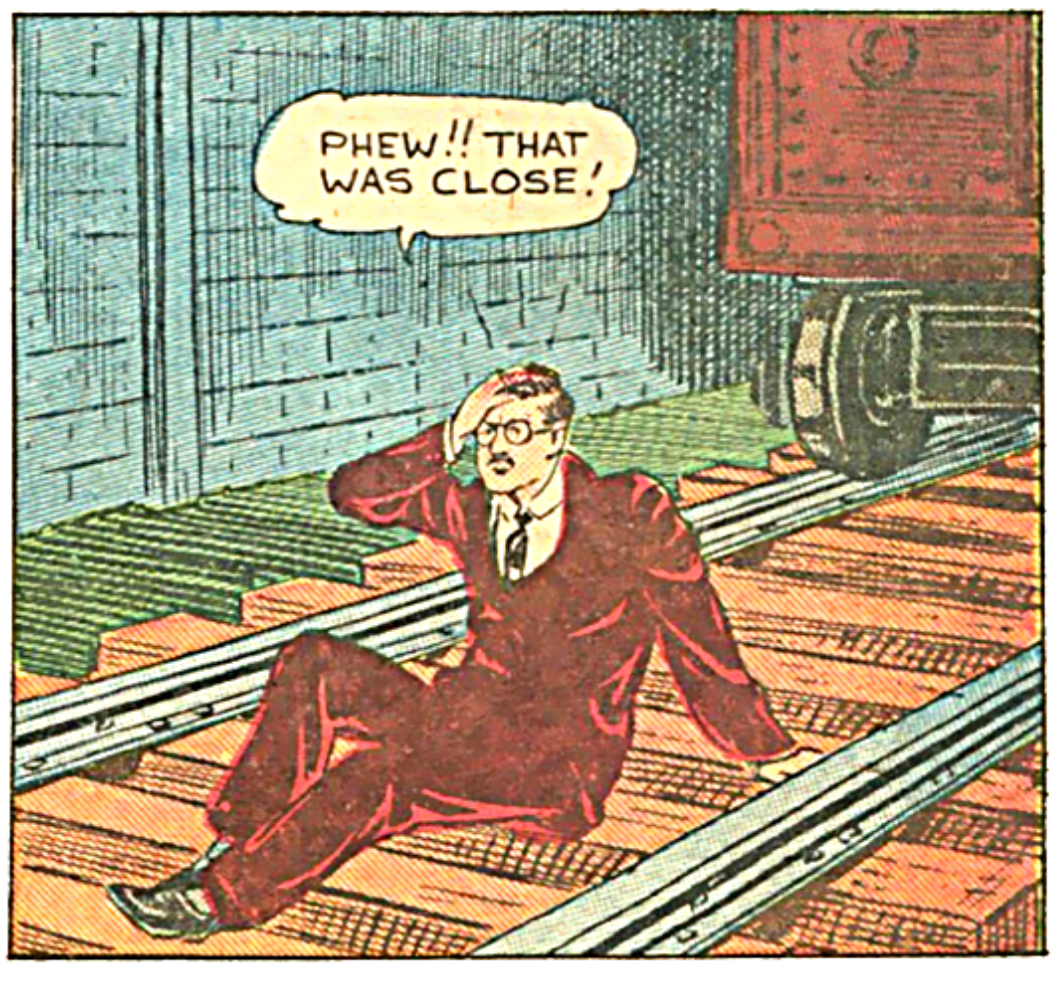
I BETTER GET AWAY BEFORE THE POLICE GET HERE!

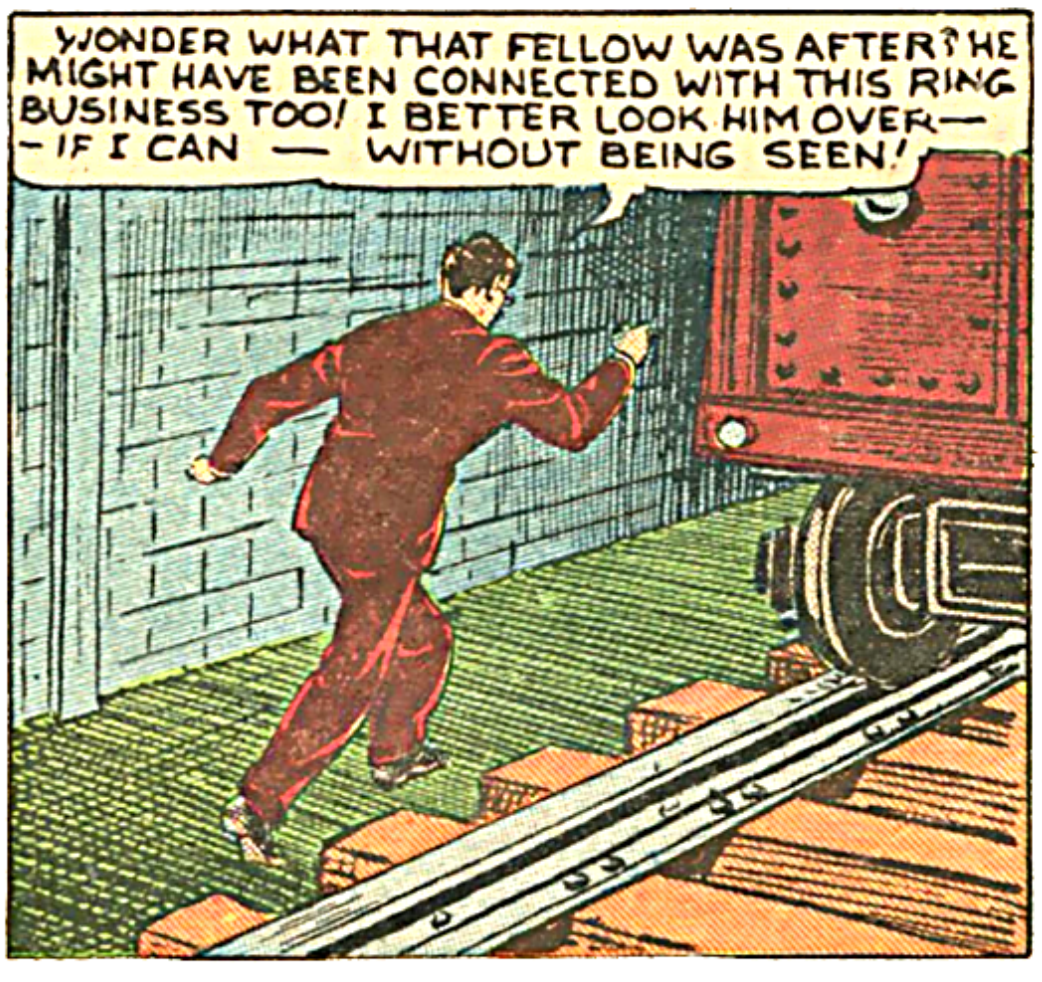
SUBWAY
THIS'LL BE SAFER THAN TAKING A CAB!

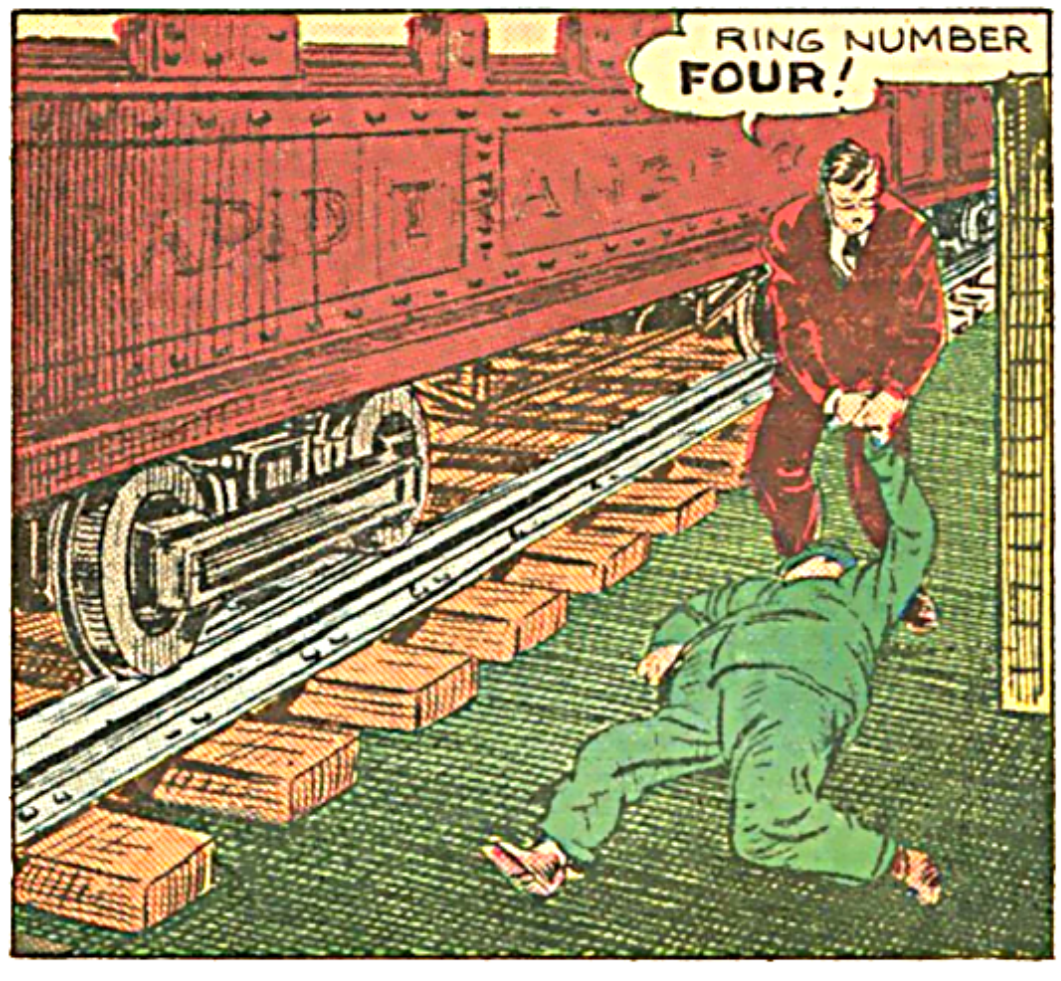
!

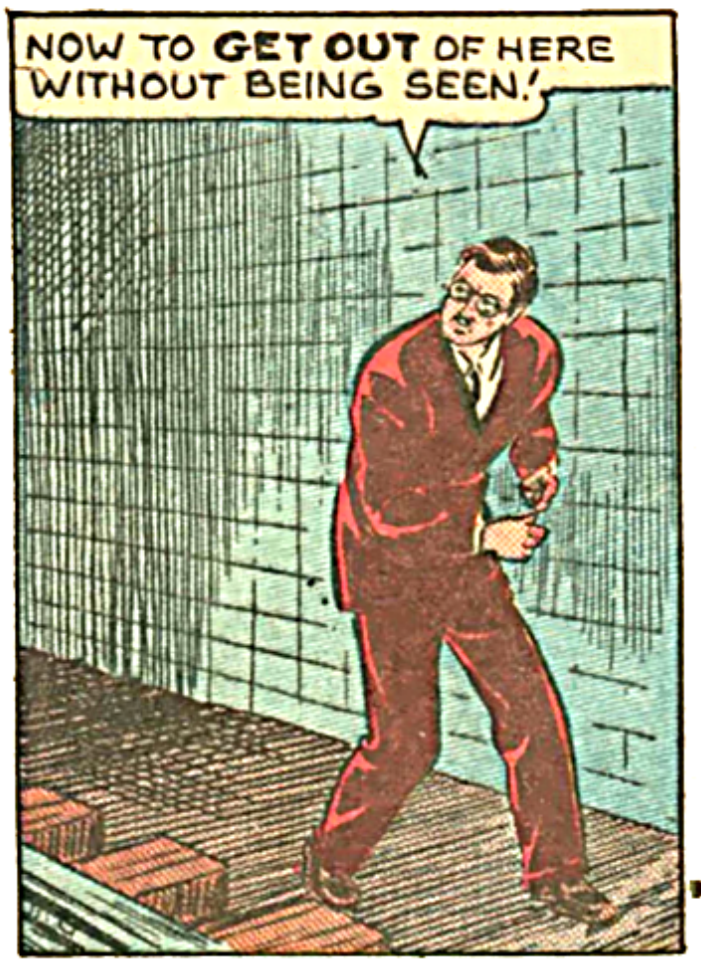





PHEW!! THAT WAS CLOSE!


WONDER WHAT THAT FELLOW WAS AFTER? HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN CONNECTED WITH THIS RING BUSINESS TOO! I BETTER LOOK HIM OVER— —IF I CAN — WITHOUT BEING SEEN!


RING NUMBER FOUR!


NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE WITHOUT BEING SEEN!

MOTT STREET, CHINATOWN!
YES, SIR

ABOUT ALL I NEED NOW IS TO HAVE THE HOLDERS OF RINGS ONE AND SIX DROP THROUGH THE ROOF OF THIS CAB!

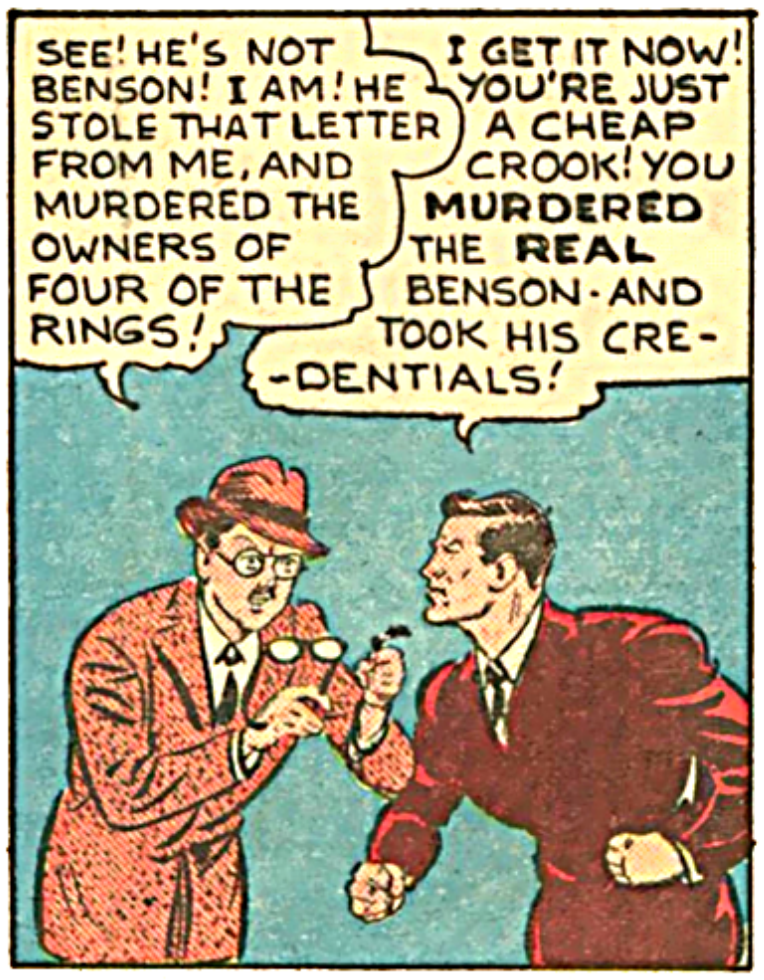
LEONG WAM, CHINESE IMPORTS

I WANT TO SEE LEONG WAM
FOLLOW ME, PLEASE

—AND HERE IS TAUBNECK'S LETTER TO ME-

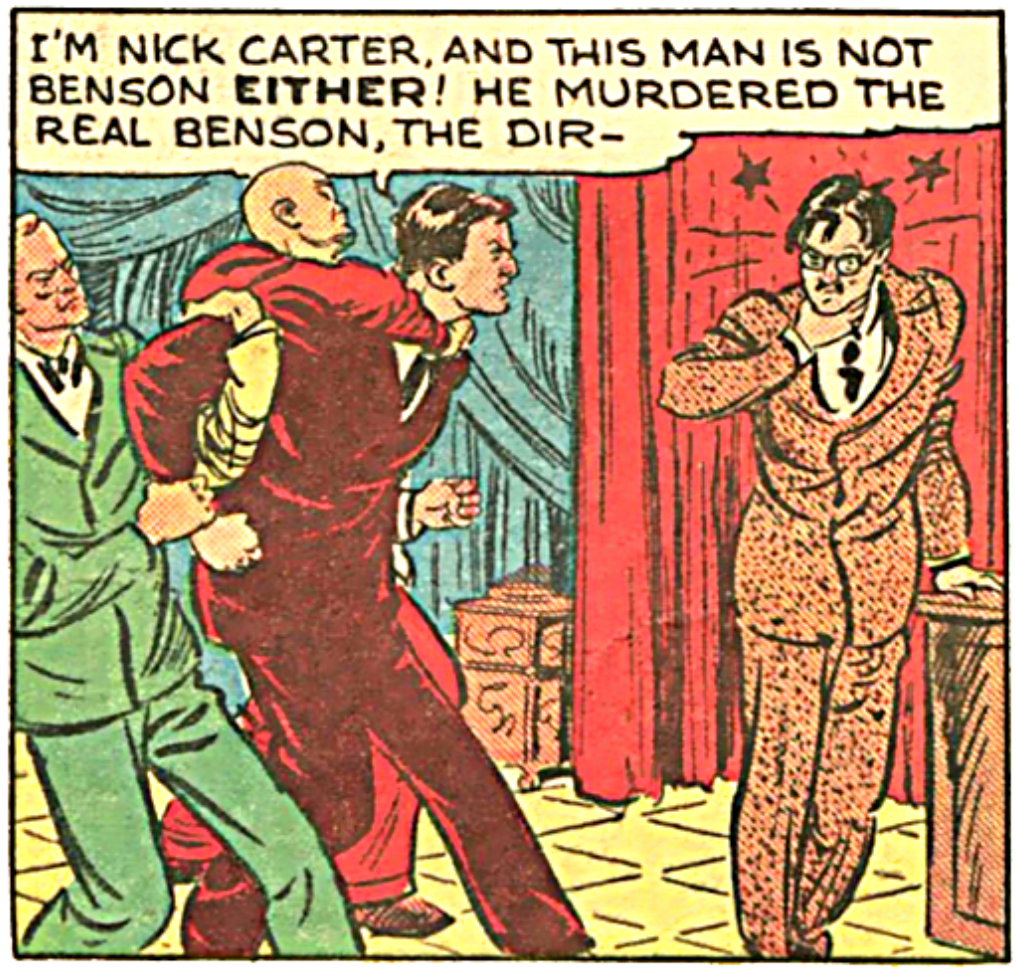
MEANWHILE—
I WISH TO SEE LEONG WAM
FOLLOW ME, PLEASE

-VERY WELL, MR. BENSON, YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR CHECK - I-
LEONG WAM! THAT MAN IS AN IMPOSTER! I'M BENSON!
!
!?


SEE! HE'S NOT BENSON! I AM! HE STOLE THAT LETTER FROM ME, AND MURDERED THE OWNERS OF FOUR OF THE RINGS!
I GET IT NOW! YOU'RE JUST A CHEAP CROOK! YOU MURDERED THE REAL BENSON - AND TOOK HIS CRE- -DENTIALS!

YOU'VE GOT RINGS ONE AND SIX, AND YOU'VE BEEN USING ME TO GET THE OTHER FOUR FOR YOU! YOU DIRTY RAT! I'LL -

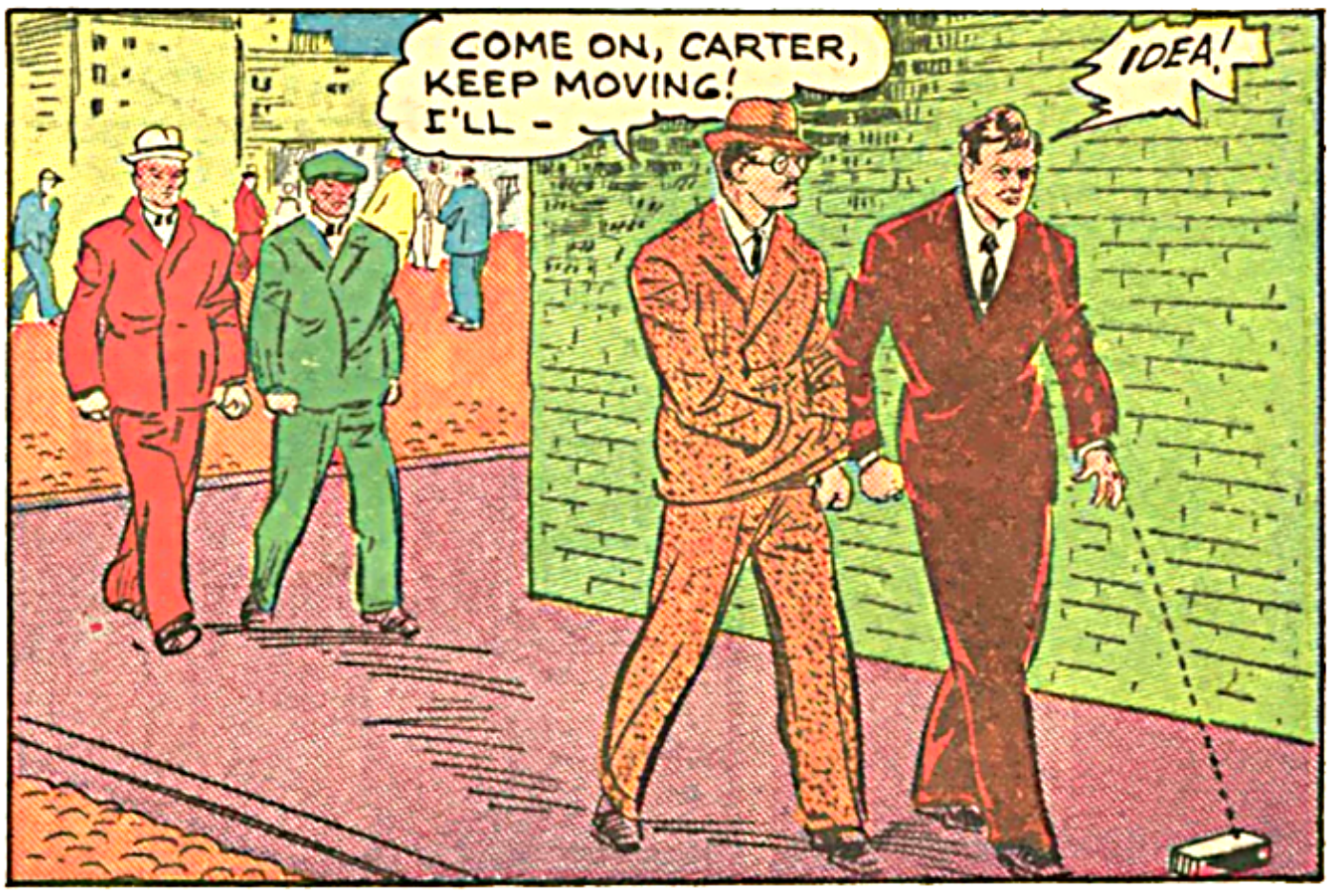
CLAP! CLAP!


I'M NICK CARTER, AND THIS MAN IS NOT BENSON EITHER! HE MURDERED THE REAL BENSON, THE DIR-

I SHALL INVESTIGATE, MR. CARTER, AND AS FOR YOU, YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO COME HERE - WE HAVE SO LITTLE USE FOR FAMOUS DETECTIVES!

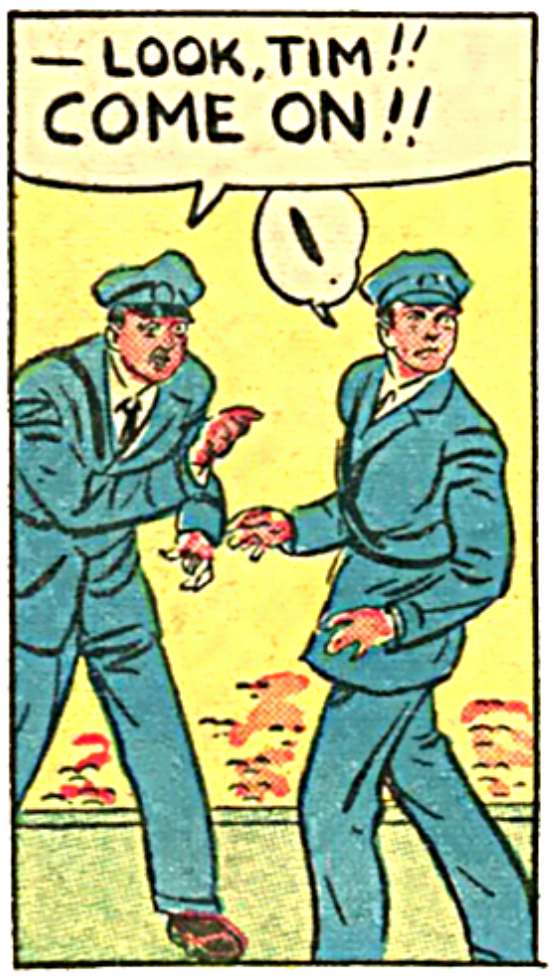
HERE IS A GUN, MR. BENSON THAT WILL NOT MAKE MUCH NOISE! TAKE MR. CARTER FOR A LITTLE WALK - AWAY FROM THE PREMISES! YOU WILL BE FOLLOWED BY MY SERVANTS -

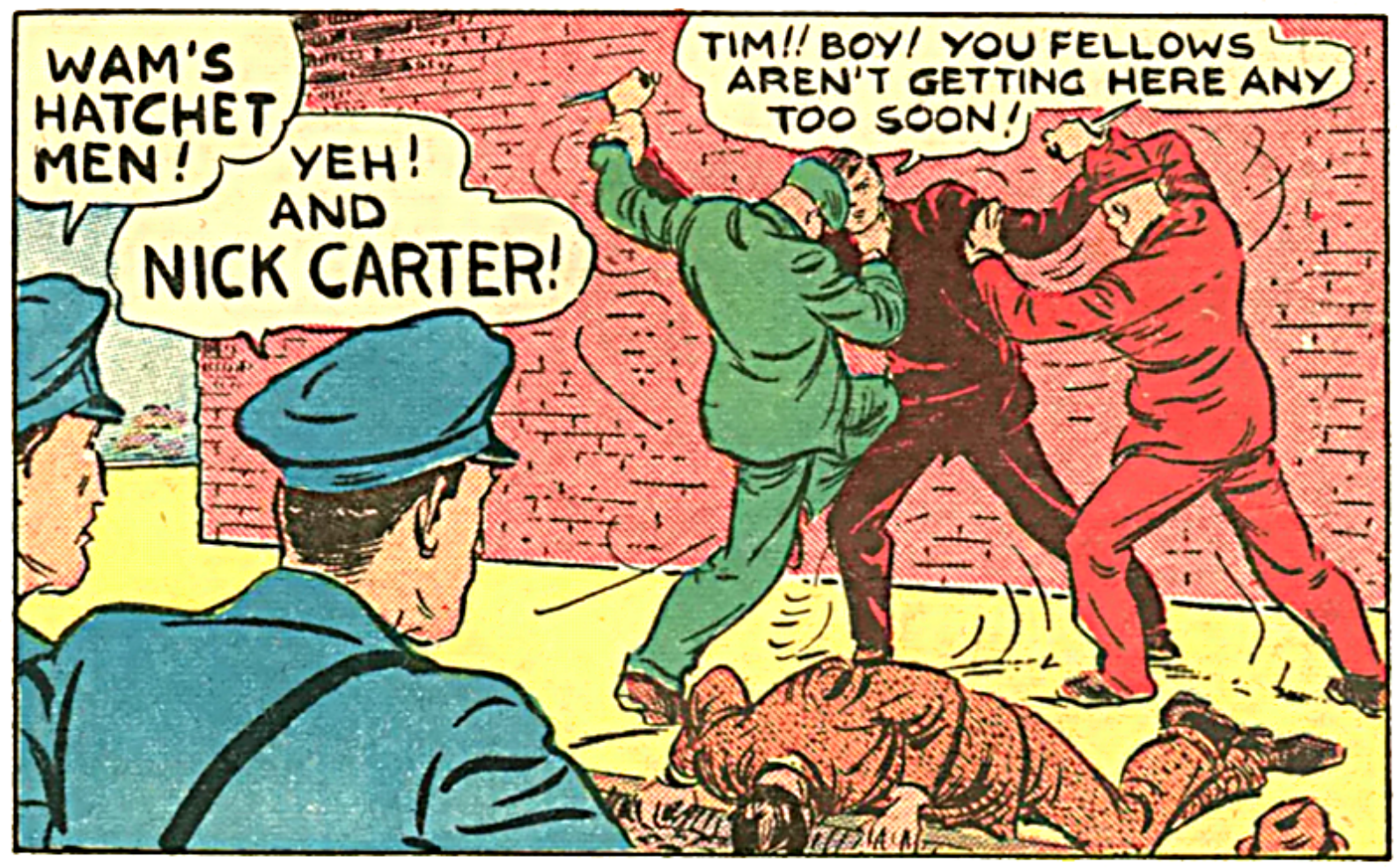
-AND I EXPECT YOU TO RETURN HERE, MR. BENSON, AND REMAIN UNTIL AFTER MY INVESTIGATION! MY SERVANTS SHALL SEE TO IT THAT I'M NOT DISAPPOINTED IN YOU!


COME ON, CARTER, KEEP MOVING! I'LL -
IDEA!

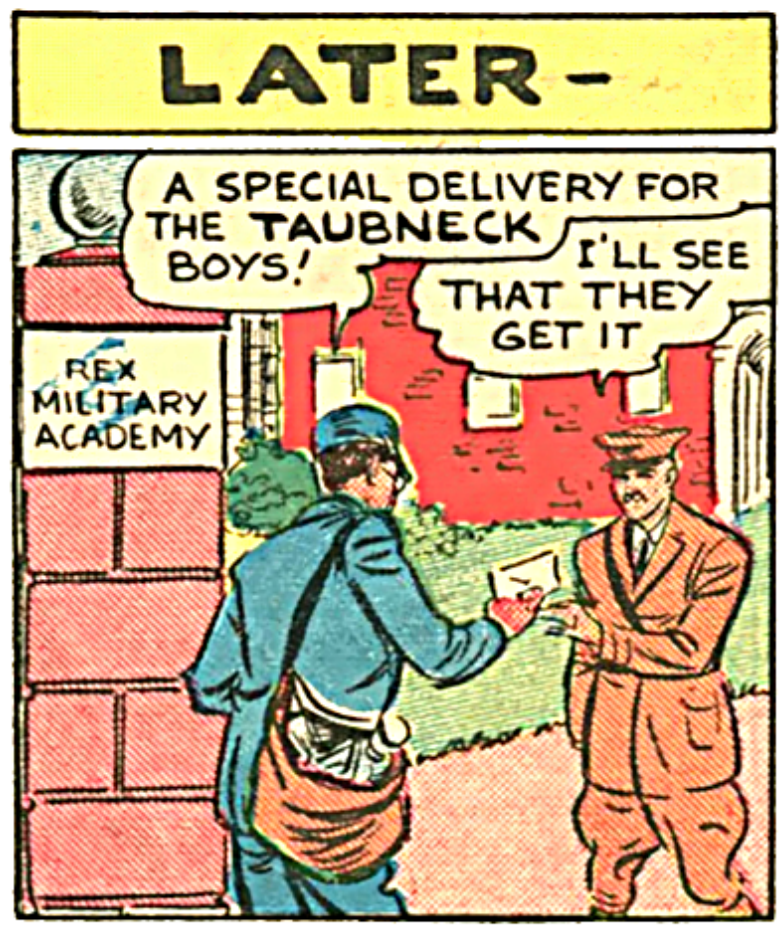
OOMPH!!
OH! EXCUSE ME!

!
!


—LOOK, TIM!! COME ON!!
!

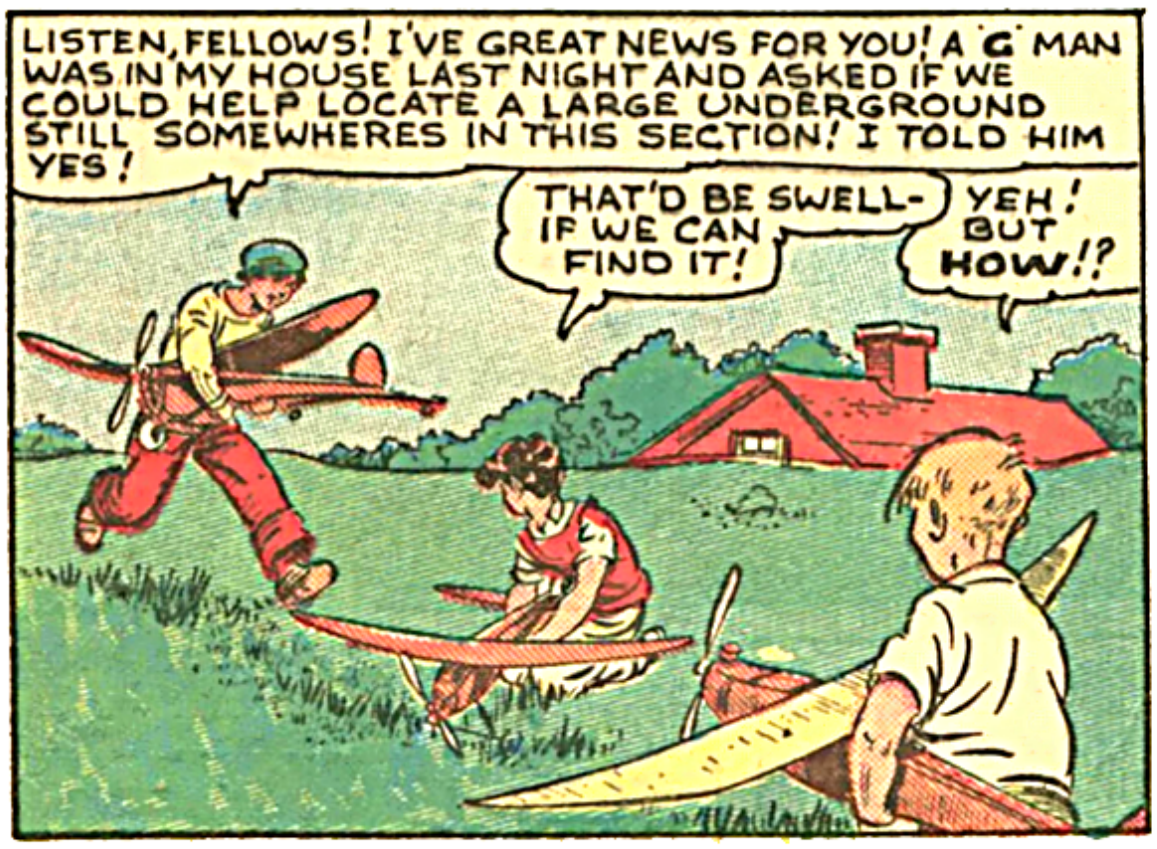

WAM'S HATCHET MEN!
YEH! AND NICK CARTER!
TIM!! BOY! YOU FELLOWS AREN'T GETTING HERE ANY TOO SOON!

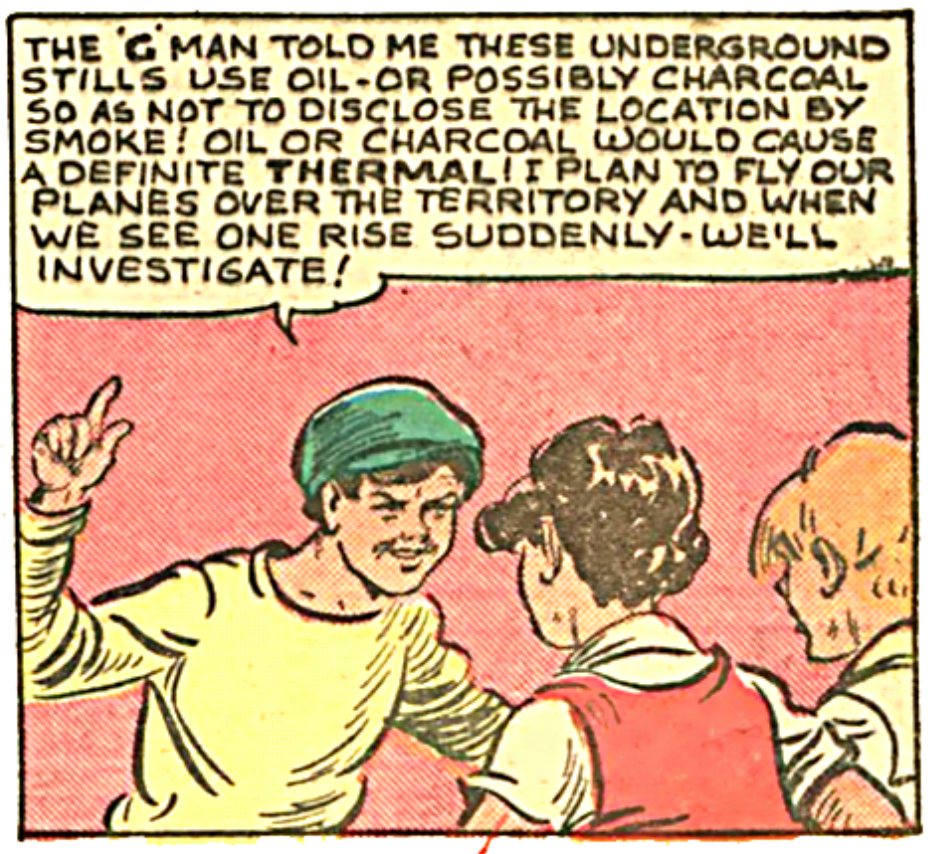
TAKE THEM TO THE STATION, BOYS! I'LL BE AROUND LATER! I'VE GOT SOME MORE WORK TO DO FIRST!

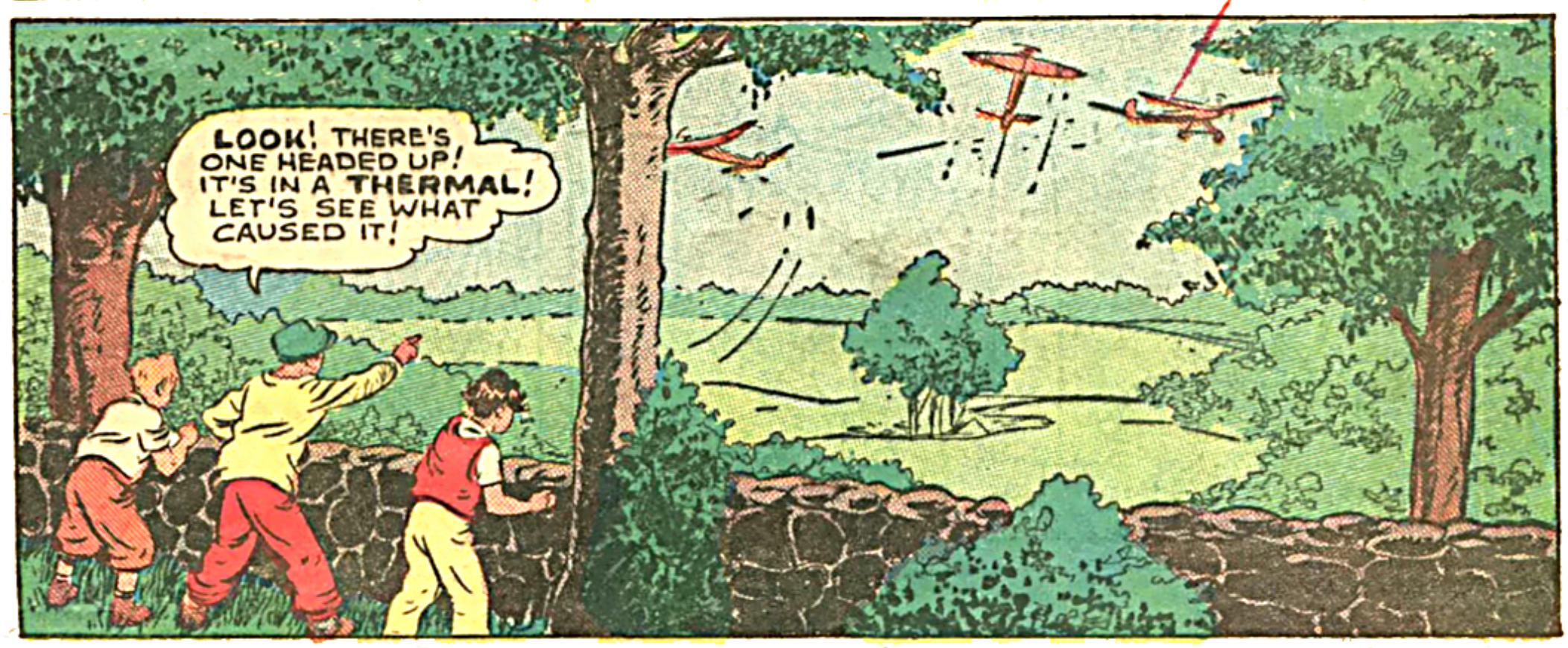

LATER—
A SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR THE TAUBNECK BOYS!
I'LL SEE THAT THEY GET IT
REX MILITARY ACADEMY

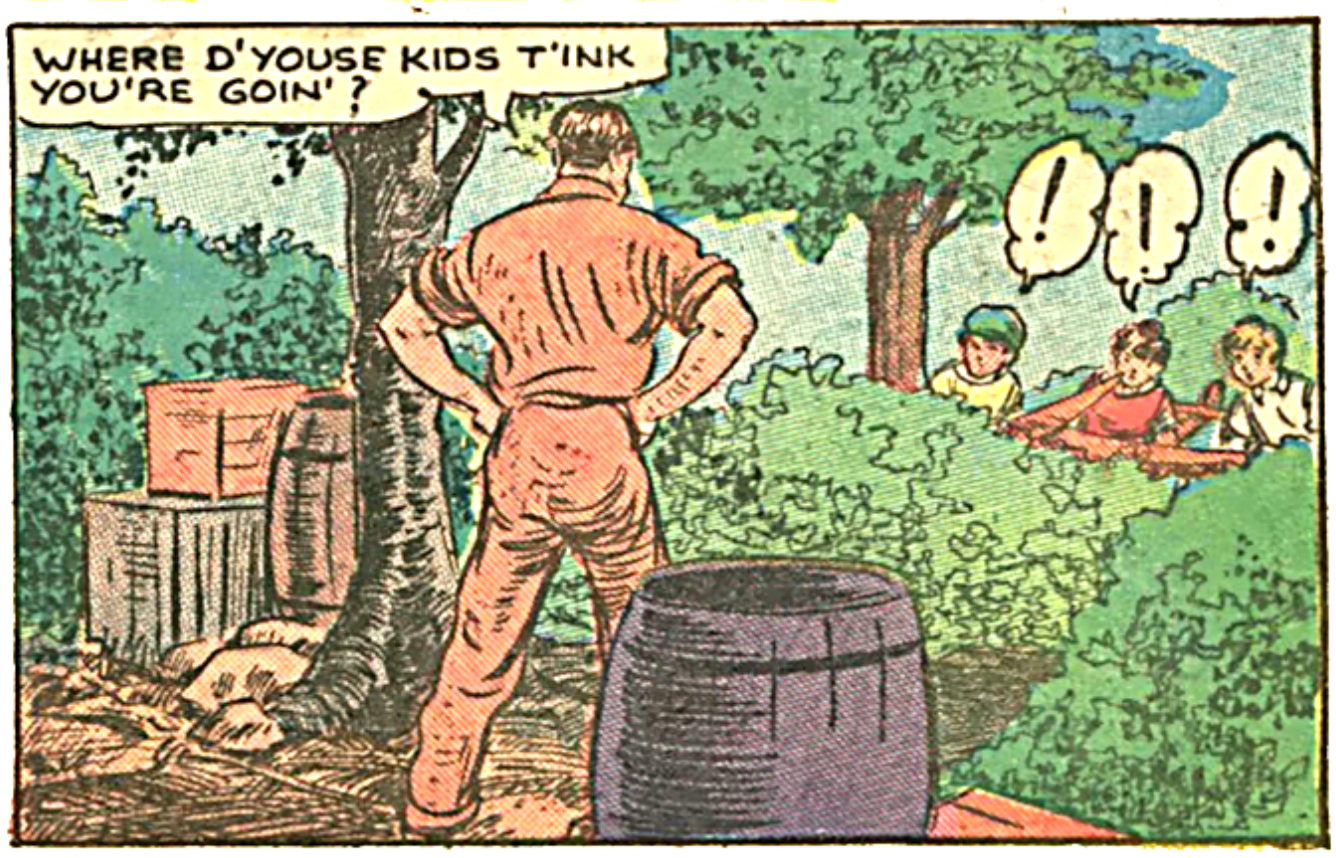
WHY! IT'S FROM ONE OF DAD'S FRIENDS-NAMED CARTER! HE SAYS THAT DAD HAS LEFT US HIS ENTIRE FORTUNE FROM HIS SOUTH AMERICAN OIL SPECULATIONS—
NICK CARTER'S NEW ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE

Adventures of the Air Trails Boys

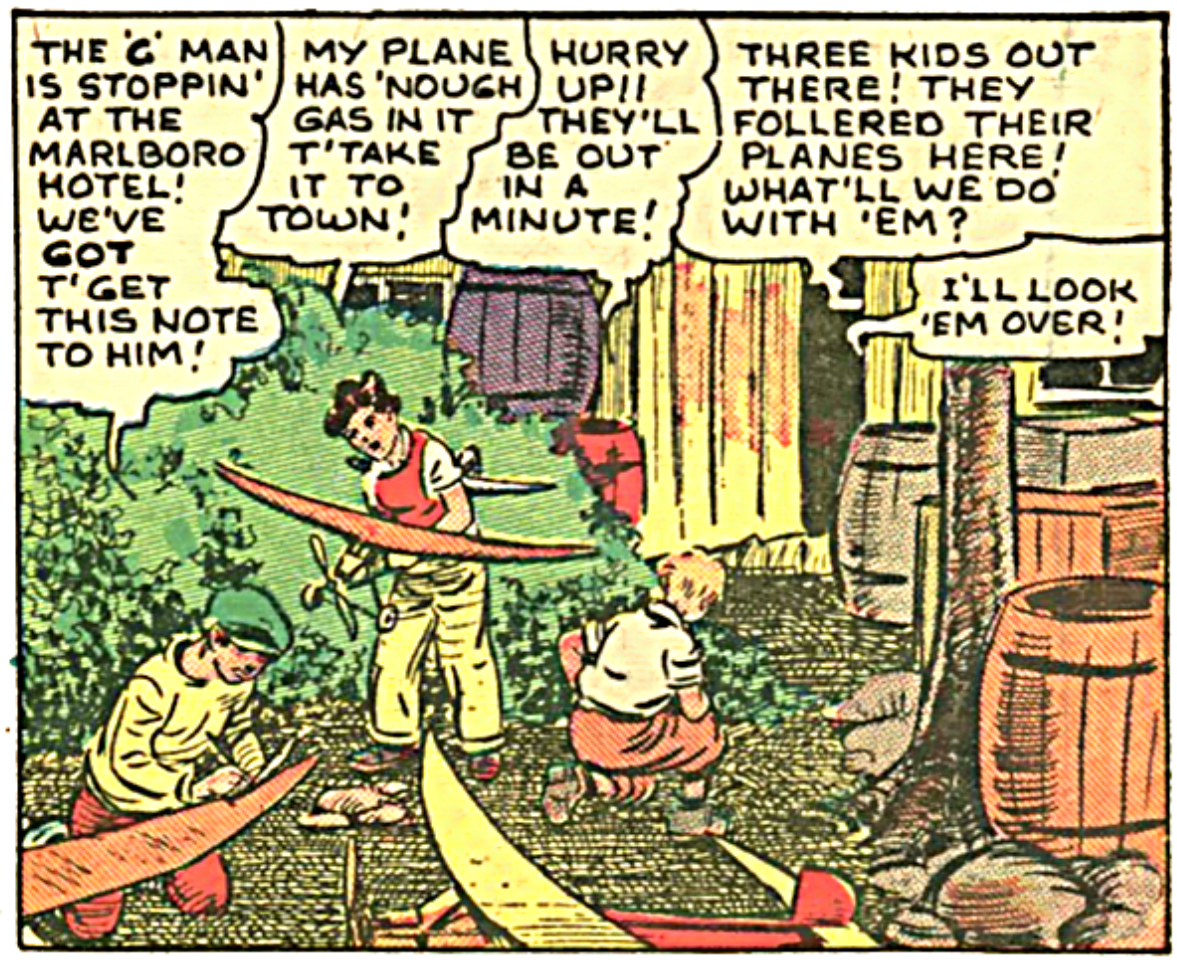


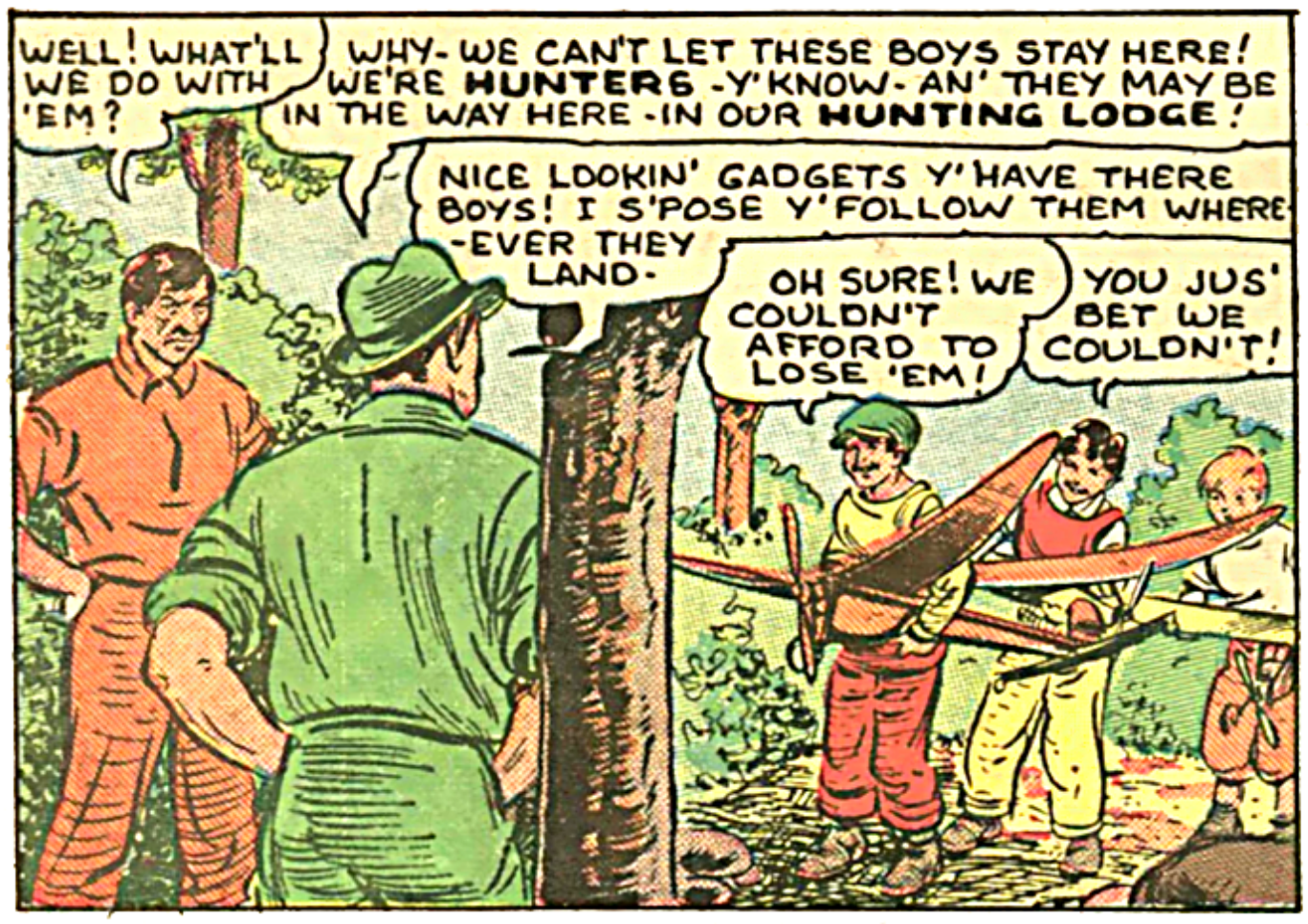




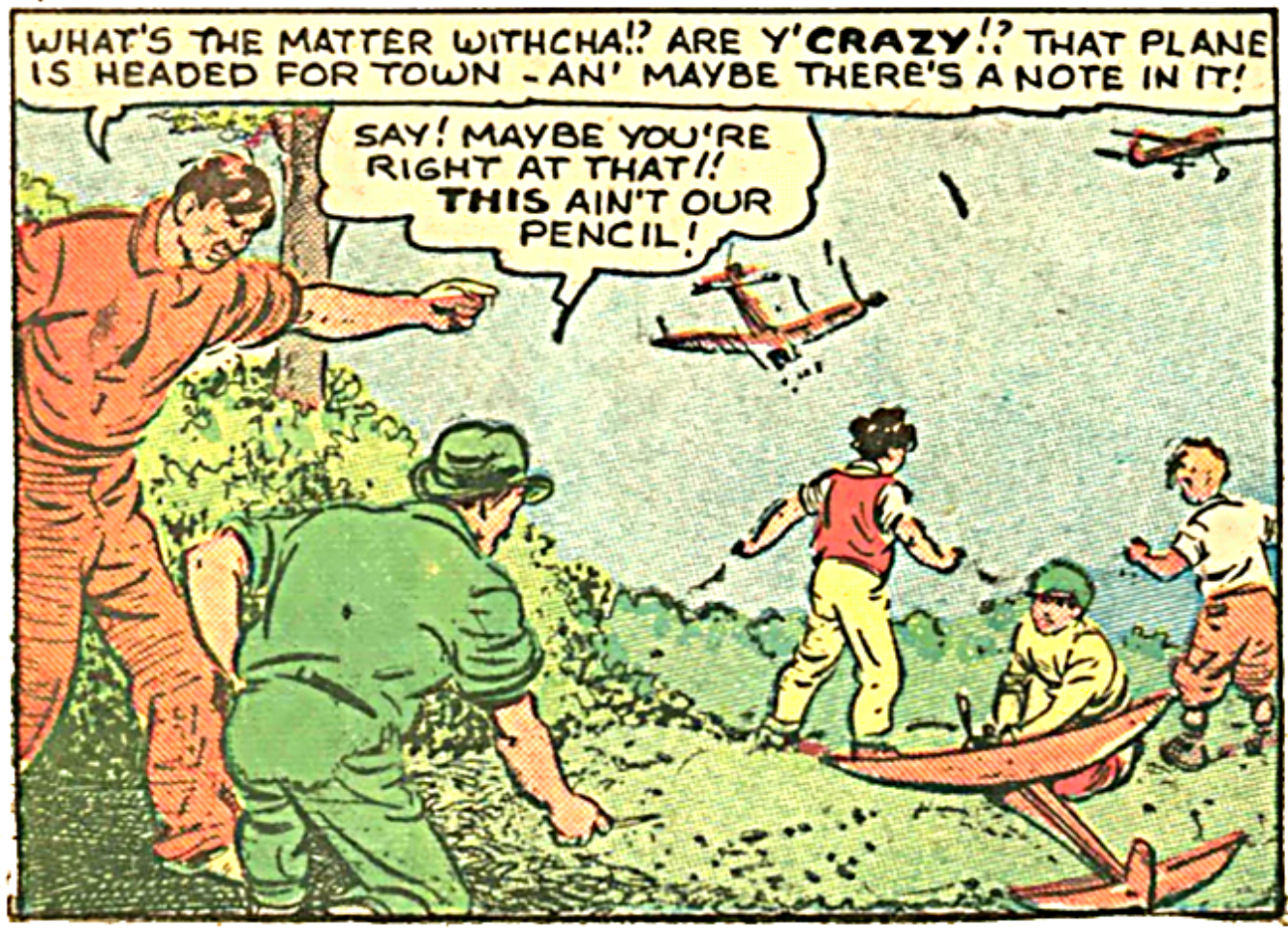


WE SAW OUR PLANES ALL LAND AROUND IN HERE - SO WE CAME JUST TO GET THEM!
ALL RIGHT! BUT WAIT HERE! AN' DON'T TRY T' GET AWAY EITHER - Y' MIGHT GET HURT!

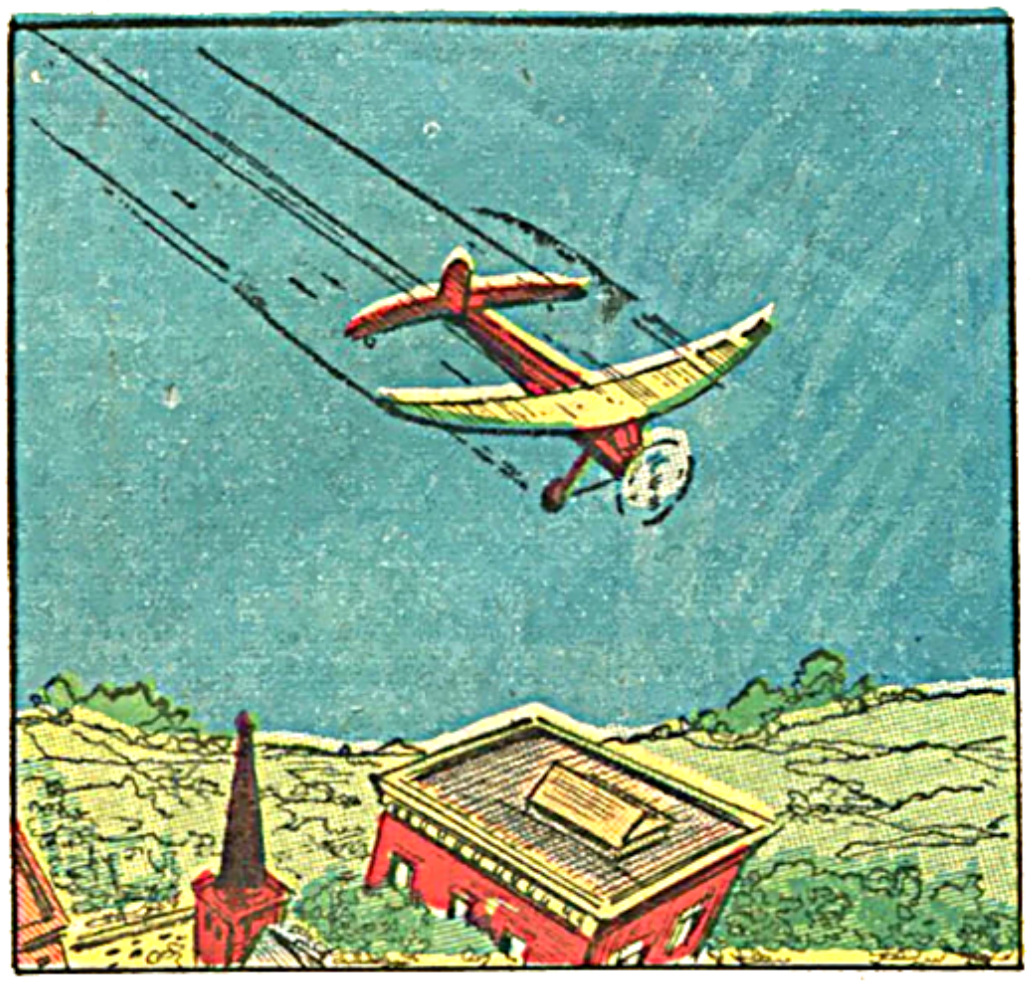

THE 'G' MAN IS STOPPIN' AT THE MARLBORO HOTEL! WE'VE GOT T' GET THIS NOTE TO HIM!
MY PLANE HAS 'NOUGH GAS IN IT T' TAKE IT TO TOWN!
HURRY UP!! THEY'LL BE OUT IN A MINUTE!
THREE KIDS OUT THERE! THEY FOLLERED THEIR PLANES HERE! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'EM?
I'LL LOOK 'EM OVER!

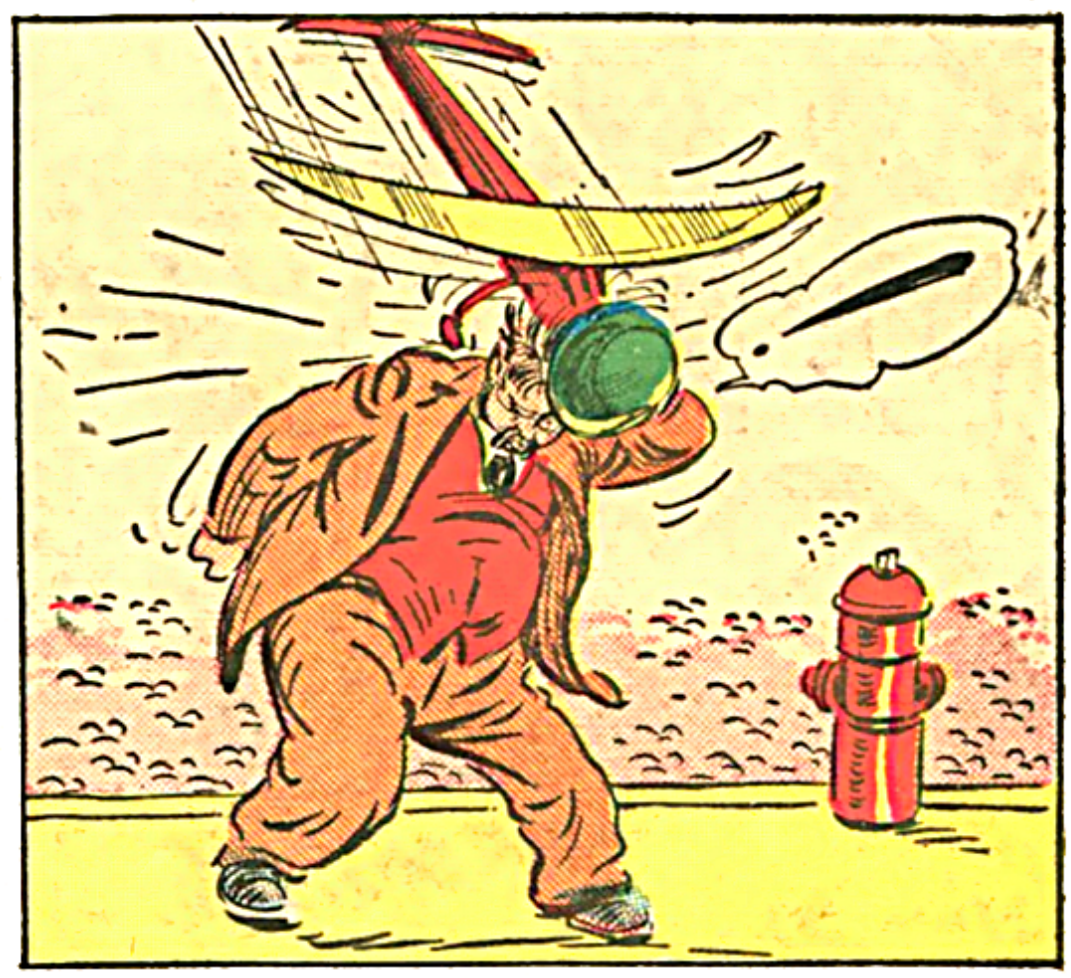

WELL! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'EM?
WHY - WE CAN'T LET THESE BOYS STAY HERE! WE'RE HUNTERS - Y' KNOW - AN' THEY MAY BE IN THE WAY HERE - IN OUR HUNTING LODGE!
NICE LOOKIN' GADGETS Y' HAVE THERE BOYS! I S'POSE Y' FOLLOW THEM WHERE - EVER THEY LAND -
OH SURE! WE COULDN'T AFFORD TO LOSE 'EM!
YOU JUS' BET WE COULDN'T!

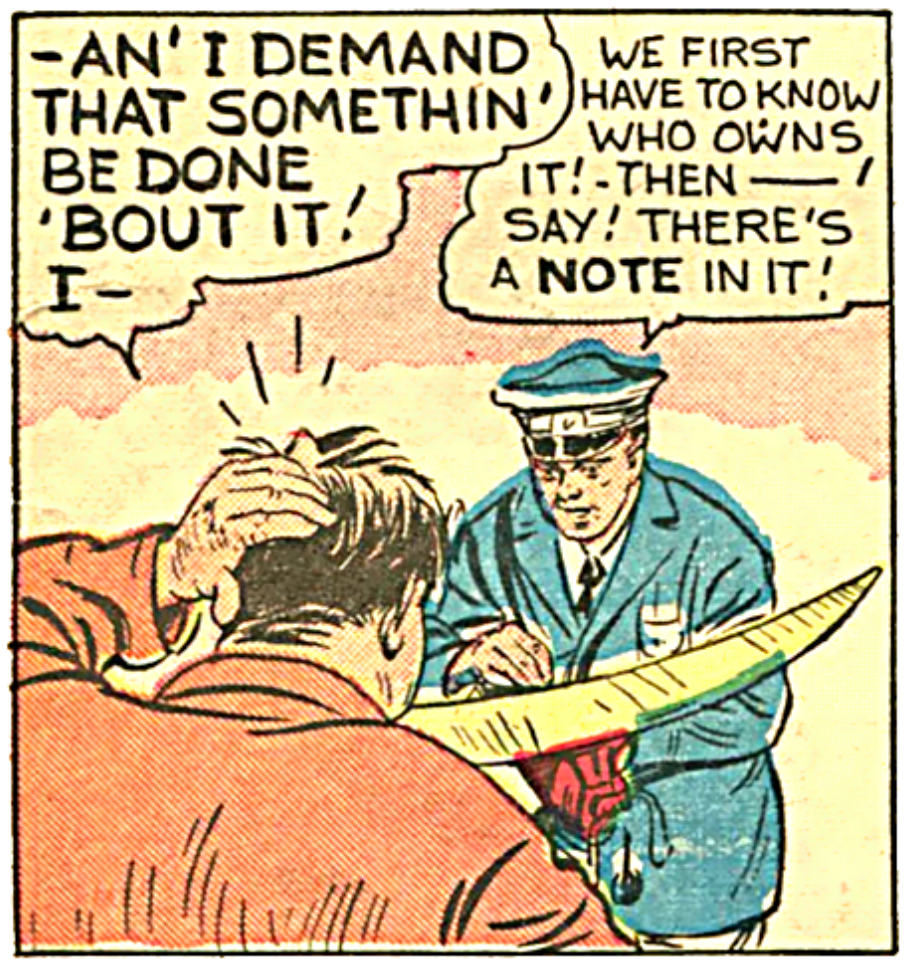
GO DOWN TO THAT OPEN SPACE AND LET ME SEE HOW Y' WORK THEM -
!

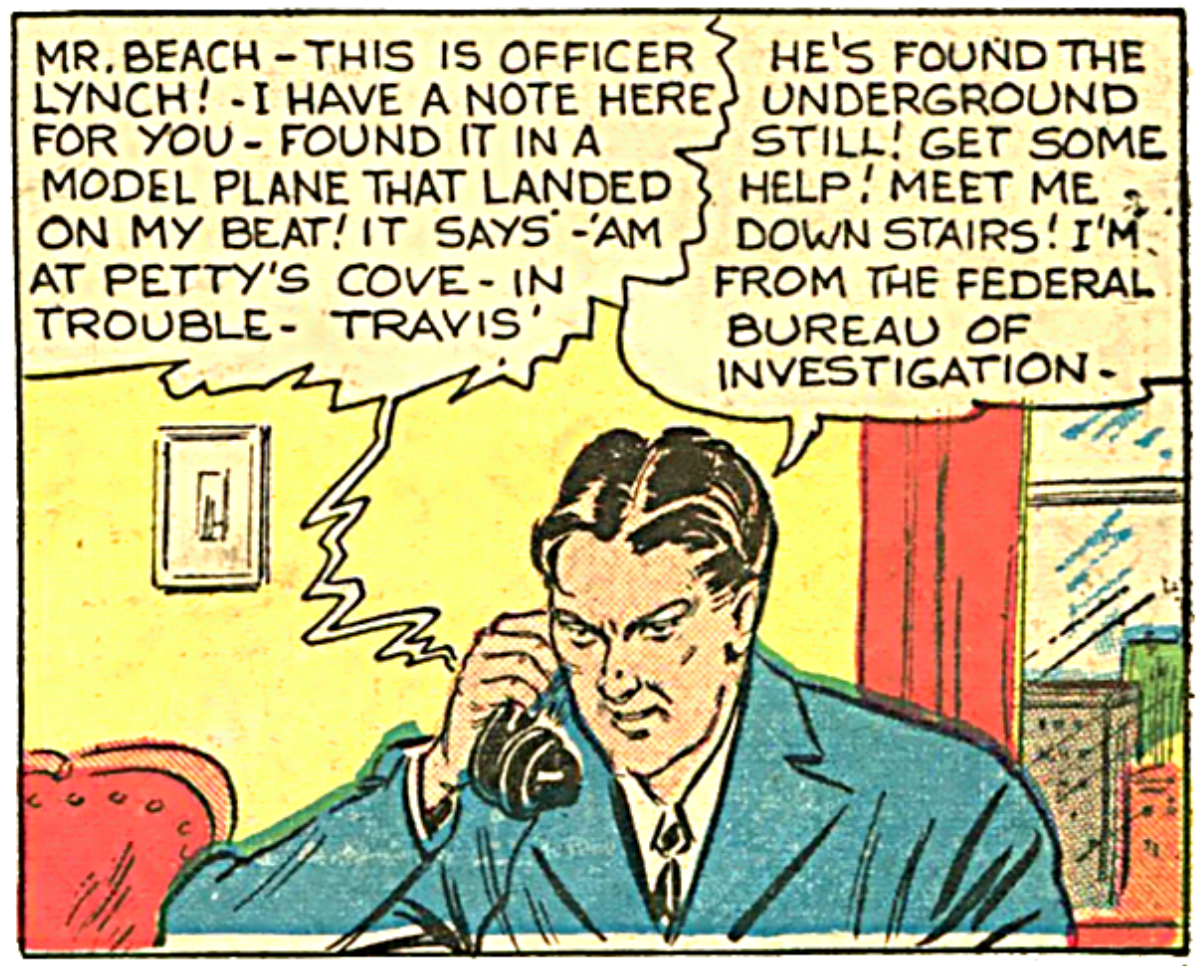

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITHCHA!? ARE Y' CRAZY!? THAT PLANE IS HEADED FOR TOWN - AN' MAYBE THERE'S A NOTE IN IT!
SAY! MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT AT THAT!! THIS AIN'T OUR PENCIL!

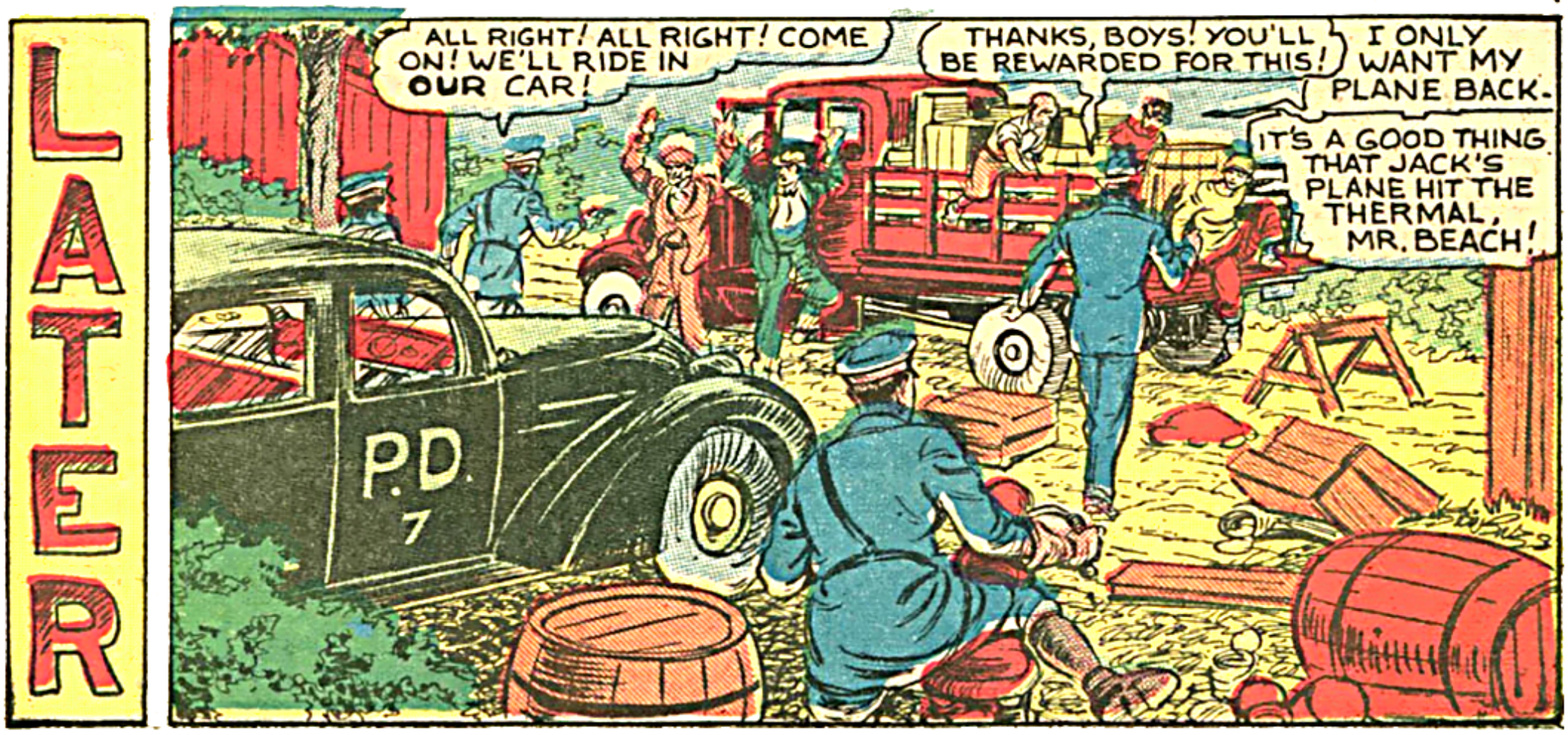
AN' YOUSE IS S'POSED T' BE THE BRAINS OF THIS OUTFIT! WHY -
SHUT UP! START PACKIN'! WE GOTTA GET OUTA HERE! AN' WE'RE TAKIN' THESE LITTLE WISE GUYS WITH US!

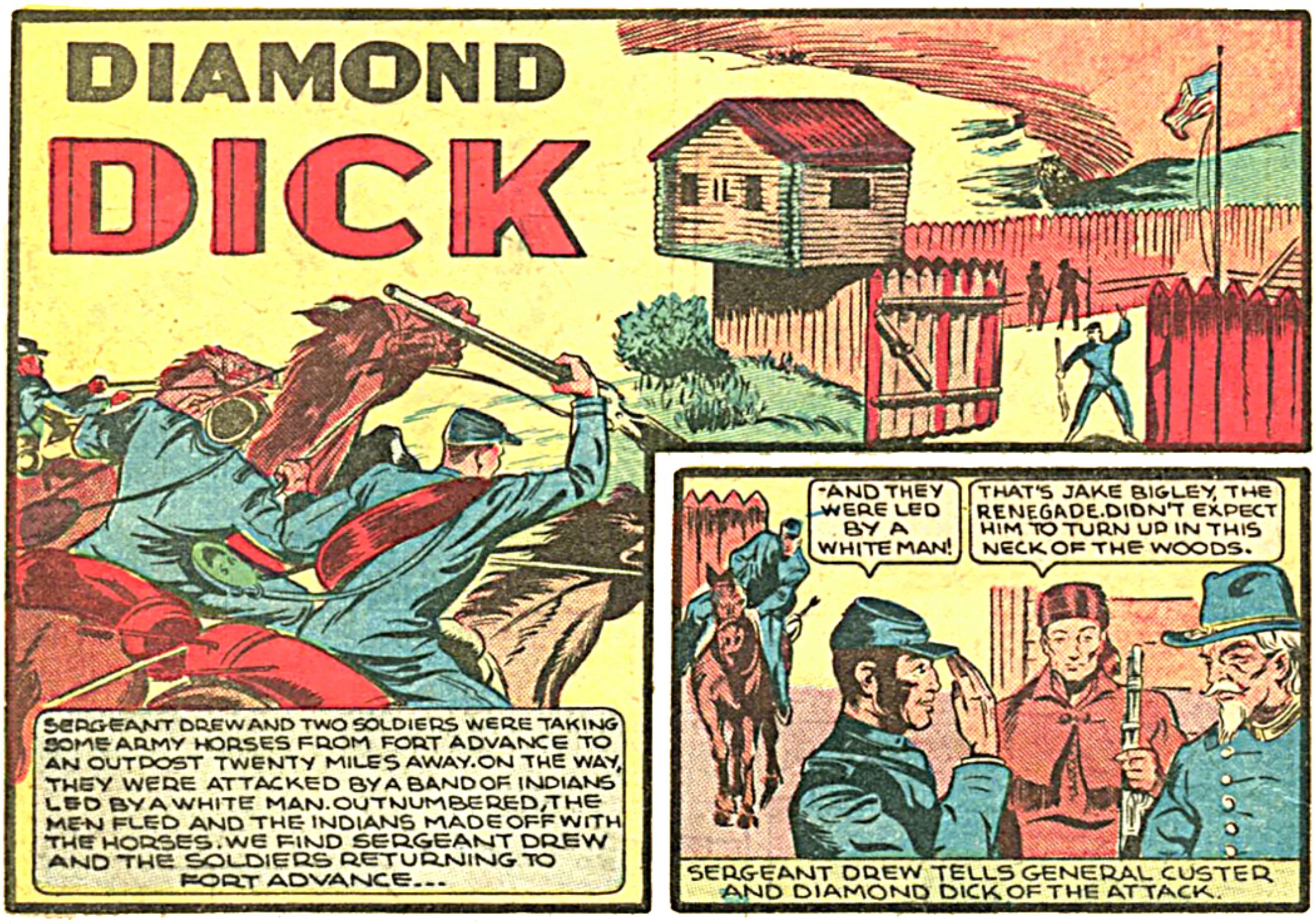




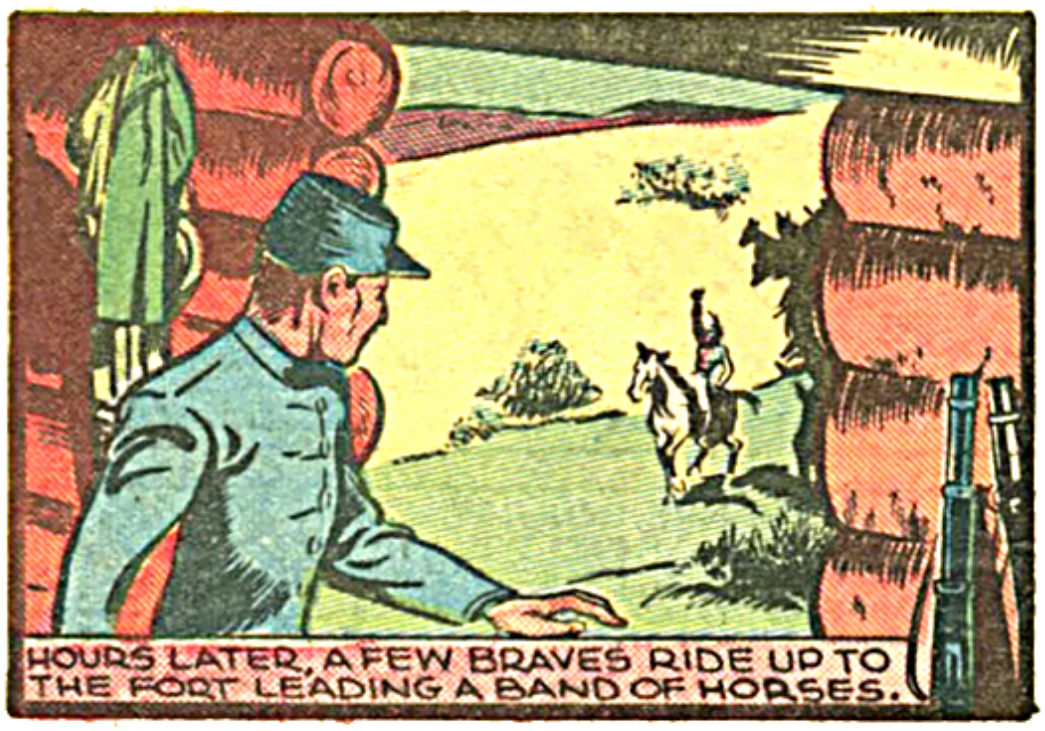

-AN' I DEMAND THAT SOMETHIN' BE DONE 'BOUT IT! I-
WE FIRST HAVE TO KNOW WHO OWNS IT! -THEN — SAY! THERE'S A NOTE IN IT!

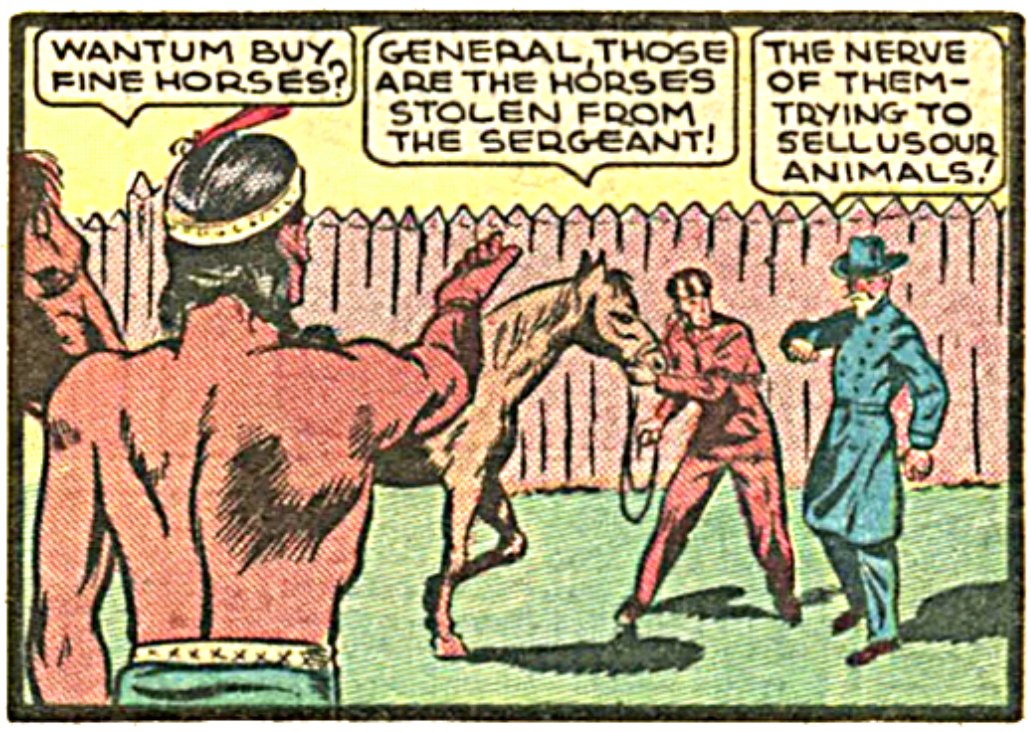

MR. BEACH - THIS IS OFFICER LYNCH! - I HAVE A NOTE HERE FOR YOU - FOUND IT IN A MODEL PLANE THAT LANDED ON MY BEAT! IT SAYS -'AM AT PETTY'S COVE - IN TROUBLE - TRAVIS'
HE'S FOUND THE UNDERGROUND STILL! GET SOME HELP! MEET ME DOWN STAIRS! I'M FROM THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION -


LATER
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! COME ON! WE'LL RIDE IN OUR CAR!
THANKS, BOYS! YOU'LL BE REWARDED FOR THIS!
I ONLY WANT MY PLANE BACK.
IT'S A GOOD THING THAT JACK'S PLANE HIT THE THERMAL, MR. BEACH!
P.D. 7


DIAMOND
DICK
SERGEANT DREW AND TWO SOLDIERS WERE TAKING SOME ARMY HORSES FROM FORT ADVANCE TO AN OUTPOST TWENTY MILES AWAY. ON THE WAY, THEY WERE ATTACKED BY A BAND OF INDIANS LED BY A WHITE MAN. OUTNUMBERED, THE MEN FLED AND THE INDIANS MADE OFF WITH THE HORSES. WE FIND SERGEANT DREW AND THE SOLDIERS RETURNING TO FORT ADVANCE...

"AND THEY WERE LED BY A WHITE MAN!
THAT'S JAKE BIGLEY, THE RENEGADE. DIDN'T EXPECT HIM TO TURN UP IN THIS NECK OF THE WOODS.
SERGEANT DREW TELLS GENERAL CUSTER AND DIAMOND DICK OF THE ATTACK.

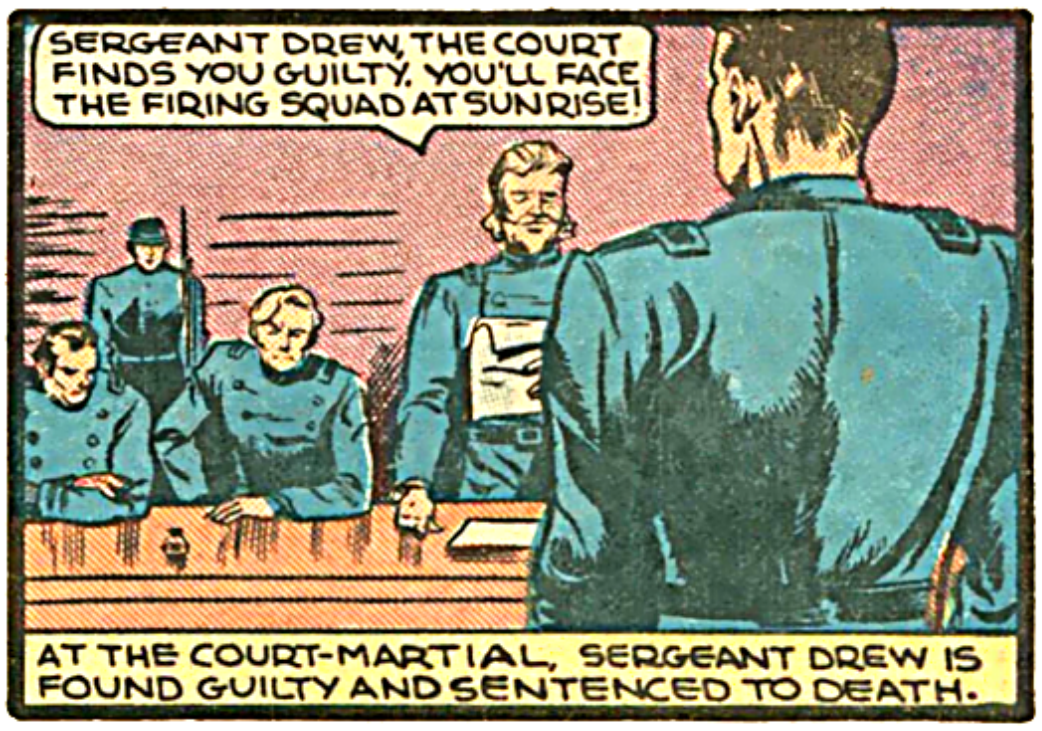

HOURS LATER, A FEW BRAVES RIDE UP TO THE FORT LEADING A BAND OF HORSES.

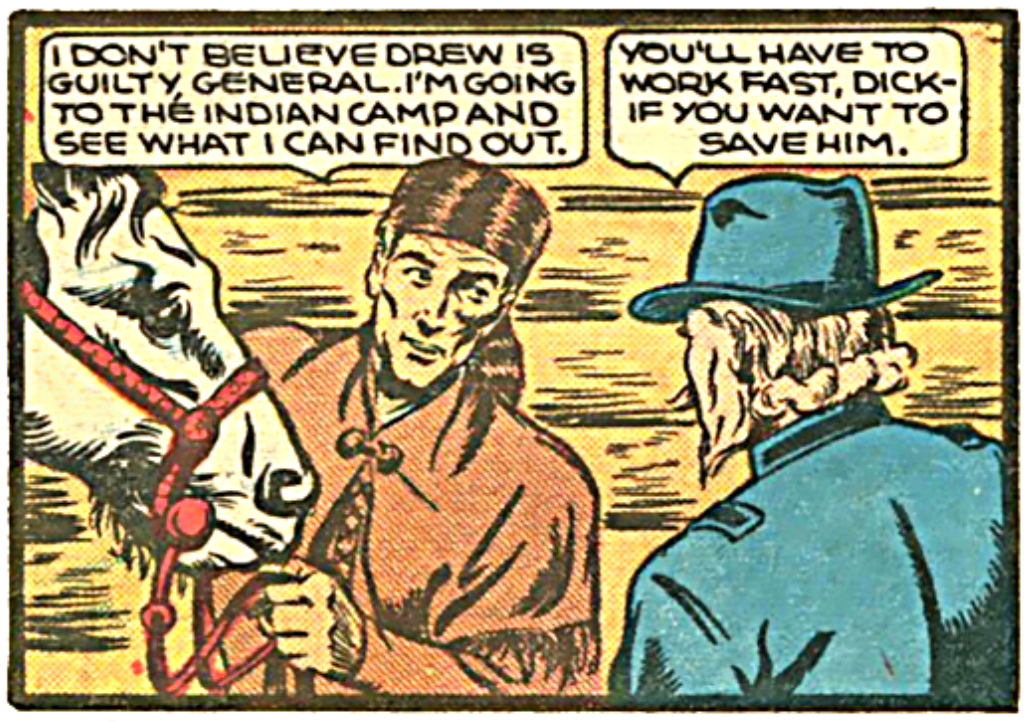

WANTUM BUY FINE HORSES?
GENERAL, THOSE ARE THE HORSES STOLEN FROM THE SERGEANT!
THE NERVE OF THEM- TRYING TO SELL US OUR ANIMALS!

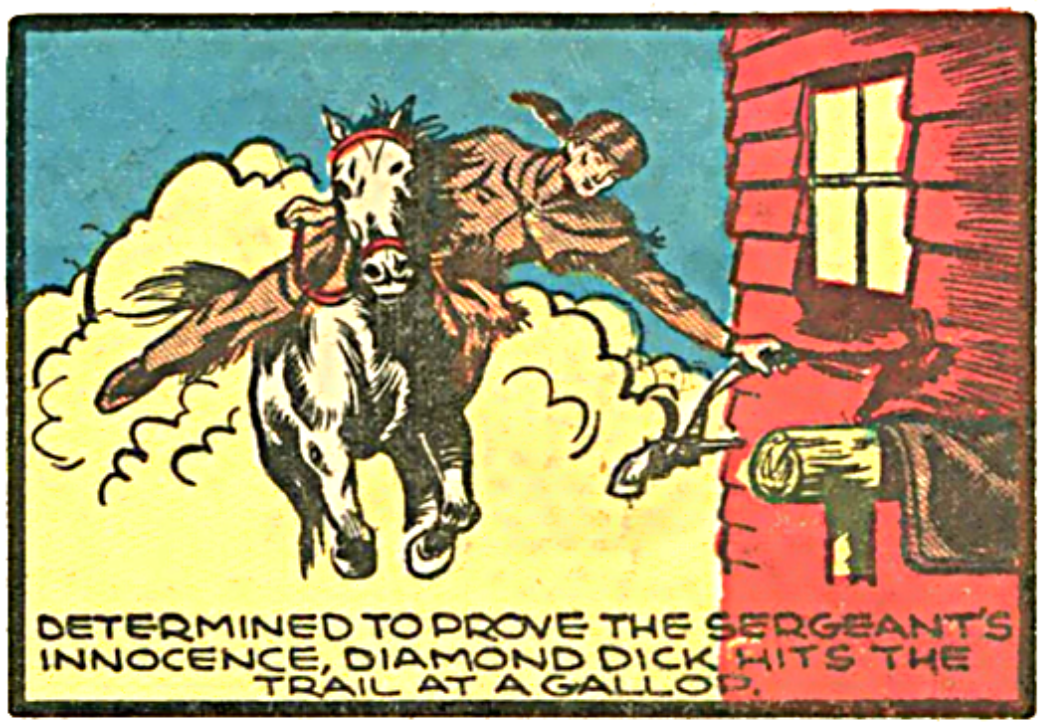
YOU THIEVIN' REDSKIN- YOU STOLE THOSE HORSES!
NO-NO! WE BUY 'EM FROM PALEFACE SOLDIER-SERGEANT DREW!

FEARING THAT THE GENERAL WILL CALL OUT THE GARRISON AND RETAKE THE HORSES, THE INDIANS MAKE A DASH FOR THE WOODS AND ESCAPE.
COME BACK HERE, YOU RED DEVILS!

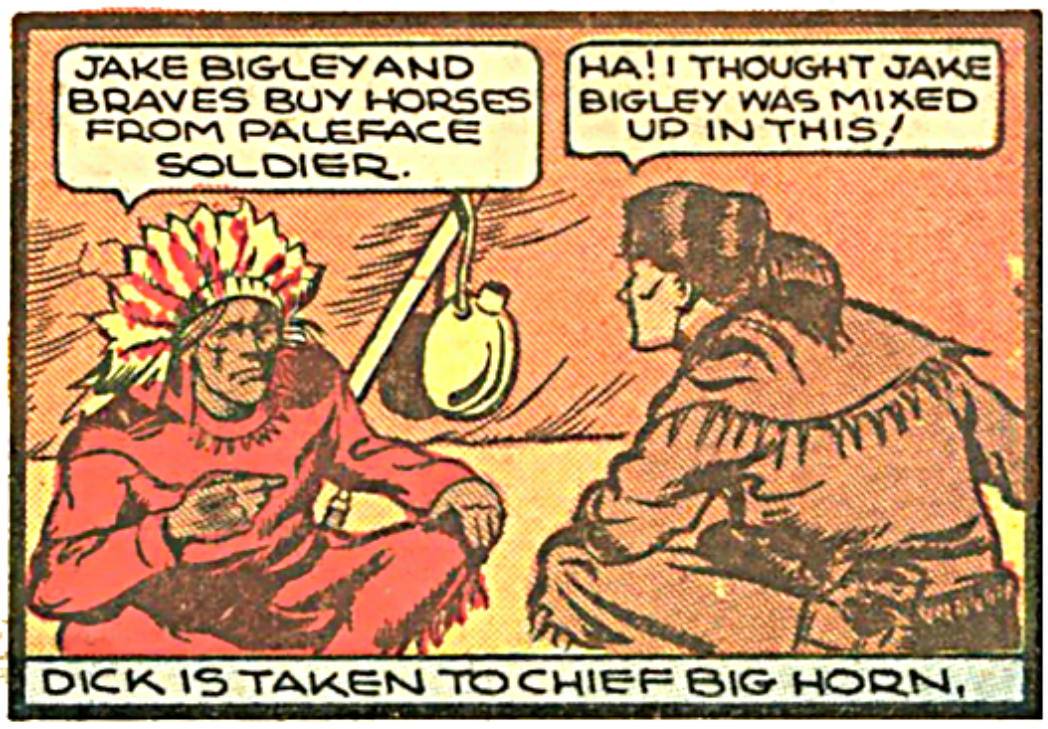
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, SERGEANT DREW-FOR SELLING GOVERNMENT PROPERTY!
-BUT I'M INNOCENT, GENERAL!

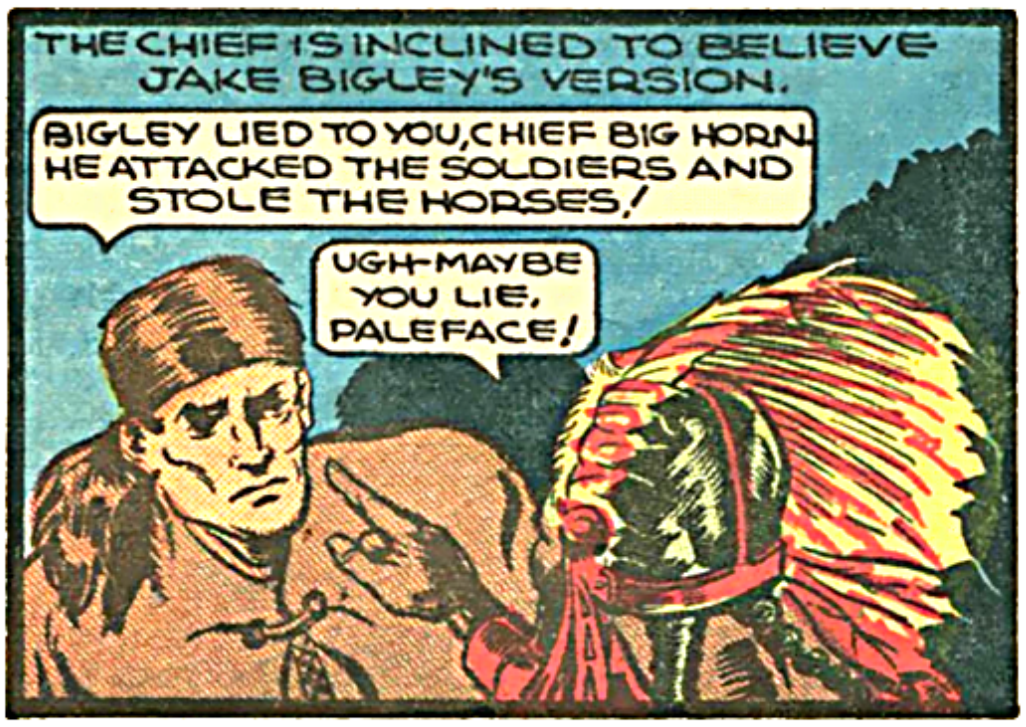

SERGEANT DREW, THE COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY. YOU'LL FACE THE FIRING SQUAD AT SUNRISE!
AT THE COURT-MARTIAL, SERGEANT DREW IS FOUND GUILTY AND SENTENCED TO DEATH.

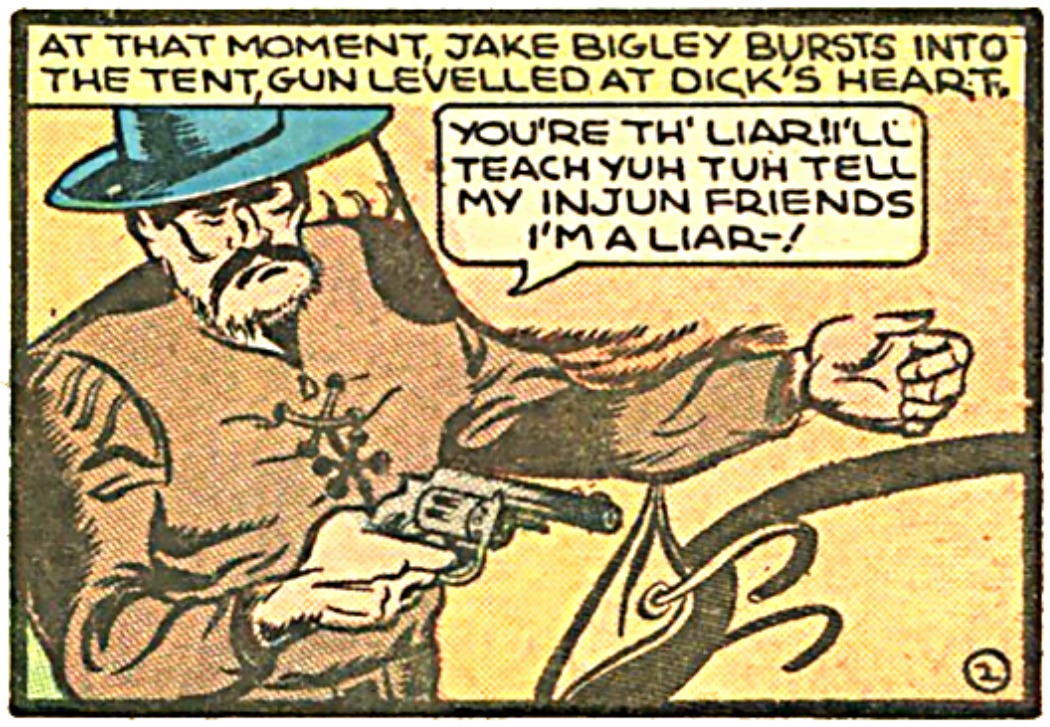

I DON'T BELIEVE DREW IS GUILTY, GENERAL. I'M GOING TO THE INDIAN CAMP AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT.
YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST, DICK-IF YOU WANT TO SAVE HIM.


DETERMINED TO PROVE THE SERGEANT'S INNOCENCE, DIAMOND DICK HITS THE TRAIL AT A GALLOP.

I WANT TO SEE YOUR CHIEF!
ME TAKE PALEFACE TO CHIEF BIG HORN.
DIAMOND DICK ARRIVES AT THE INDIAN CAMP AND SEEKS OUT THE CHIEF.

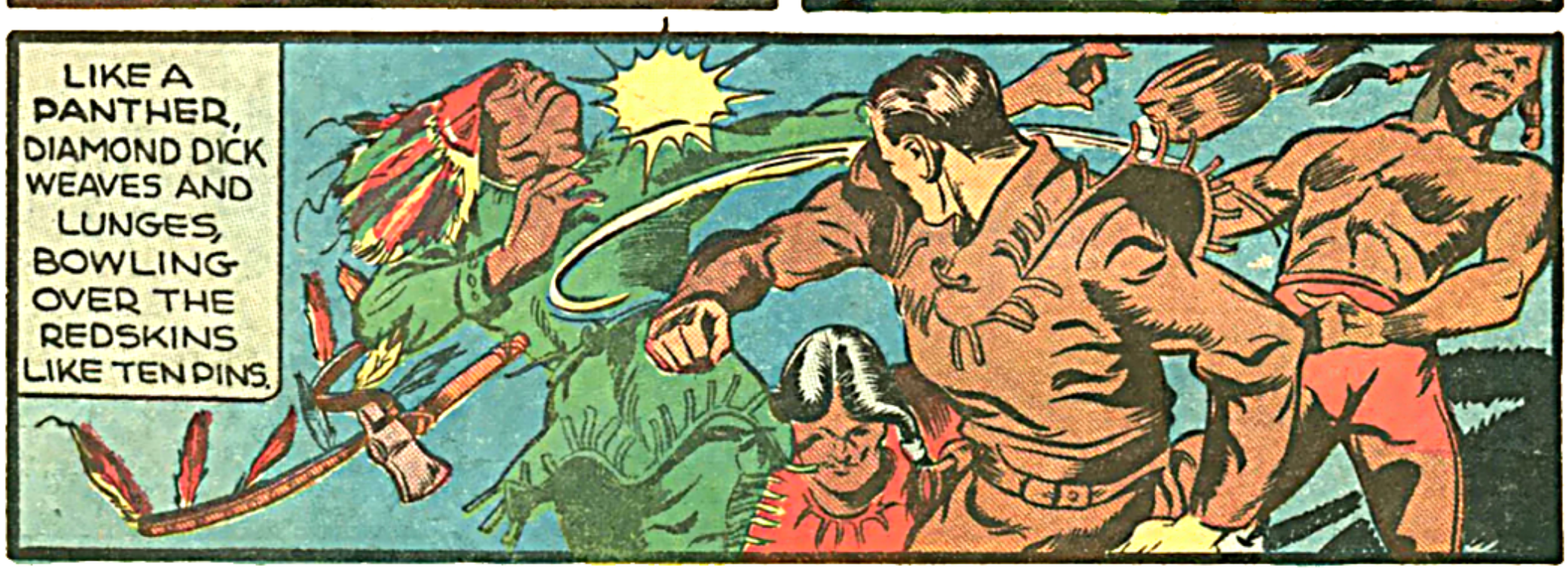

JAKE BIGLEY AND BRAVES BUY HORSES FROM PALEFACE SOLDIER.
HA! I THOUGHT JAKE BIGLEY WAS MIXED UP IN THIS!
DICK IS TAKEN TO CHIEF BIG HORN.


THE CHIEF IS INCLINED TO BELIEVE JAKE BIGLEY'S VERSION.
BIGLEY LIED TO YOU, CHIEF BIG HORN. HE ATTACKED THE SOLDIERS AND STOLE THE HORSES!
UGH-MAYBE YOU LIE, PALEFACE!


AT THAT MOMENT, JAKE BIGLEY BURSTS INTO THE TENT, GUN LEVELLED AT DICK'S HEART.
YOU'RE TH' LIAR!! I'LL TEACH YUH TUH TELL MY INJUN FRIENDS I'M A LIAR-!

BUT DIAMOND DICK, LIKE A STROKE OF LIGHTNING, DRAWS BOTH GUNS AND SHOOTS.

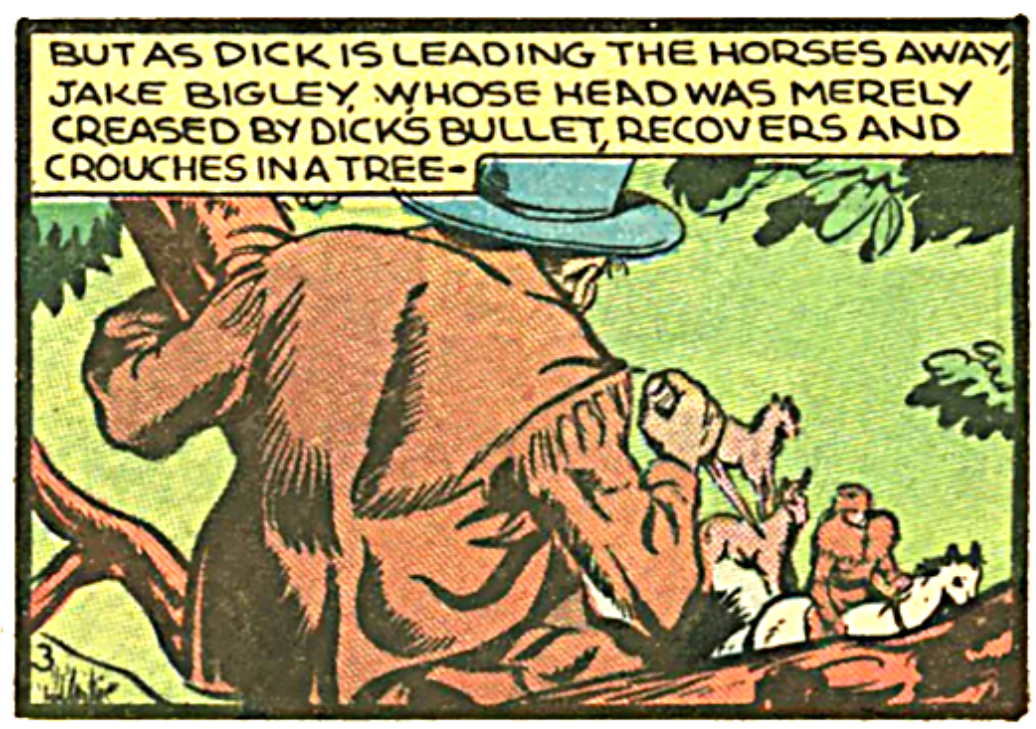
BUT AS DICK LEAVES THE TEPEE ..


LIKE A PANTHER, DIAMOND DICK WEAVES AND LUNGES, BOWLING OVER THE REDSKINS LIKE TEN PINS.

THE INDIANS SUBDUED, DIAMOND DICK ESCAPES INTO THE BRUSH.

DICK FINDS THE STOLEN HORSES. HE QUICKLY DISPOSES OF THE LONE GUARD.
THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU!

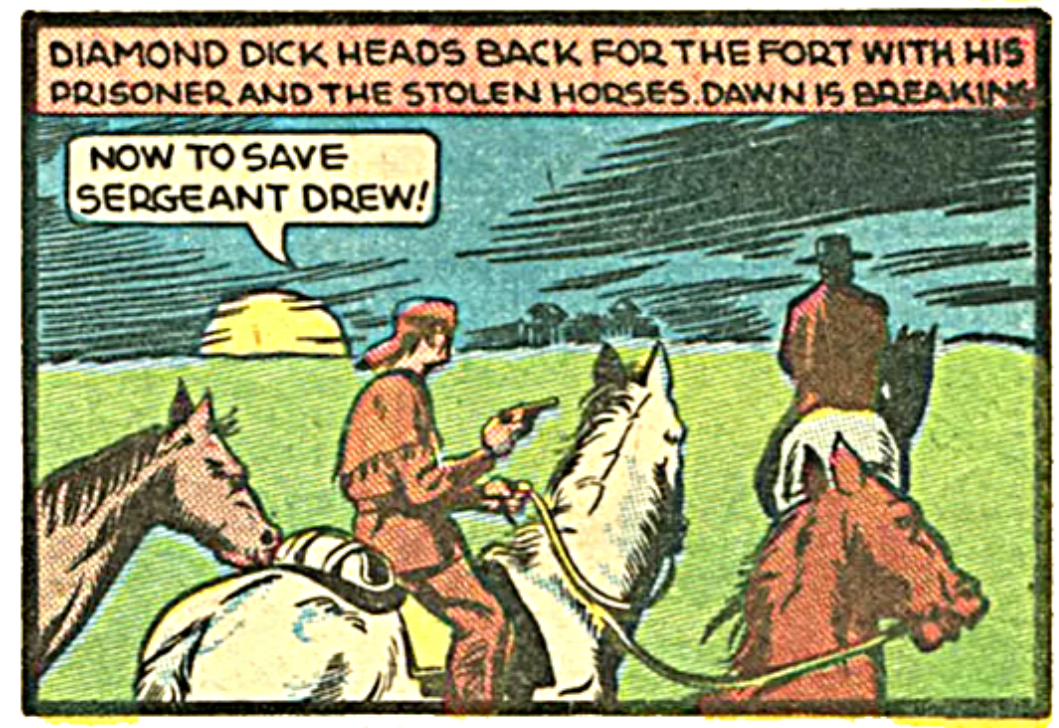
WORKING SILENTLY AS ONLY AN INDIAN SCOUT CAN, DIAMOND DICK TIES THE HALTERS OF THE HORSES TOGETHER.

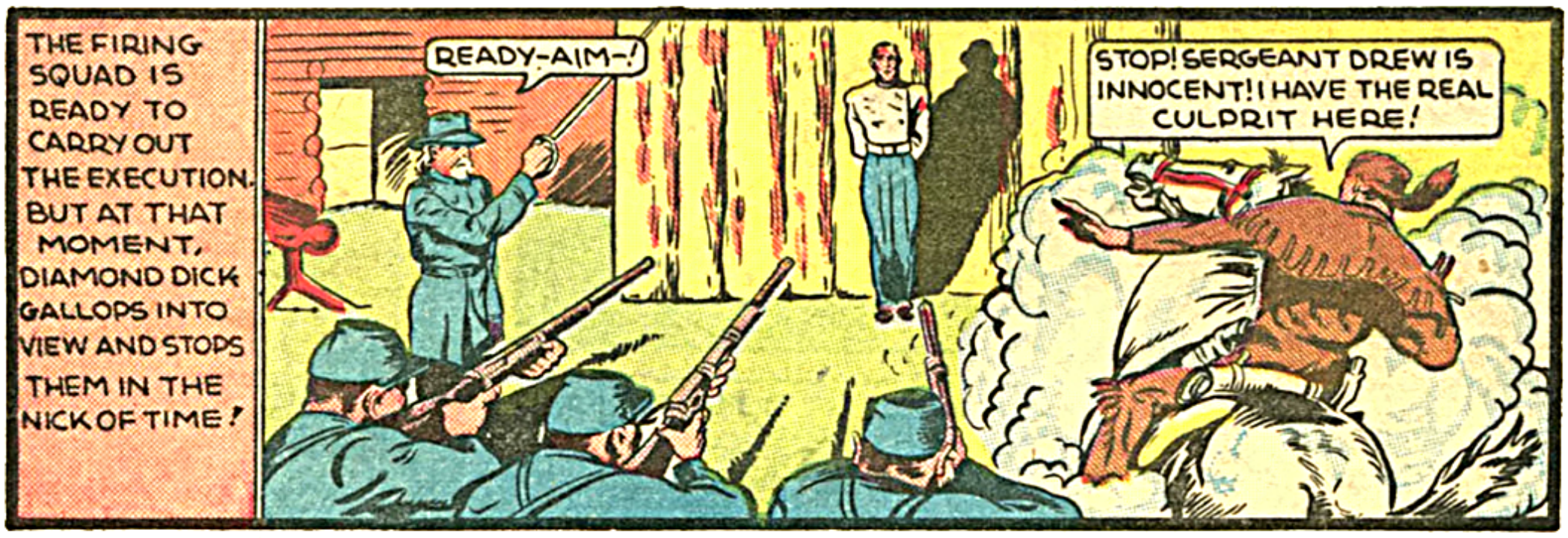

BUT AS DICK IS LEADING THE HORSES AWAY, JAKE BIGLEY, WHOSE HEAD WAS MERELY CREASED BY DICK'S BULLET, RECOVERS AND CROUCHES IN A TREE-

KNIFE IN HAND, JAKE BIGLEY LEAPS DOWN UPON THE UNSUSPECTING INDIAN SCOUT.
THIS IS YOUR FINISH, HOMBRE!

EVEN AS THEY WENT TO THE GROUND TOGETHER, DIAMOND DICK GRABBED JAKE BIGLEY'S KNIFE-HAND AND PREVENTED HIM FROM SINKING THE BLADE!

DICK OVERPOWERS HIS ASSAILANT AND DISARMS HIM.
YOU'RE COMING BACK TO THE FORT WITH ME AND CONFESS, YOU SKUNK!


DIAMOND DICK HEADS BACK FOR THE FORT WITH HIS PRISONER AND THE STOLEN HORSES. DAWN IS BREAKING.
NOW TO SAVE SERGEANT DREW!


THE FIRING SQUAD IS READY TO CARRY OUT THE EXECUTION. BUT AT THAT MOMENT, DIAMOND DICK GALLOPS INTO VIEW AND STOPS THEM IN THE NICK OF TIME!
READY-AIM-!
STOP! SERGEANT DREW IS INNOCENT! I HAVE THE REAL CULPRIT HERE!

JAKE BIGLEY CONFESSED,-SERGEANT DREW WAS SAVED FROM CERTAIN DEATH,-AND THE STOLEN HORSES WERE RECOVERED-ALL THANKS TO THE COURAGE AND STRENGTH OF DIAMOND DICK.
DIAMOND DICK, YOU SAVED AN INNOCENT MAN FROM DEATH!
IT WAS LUCKY THAT I CAUGHT JAKE BIGLEY AND HE CONFESSED. I'M GLAD I GOT HERE IN TIME.

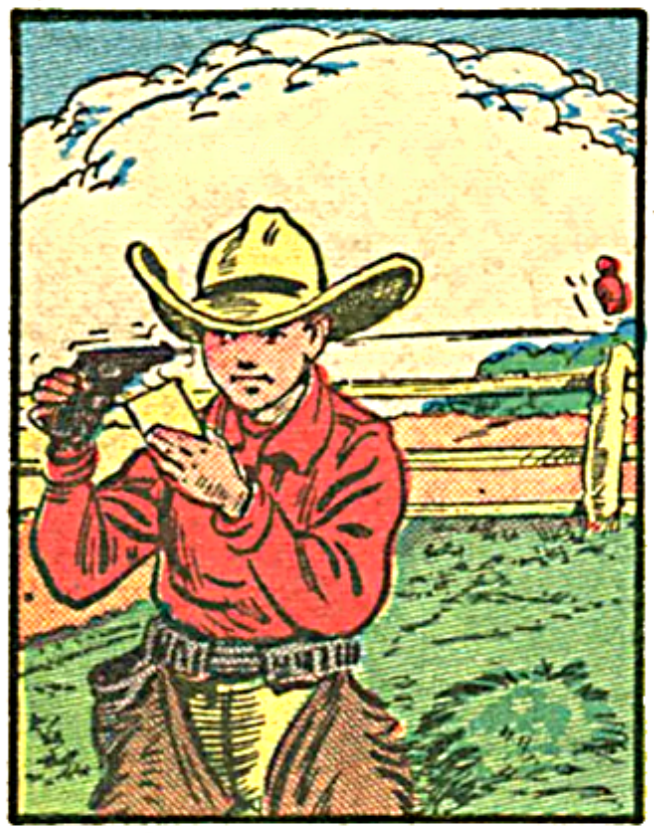
FOLLOW DIAMOND DICK, U.S. GOVERNMENT INDIAN SCOUT, AND OTHER REAL CHARACTERS OF THE OLD WEST IN EACH ISSUE

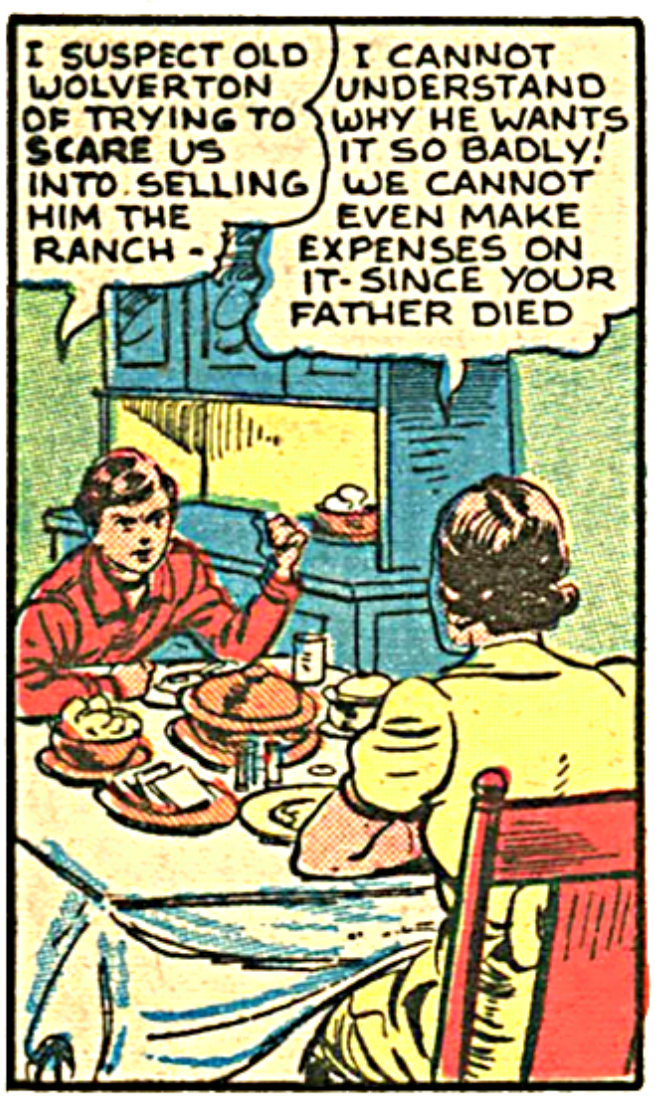
BOB BURTON

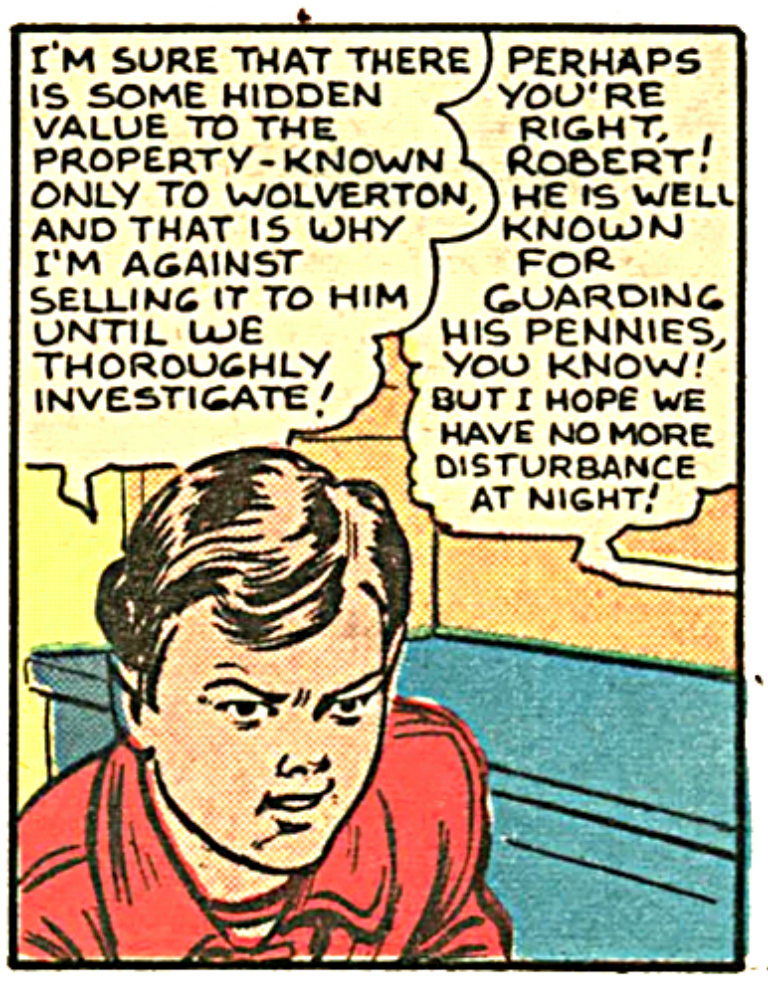
AND THE RANCH MYSTERY

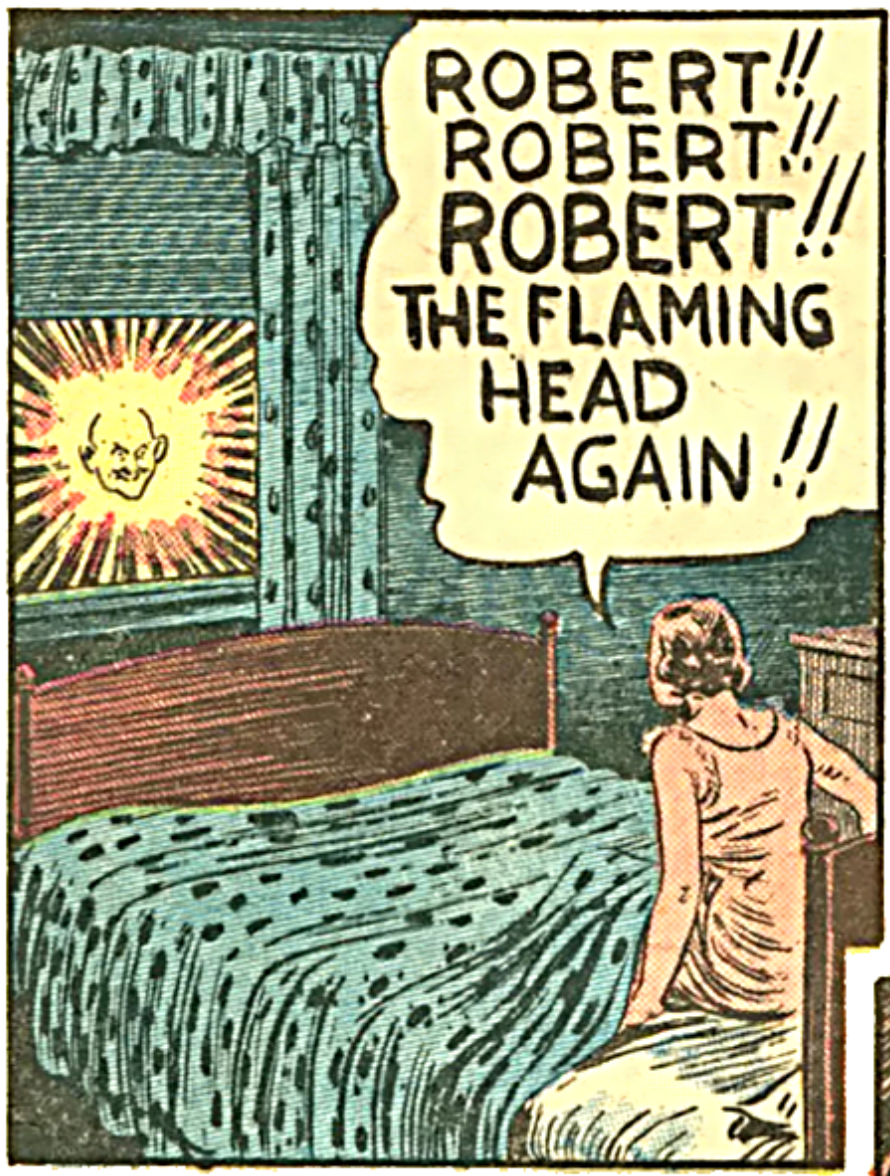
BY

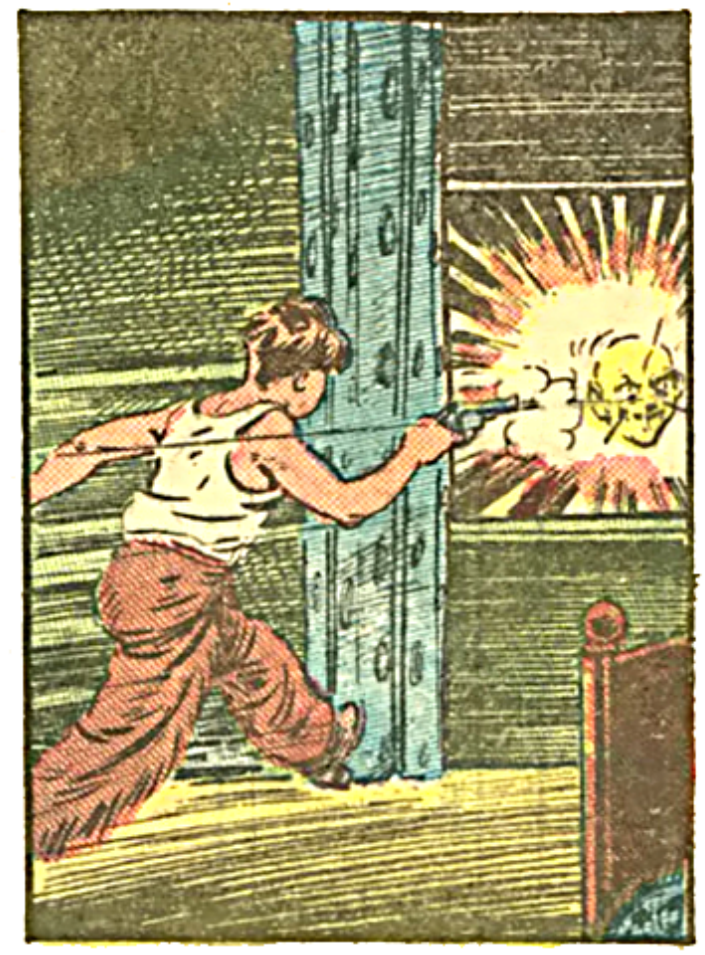
HORATIO ALGER, JR.





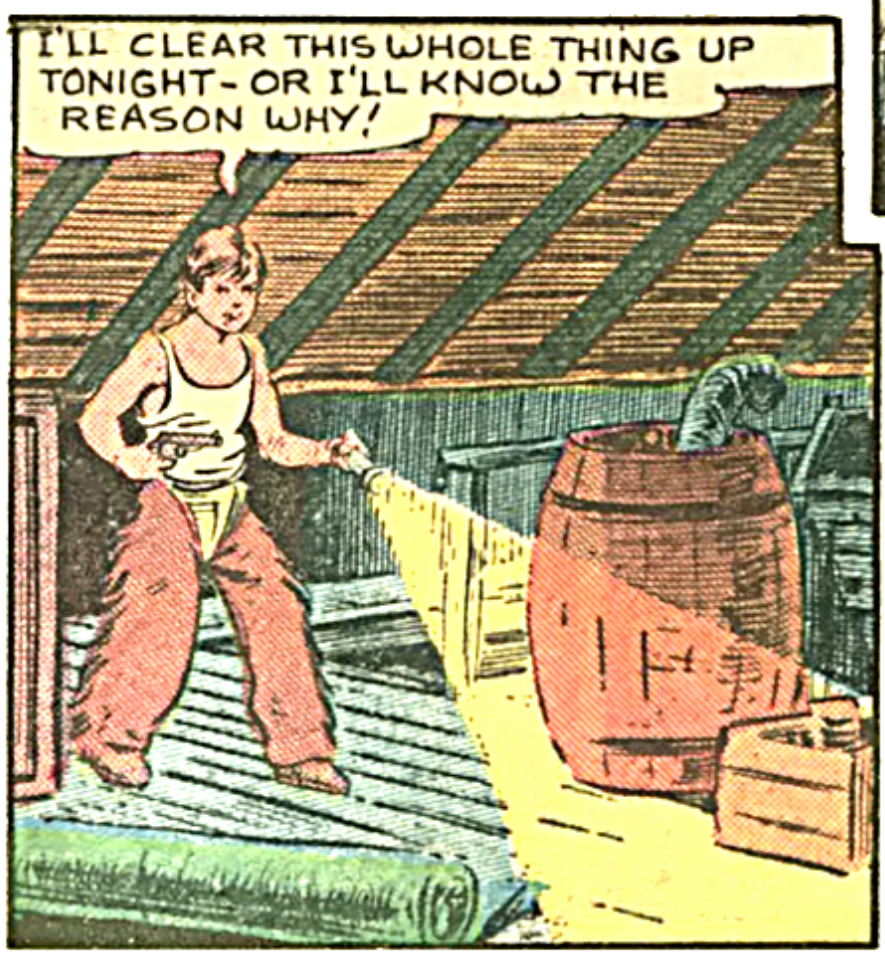



ROBERT!! ROBERT!! ROBERT!! THE FLAMING HEAD AGAIN!!

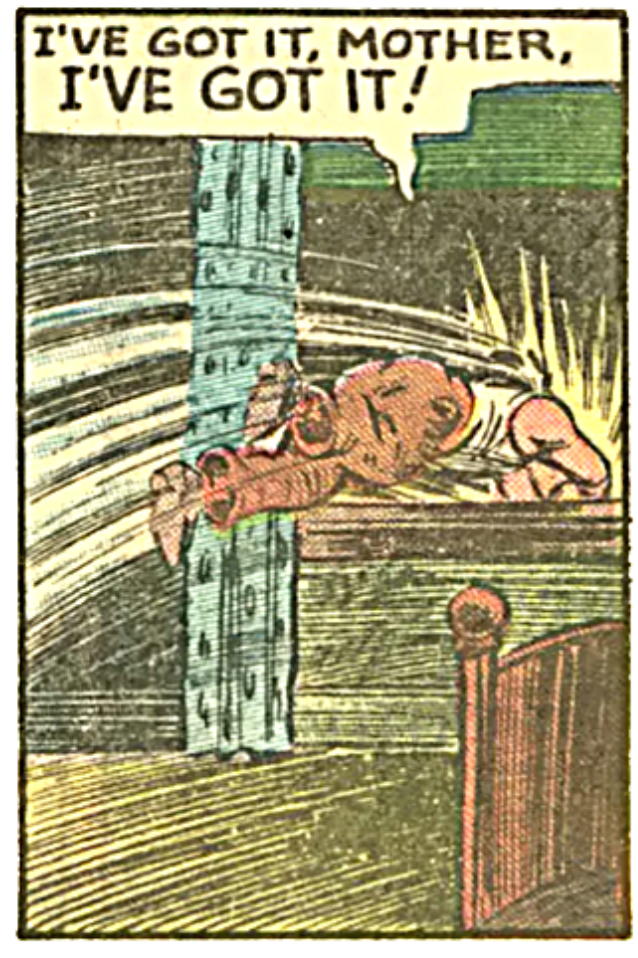


IT'S GONE! BUT I'LL GET IT!

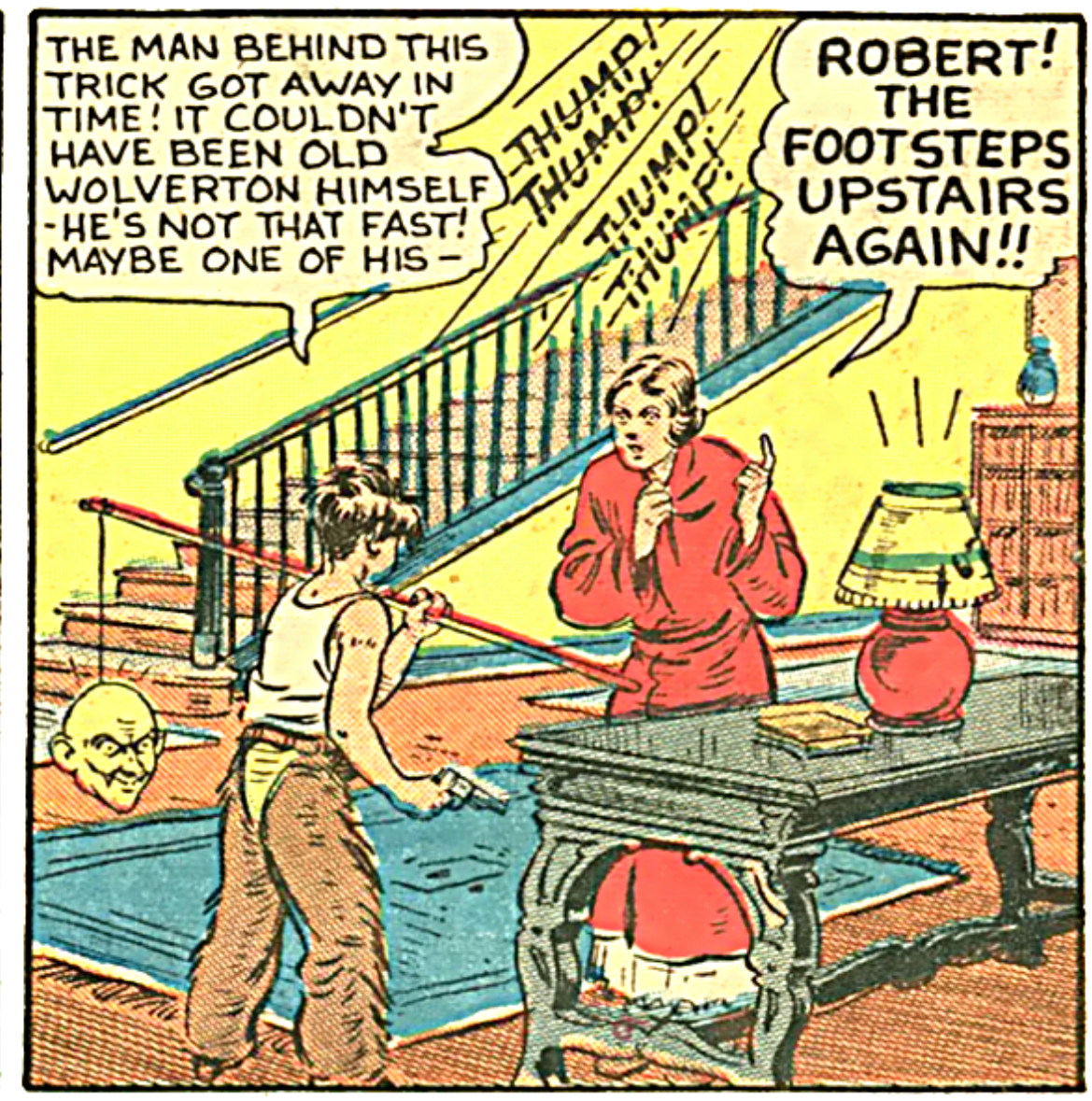
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!
ROBERT! THOSE FOOTSTEPS IN THE ATTIC AGAIN!! OH! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!
NO WE WON'T, MOTHER! THIS IS ALL TRICKERY AND I'LL PUT A STOP TO IT - TONIGHT!!

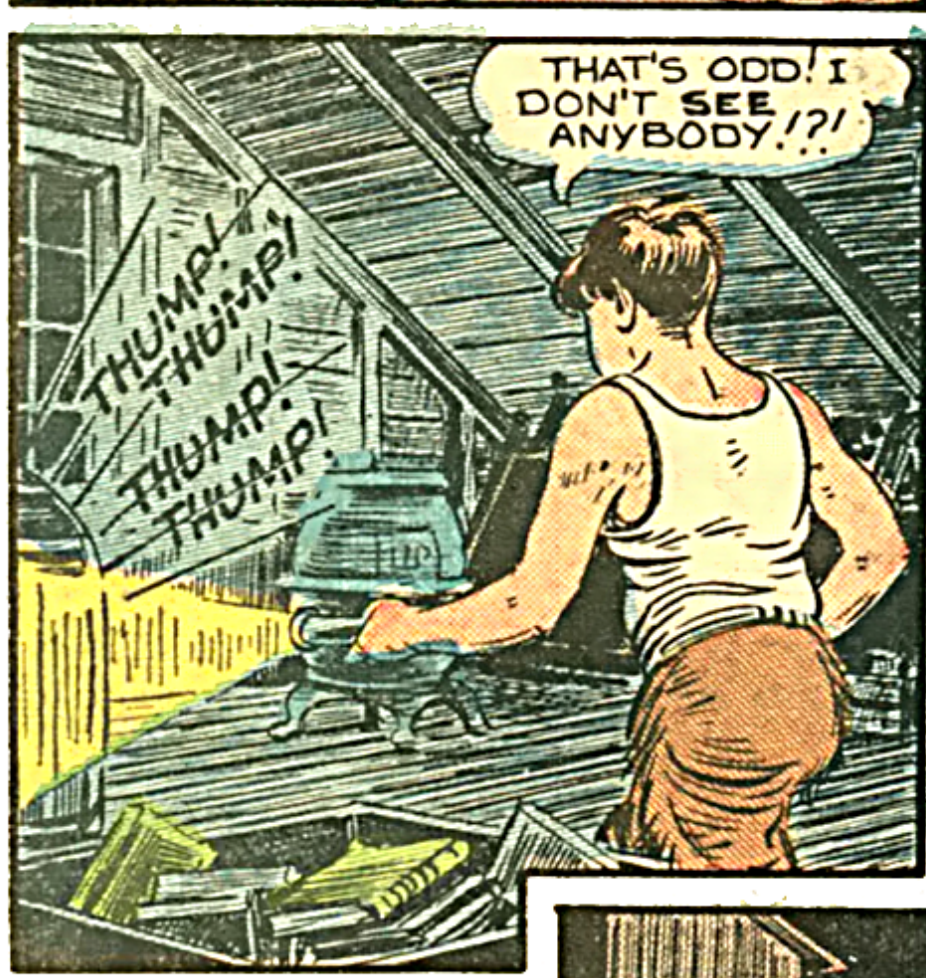

I'LL CLEAR THIS WHOLE THING UP TONIGHT - OR I'LL KNOW THE REASON WHY!

ROBERT! ROBERT! THE HEAD AGAIN!

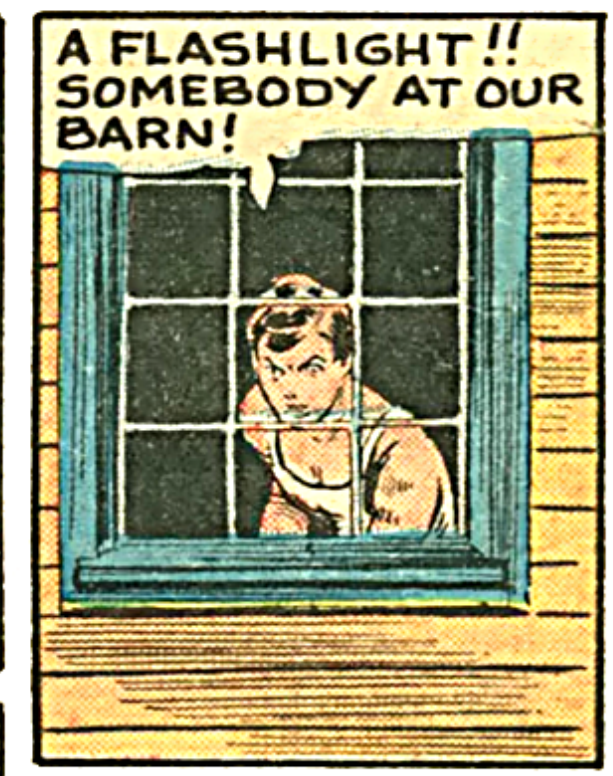

I'VE GOT IT, MOTHER, I'VE GOT IT!

SEE, MOTHER! I TOLD YOU IT WAS NOTHING BUT TRICKERY! JUST AN OLD MASK TIED ON A LONG STICK-AND COVERED WITH PHOSPHOROUS TO MAKE IT GLOW IN THE DARK-LIKE A MATCH DOES WHEN RUBBED ON THE PALM OF THE HAND —
WELL! THAT CERTAINLY IS A RELIEF, ROBERT -


THE MAN BEHIND THIS TRICK GOT AWAY IN TIME! IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN OLD WOLVERTON HIMSELF -HE'S NOT THAT FAST! MAYBE ONE OF HIS -
THUMP! THUMP!
THUMP! THUMP!
ROBERT! THE FOOTSTEPS UPSTAIRS AGAIN!!

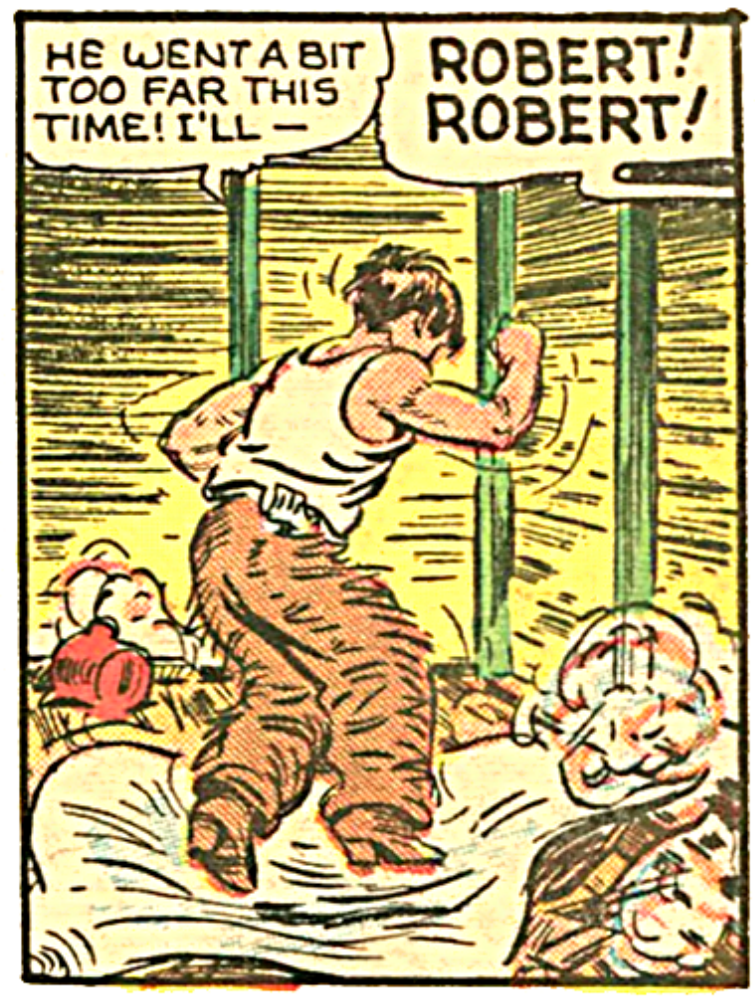

THAT'S ODD! I DON'T SEE ANYBODY!?!
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

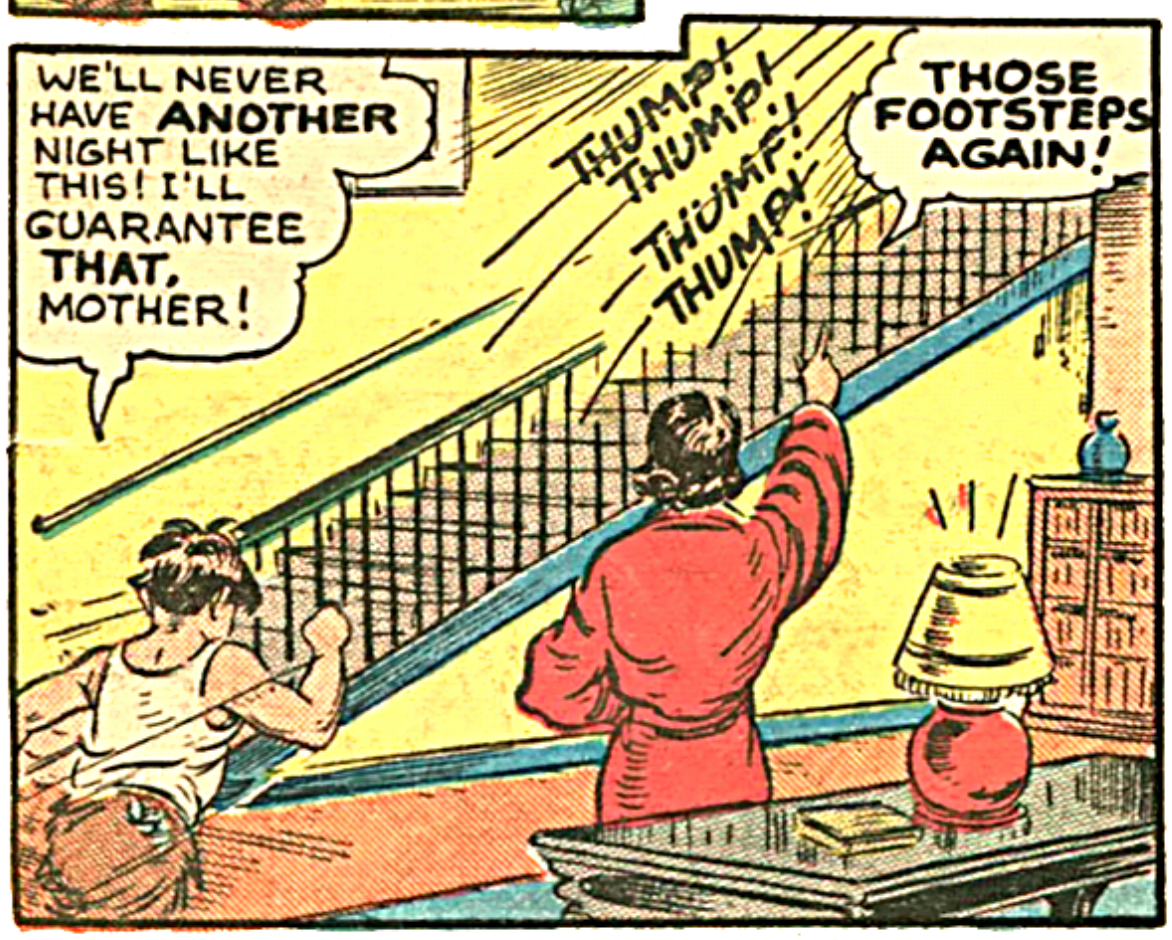
THOSE FOOTSTEPS DID COME FROM HERE! I-


A FLASHLIGHT!! SOMEBODY AT OUR BARN!

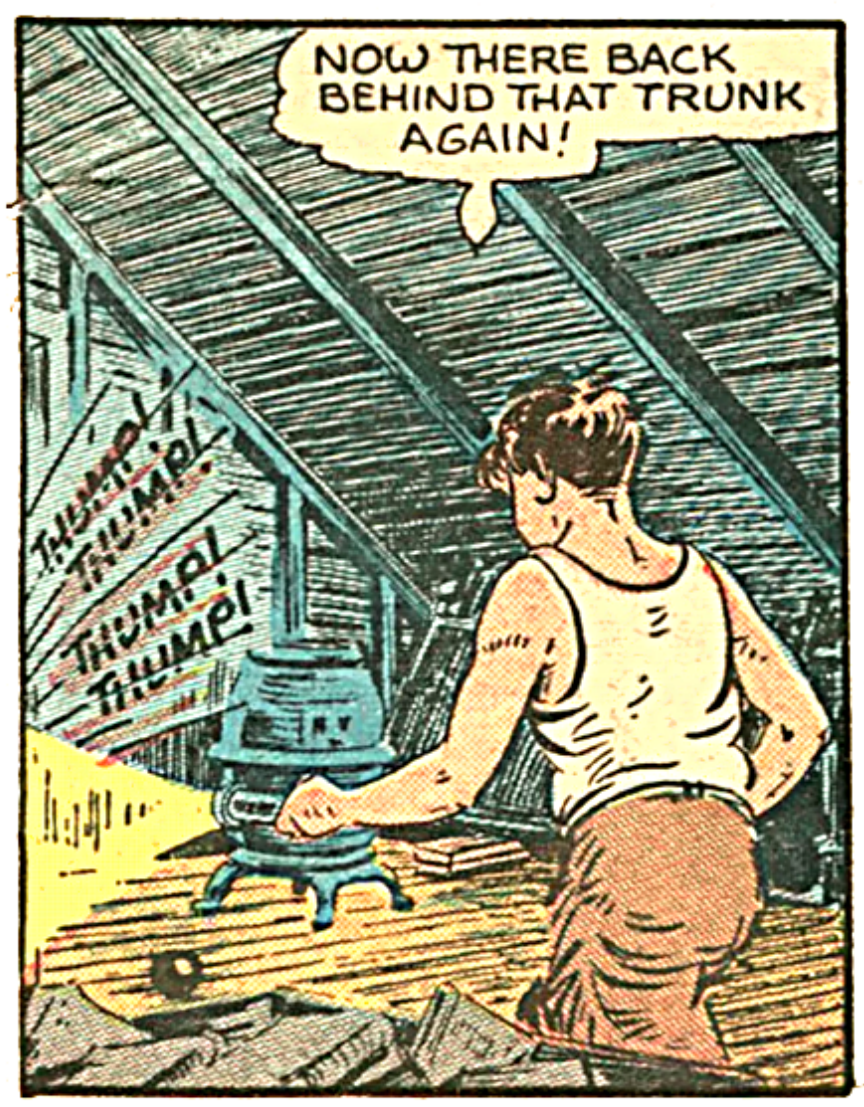
THAT LOOKED LIKE OLD WOLVERTON HIMSELF!
I SMELL SMOKE!

NOW HE'S TRYING TO BURN US OUT!

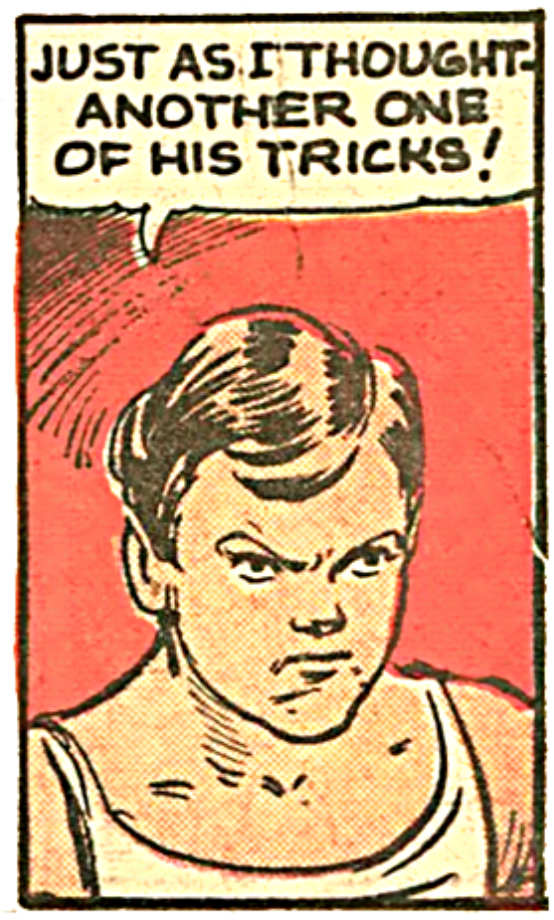

HE WENT A BIT TOO FAR THIS TIME! I'LL —
ROBERT! ROBERT!

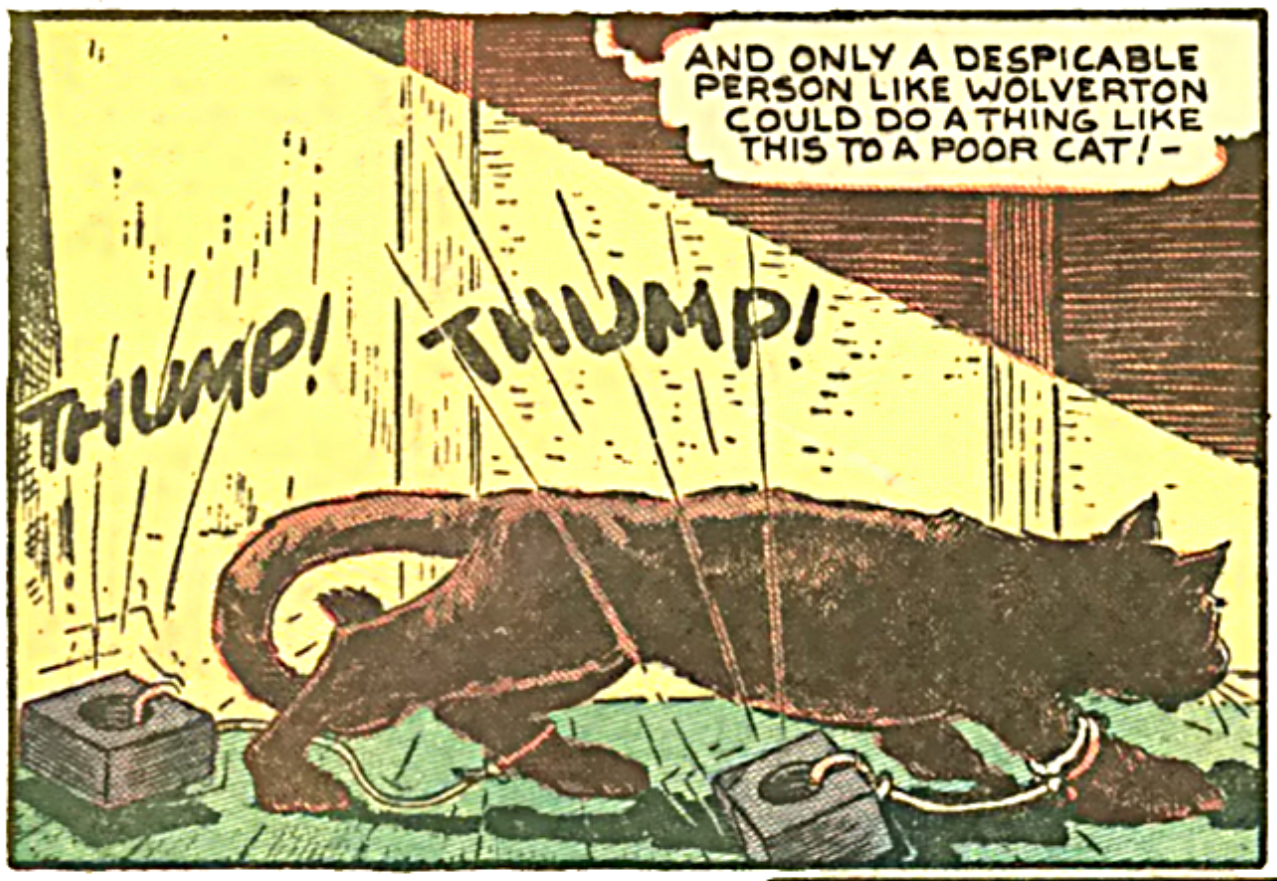

WE'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER NIGHT LIKE THIS! I'LL GUARANTEE THAT, MOTHER!
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!
THOSE FOOTSTEPS AGAIN!

I WISH THEY WERE WOLVERTON'S FOOTSTEPS - BUT NO SUCH LUCK - I'M SURE!
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!


NOW THERE BACK BEHIND THAT TRUNK AGAIN!
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

AH! THERE YOU ARE!
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!


JUST AS I THOUGHT - ANOTHER ONE OF HIS TRICKS!


AND ONLY A DESPICABLE PERSON LIKE WOLVERTON COULD DO A THING LIKE THIS TO A POOR CAT! -
THUMP!
THUMP!

POOR LITTLE FELLOW! MAKING YOU SUFFER - JUST TO SCARE US INTO BELIEVING SOMEBODY WAS WALKING UP HERE! I'LL HAVE YOU COMFORTABLE IN NO TIME!

I'LL SEE HIM THE VERY FIRST THING IN THE MORNING - AND BELIEVE ME - HE'LL HAVE PLENTY TO ANSWER FOR!!

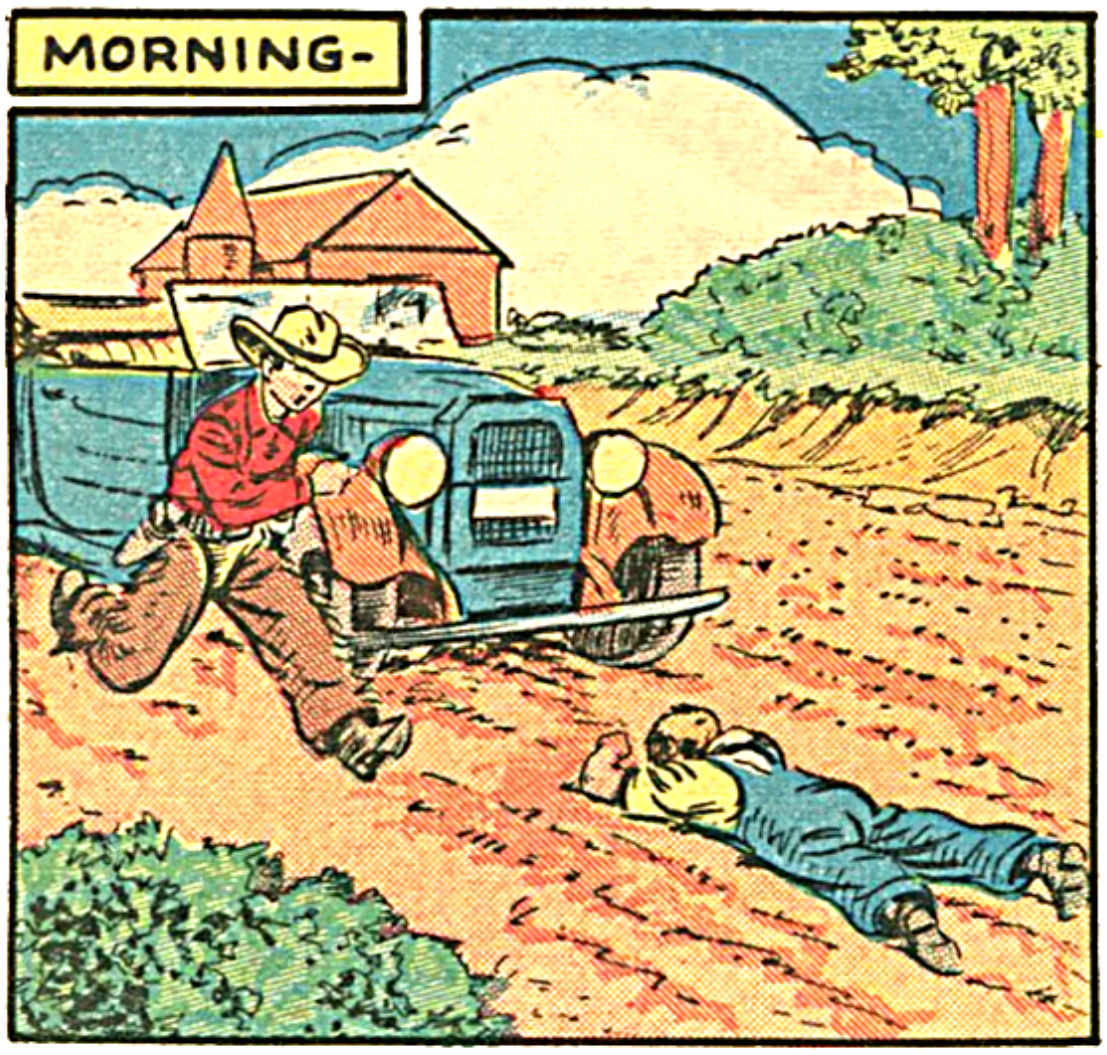
MEANWHILE
PLEASE! PLEASE - MR. WOLVERTON - DON'T HIT ME! PLEASE! I COULDN'T DO ANY MORE WORK TODAY! PLEASE GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EAT! PLEASE DON'T HIT ME!
Y'LITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHIN'! A LOT OF THANKS I'M GETTING FOR ADOPTIN' YOU!

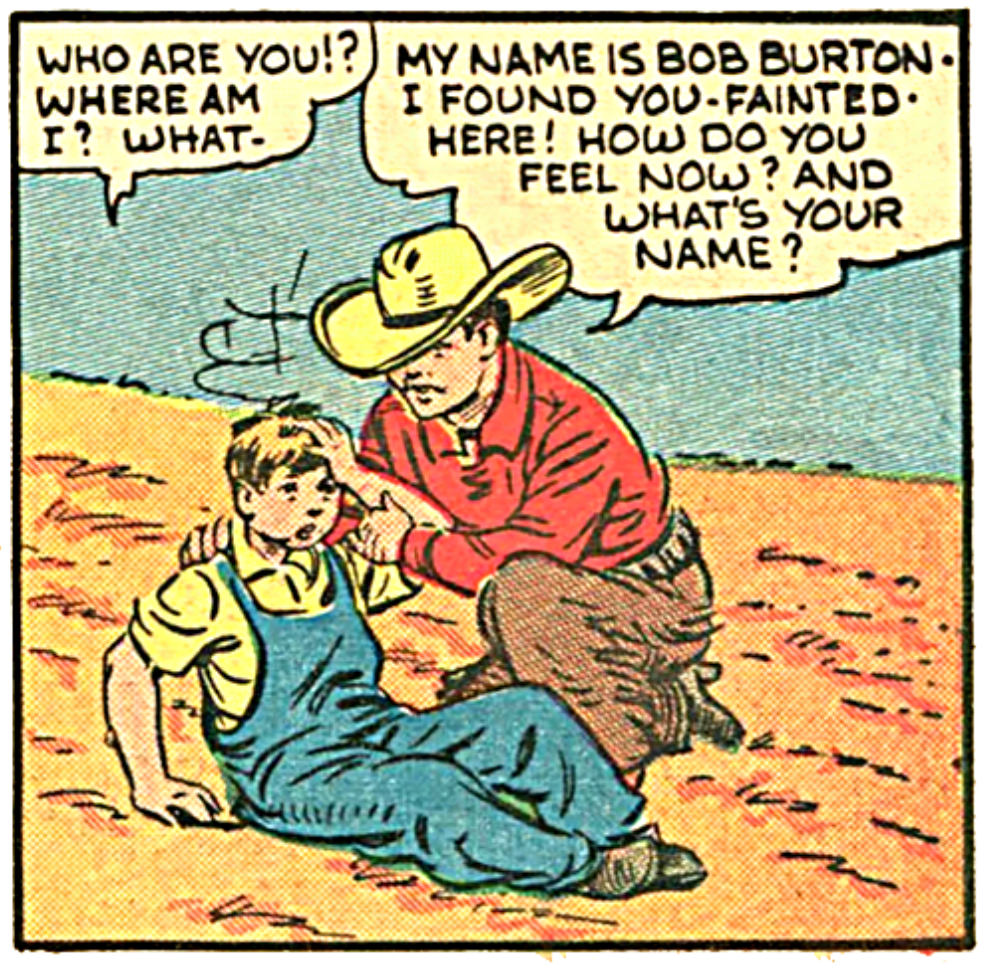
ALL RIGHT! STAY UP THERE - ALL NIGHT! - MAYBE T'MORROW Y'WON'T BE SO LAZY!

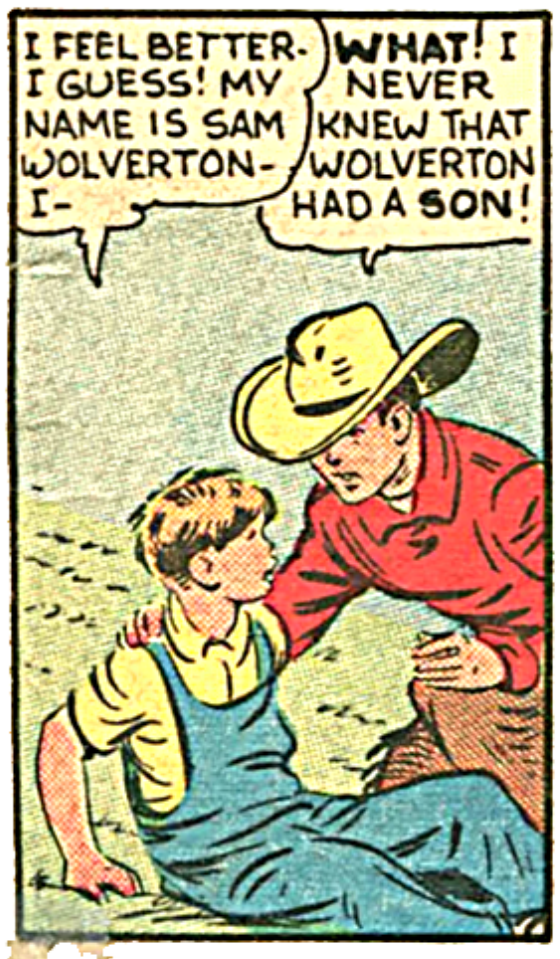
I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! WORK! WORK! WORK! NO FOOD! NO PLAY! WHIPPINGS AND EVERYTHING! HE'S TOO MEAN TO BE MY GUARDIAN! I'M RUNNING AWAY - RIGHT NOW!

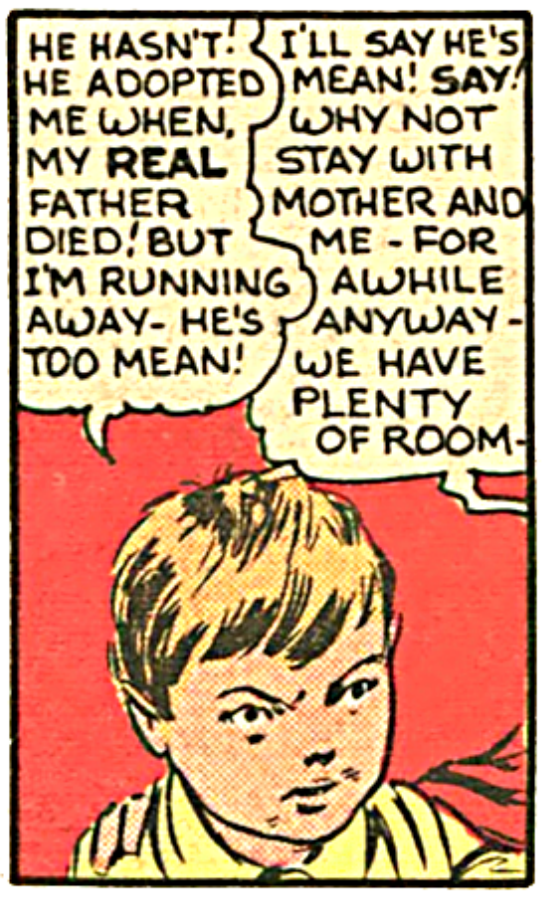
AND SO LITTLE SAM WOLVERTON STARTS ON HIS JOURNEY IN QUEST OF A NEW AND BETTER HOME —

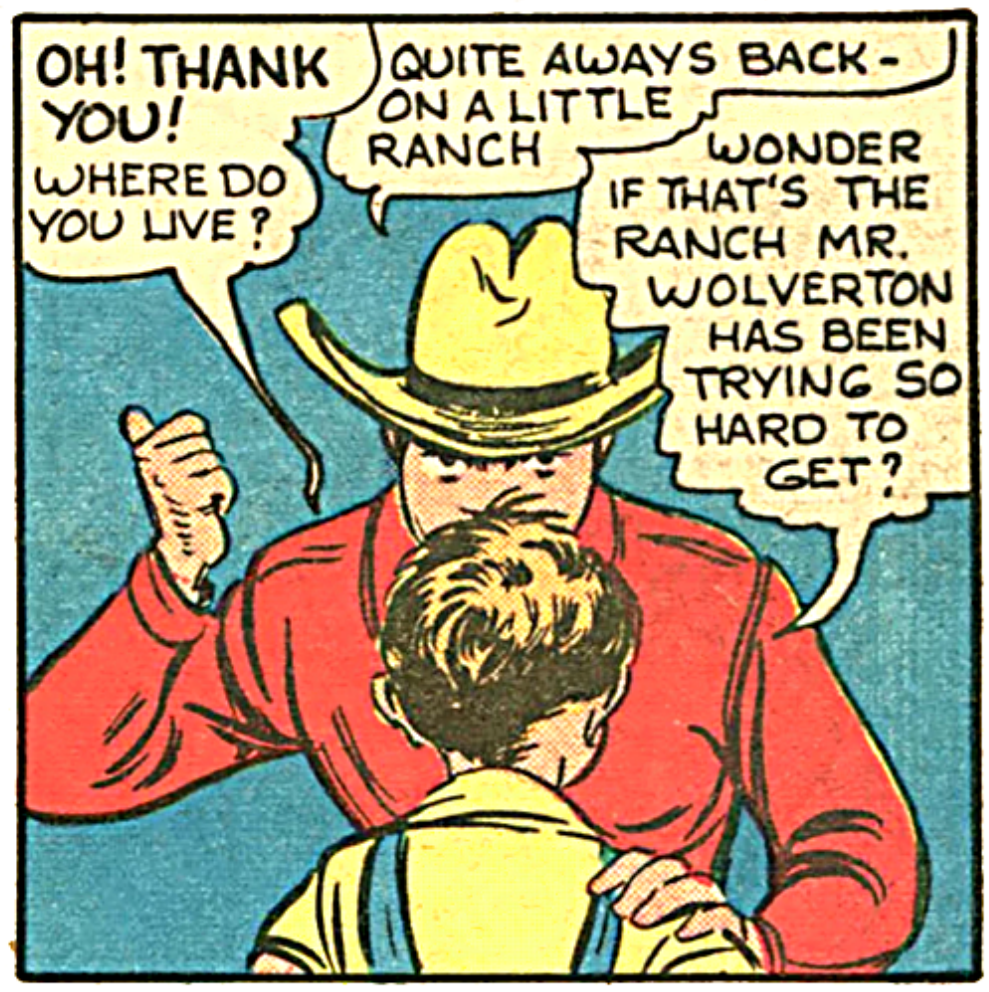
BUT DOES NOT GET VERY FAR. OVERCOME BY HUNGER AND FATIGUE - HE HAS FAINTED BY THE ROADSIDE

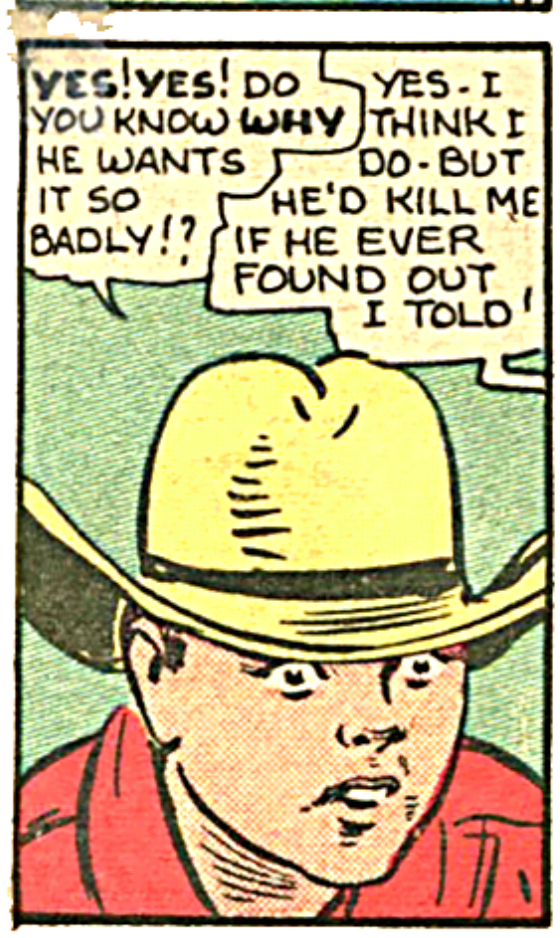

MORNING-

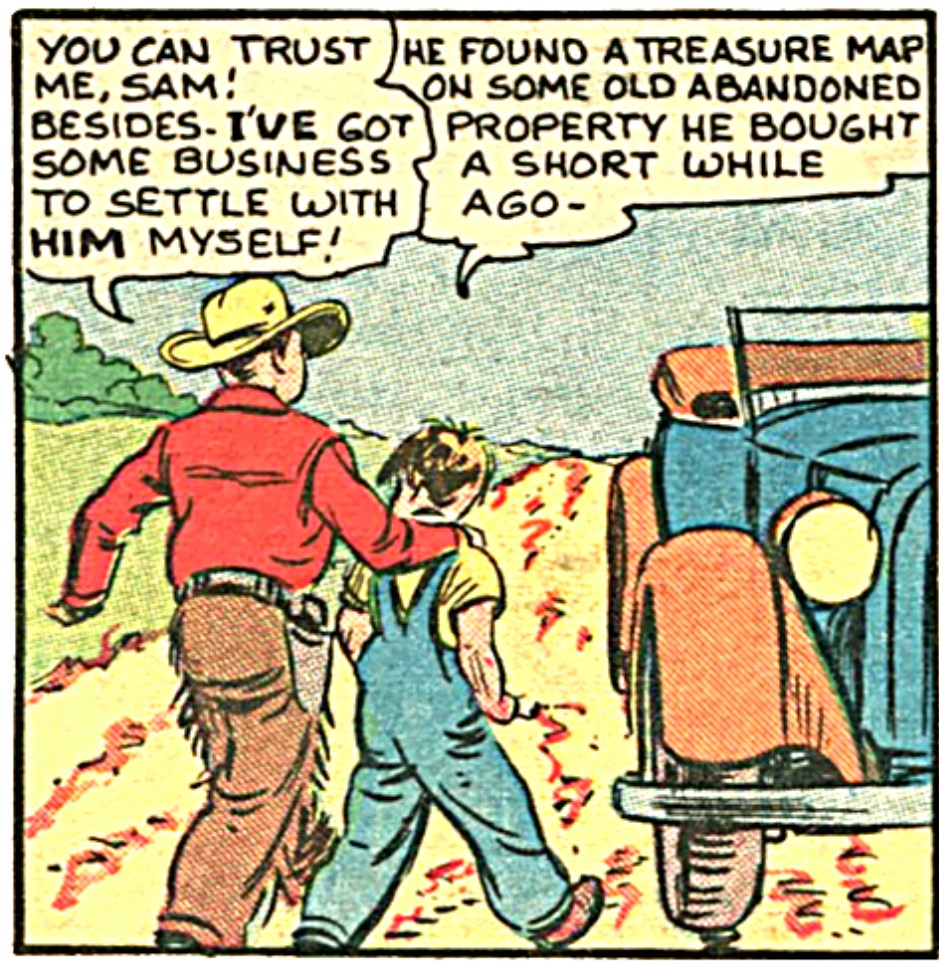

WHO ARE YOU!? WHERE AM I? WHAT-
MY NAME IS BOB BURTON. I FOUND YOU-FAINTED HERE! HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW? AND WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

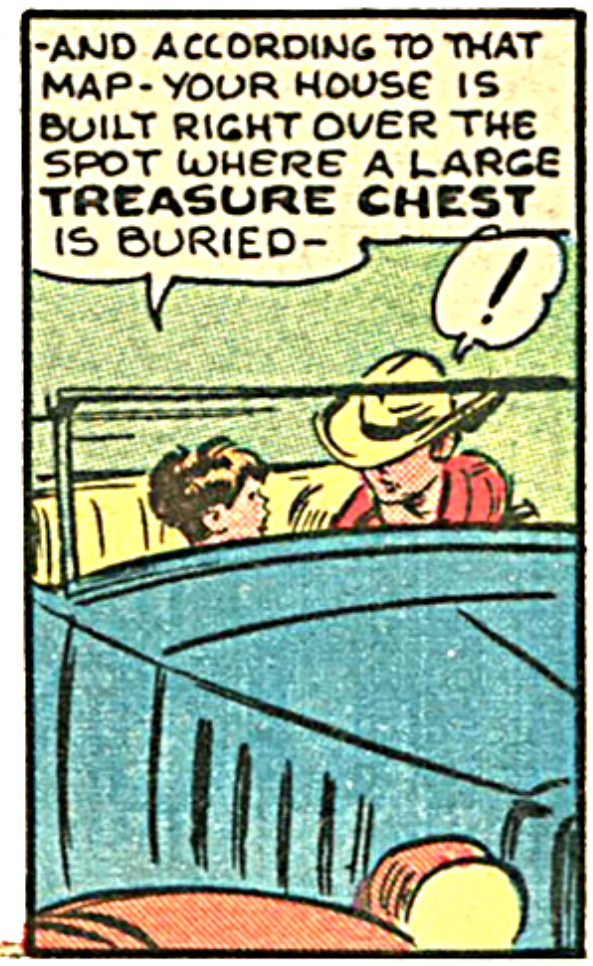

I FEEL BETTER- I GUESS! MY NAME IS SAM WOLVERTON- I-
WHAT! I NEVER KNEW THAT WOLVERTON HAD A SON!

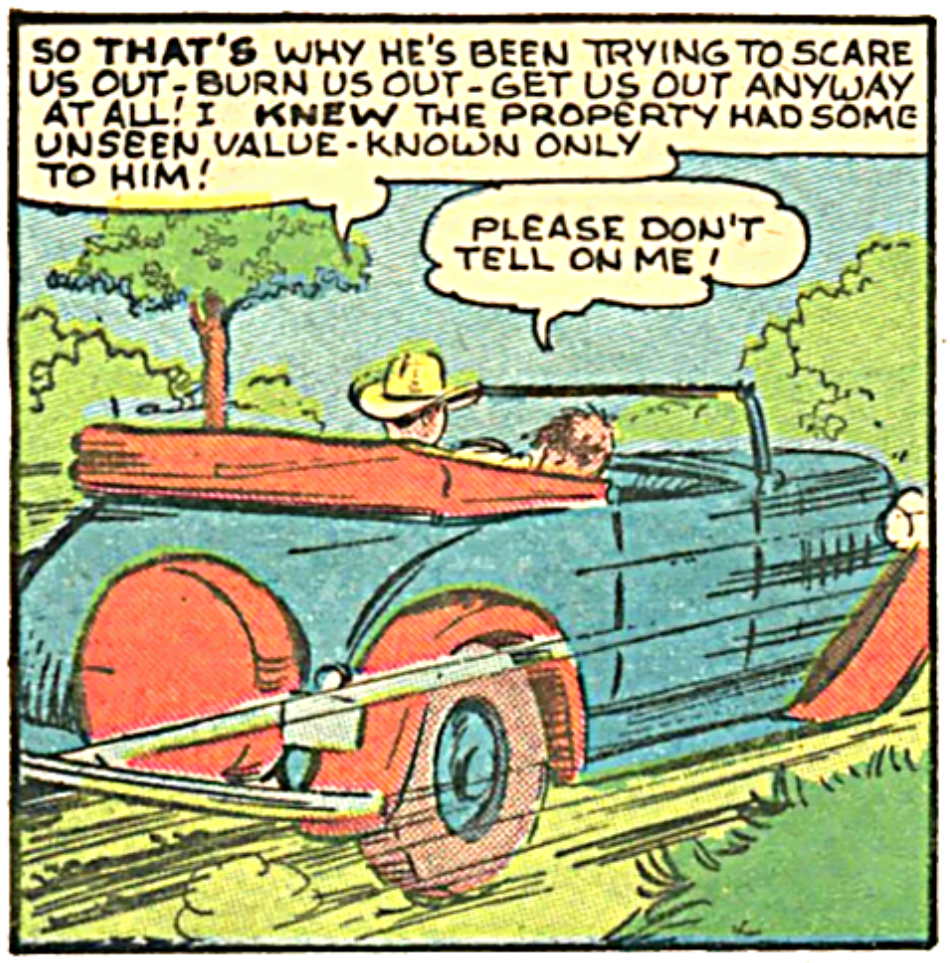

HE HASN'T! HE ADOPTED ME WHEN, MY REAL FATHER DIED! BUT I'M RUNNING AWAY- HE'S TOO MEAN!
I'LL SAY HE'S MEAN! SAY! WHY NOT STAY WITH MOTHER AND ME - FOR AWHILE ANYWAY - WE HAVE PLENTY OF ROOM-

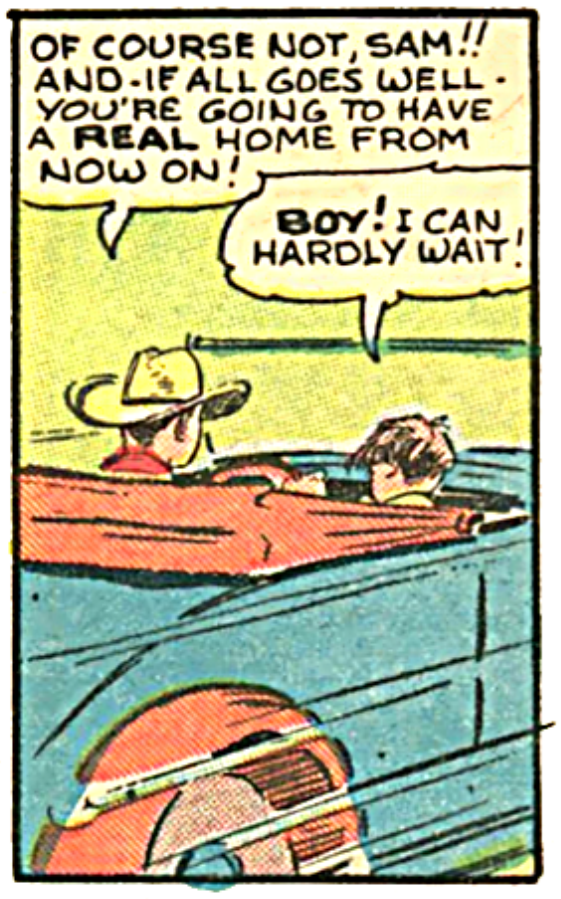

OH! THANK YOU! WHERE DO YOU LIVE?
QUITE AWAYS BACK - ON A LITTLE RANCH
WONDER IF THAT'S THE RANCH MR. WOLVERTON HAS BEEN TRYING SO HARD TO GET?


YES! YES! DO YOU KNOW WHY HE WANTS IT SO BADLY!?
YES - I THINK I DO - BUT HE'D KILL ME IF HE EVER FOUND OUT I TOLD!

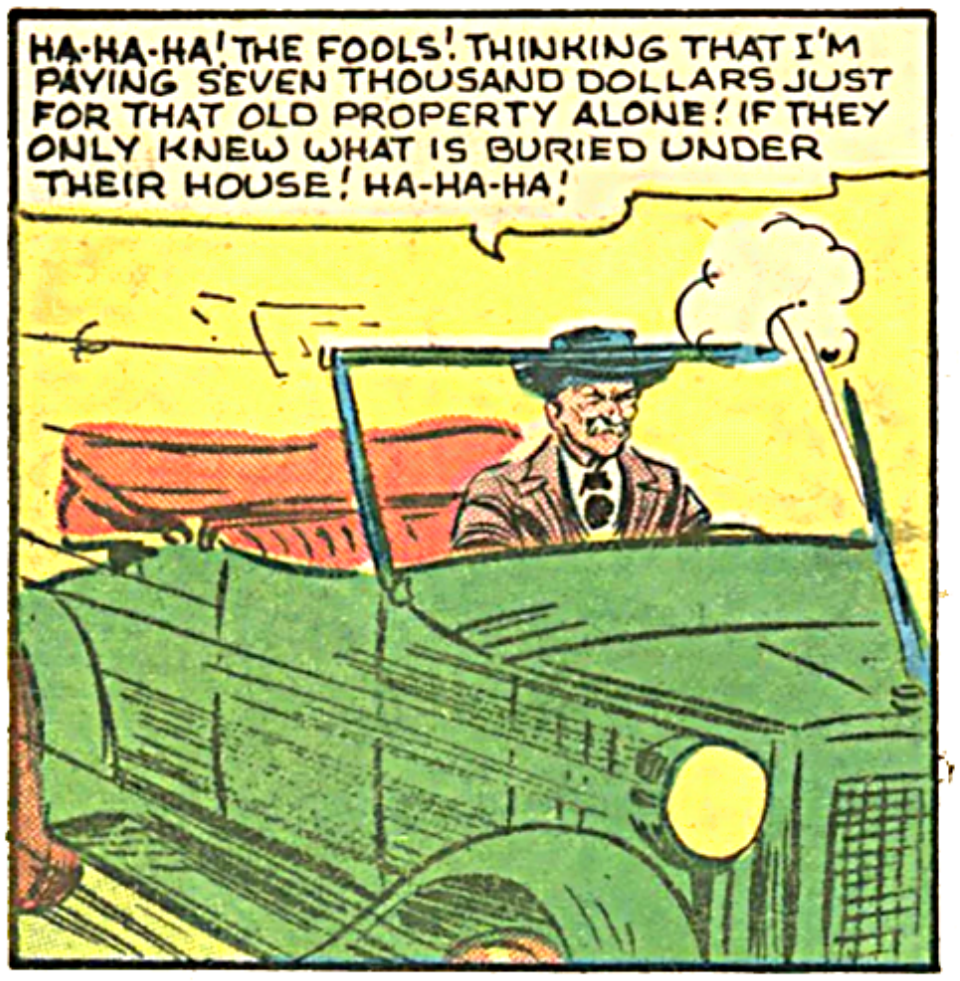

YOU CAN TRUST ME, SAM! BESIDES- I'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS TO SETTLE WITH HIM MYSELF!
HE FOUND A TREASURE MAP ON SOME OLD ABANDONED PROPERTY HE BOUGHT A SHORT WHILE AGO-


-AND ACCORDING TO THAT MAP - YOUR HOUSE IS BUILT RIGHT OVER THE SPOT WHERE A LARGE TREASURE CHEST IS BURIED-
!

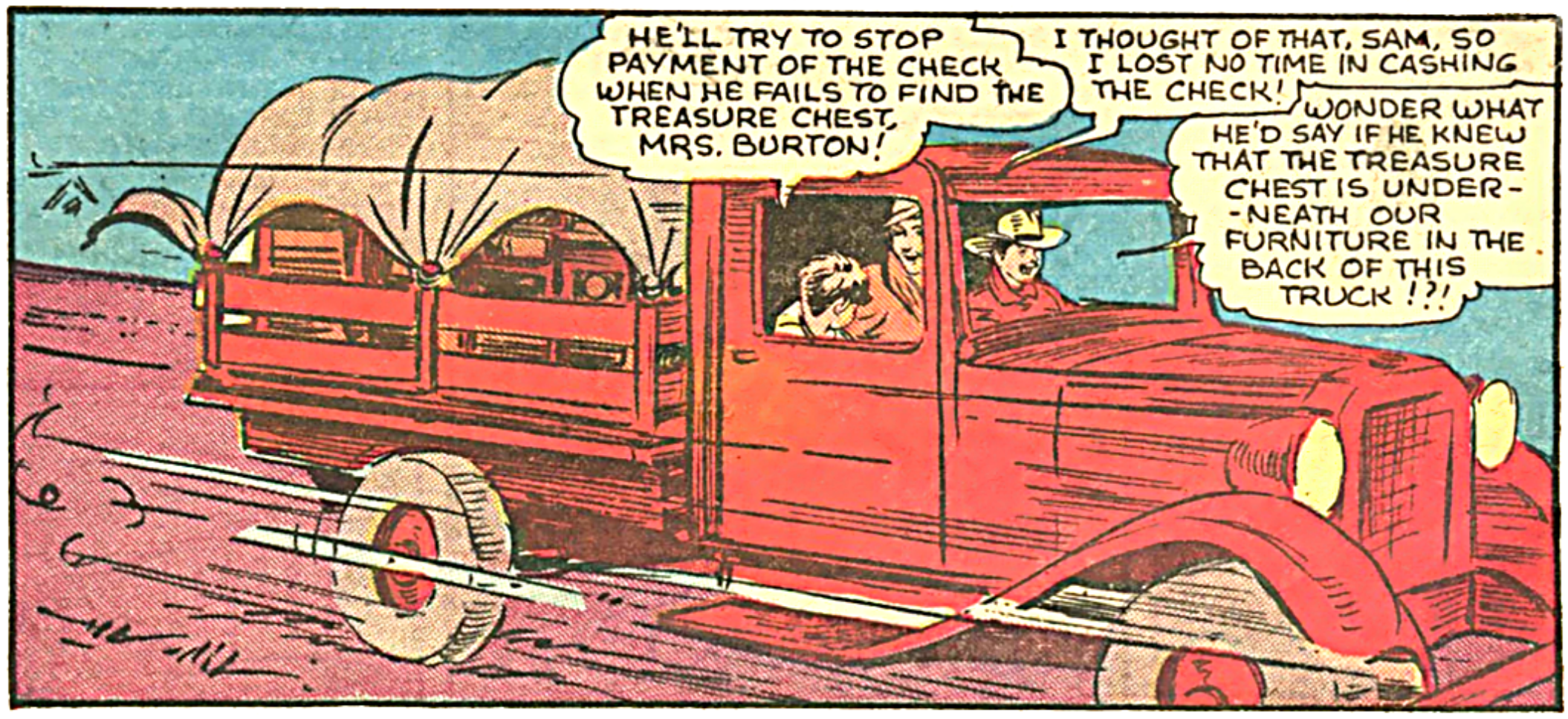

SO THAT'S WHY HE'S BEEN TRYING TO SCARE US OUT - BURN US OUT - GET US OUT ANYWAY AT ALL! I KNEW THE PROPERTY HAD SOME UNSEEN VALUE - KNOWN ONLY TO HIM!
PLEASE DON'T TELL ON ME!

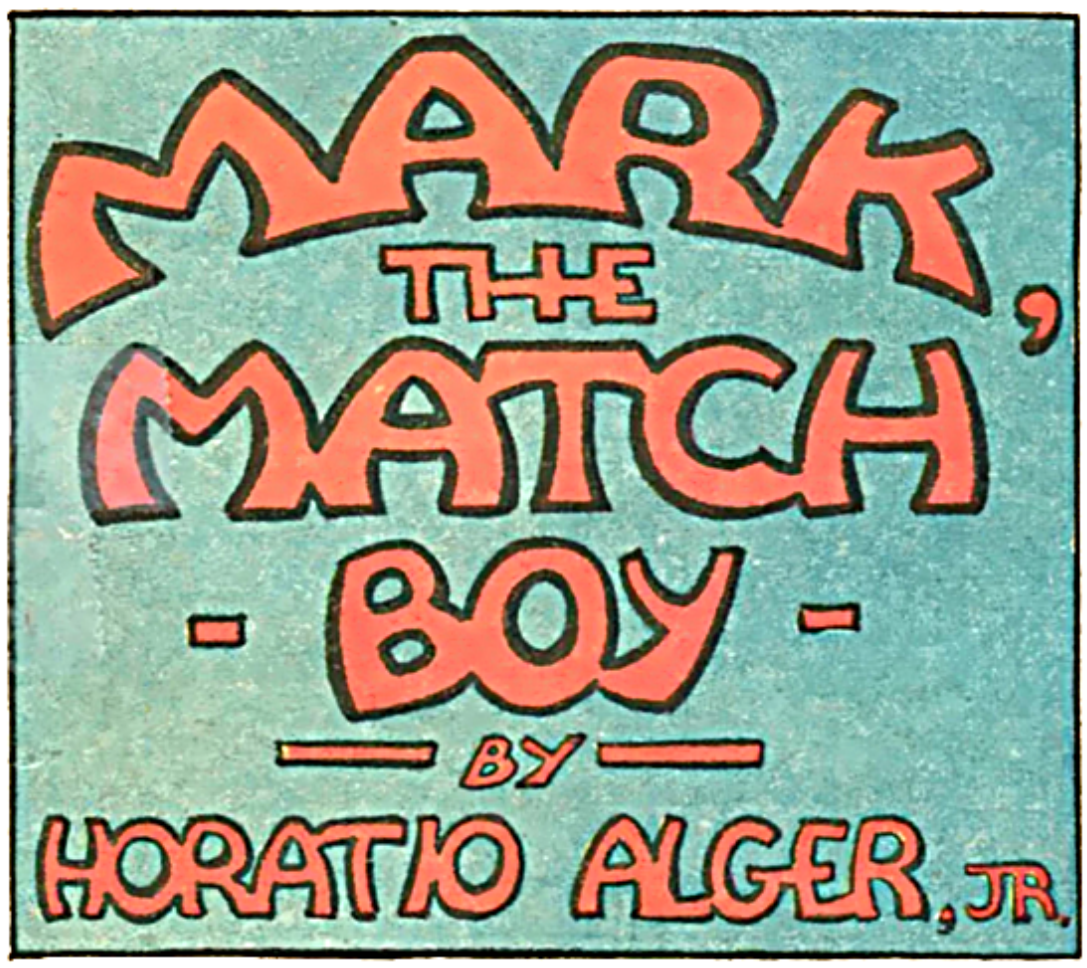

OF COURSE NOT, SAM!! AND - IF ALL GOES WELL - YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A REAL HOME FROM NOW ON!
BOY! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

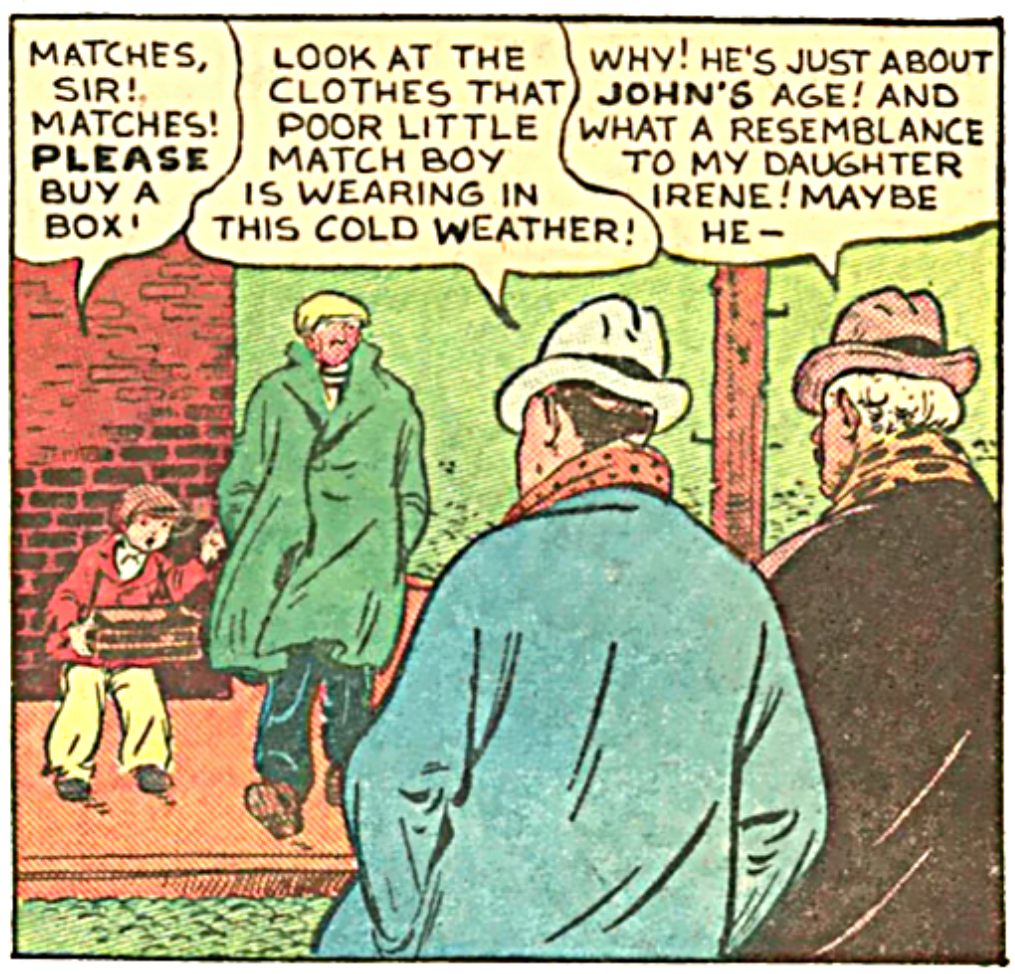
LATER
OH! HELLO, MRS. BURTON!
— SO YOU'VE DECIDED TO SELL THE RANCH TO ME! WELL! THAT'S FINE! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

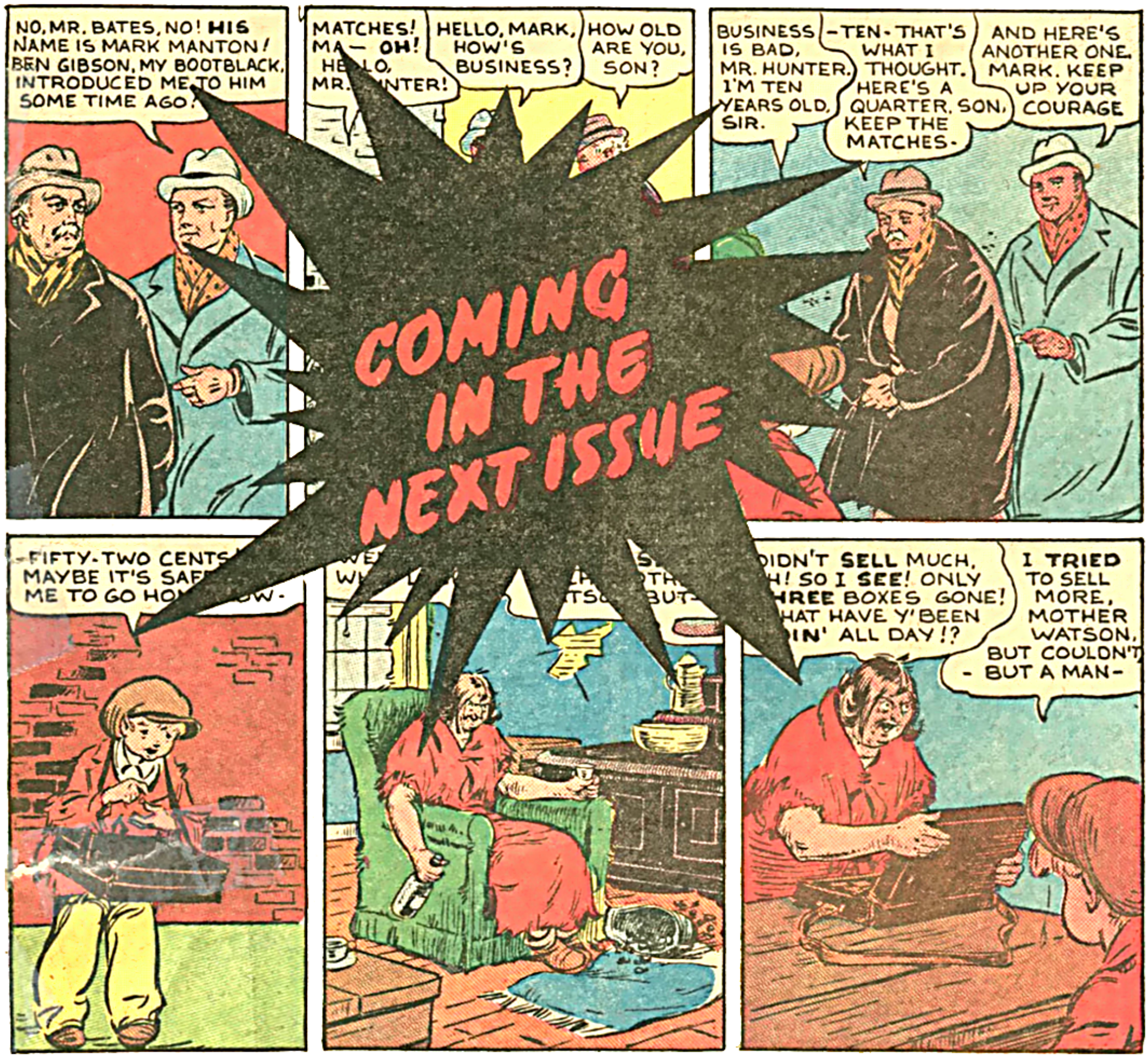

HA-HA-HA! THE FOOLS! THINKING THAT I'M PAYING SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS JUST FOR THAT OLD PROPERTY ALONE! IF THEY ONLY KNEW WHAT IS BURIED UNDER THEIR HOUSE! HA-HA-HA!

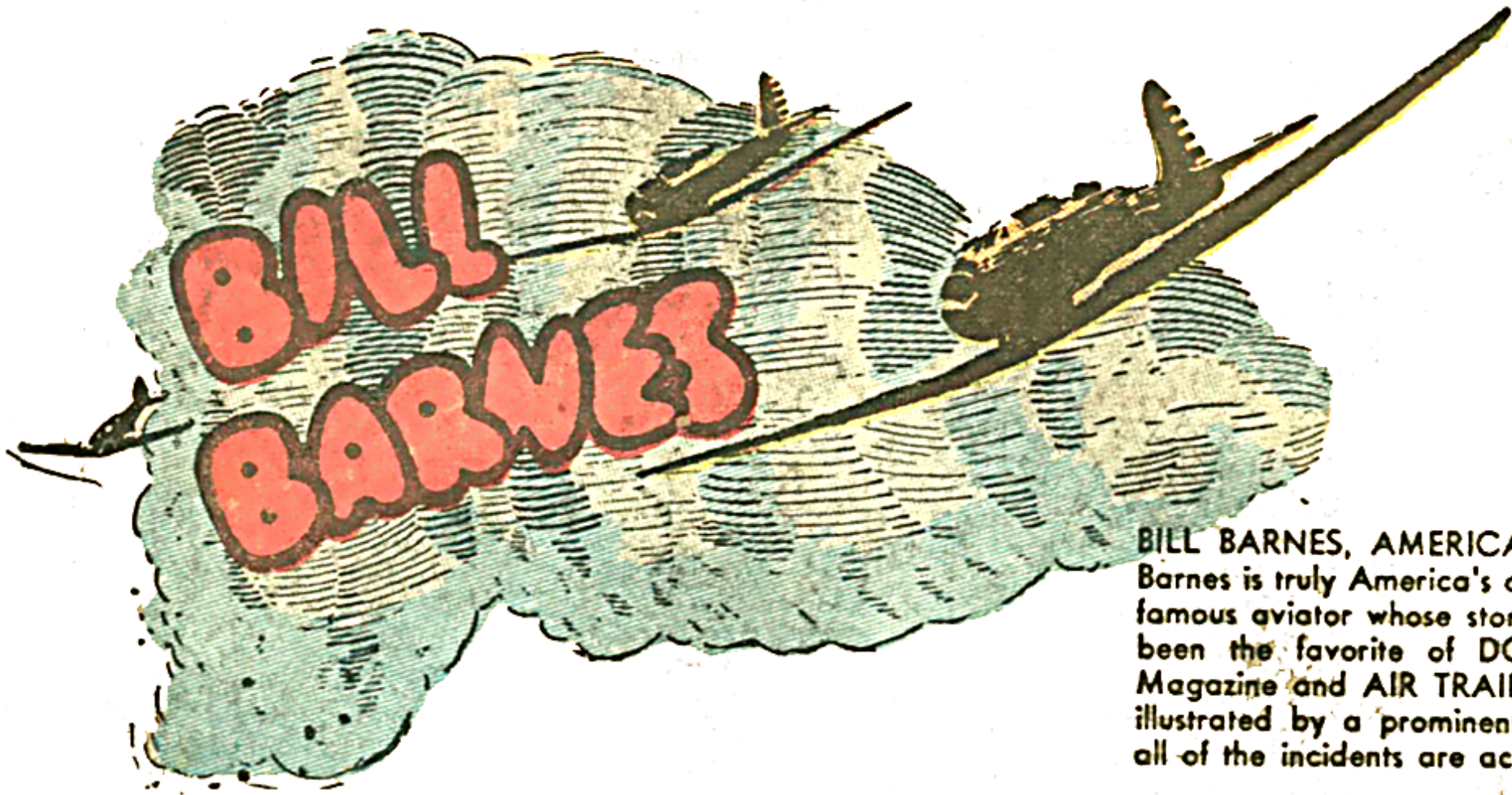
— AND HERE'S THE CHECK FOR FULL PAYMENT, MRS. BURTON! I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE IMMEDIATE POSSESSION OF THE PROPERTY!
THANK YOU! YOU MAY TAKE IMMEDIATE POSSESSION, MR. WOLVERTON! ROBERT HAS THE TRUCK PACKED WITH WHAT BELONGINGS WE WISH TO TAKE WITH US — AND WE ARE LEAVING RIGHT AWAY!


HE'LL TRY TO STOP PAYMENT OF THE CHECK WHEN HE FAILS TO FIND THE TREASURE CHEST, MRS. BURTON!
I THOUGHT OF THAT, SAM, SO I LOST NO TIME IN CASHING THE CHECK!
WONDER WHAT HE'D SAY IF HE KNEW THAT THE TREASURE CHEST IS UNDER-NEATH OUR FURNITURE IN THE BACK OF THIS TRUCK!?!

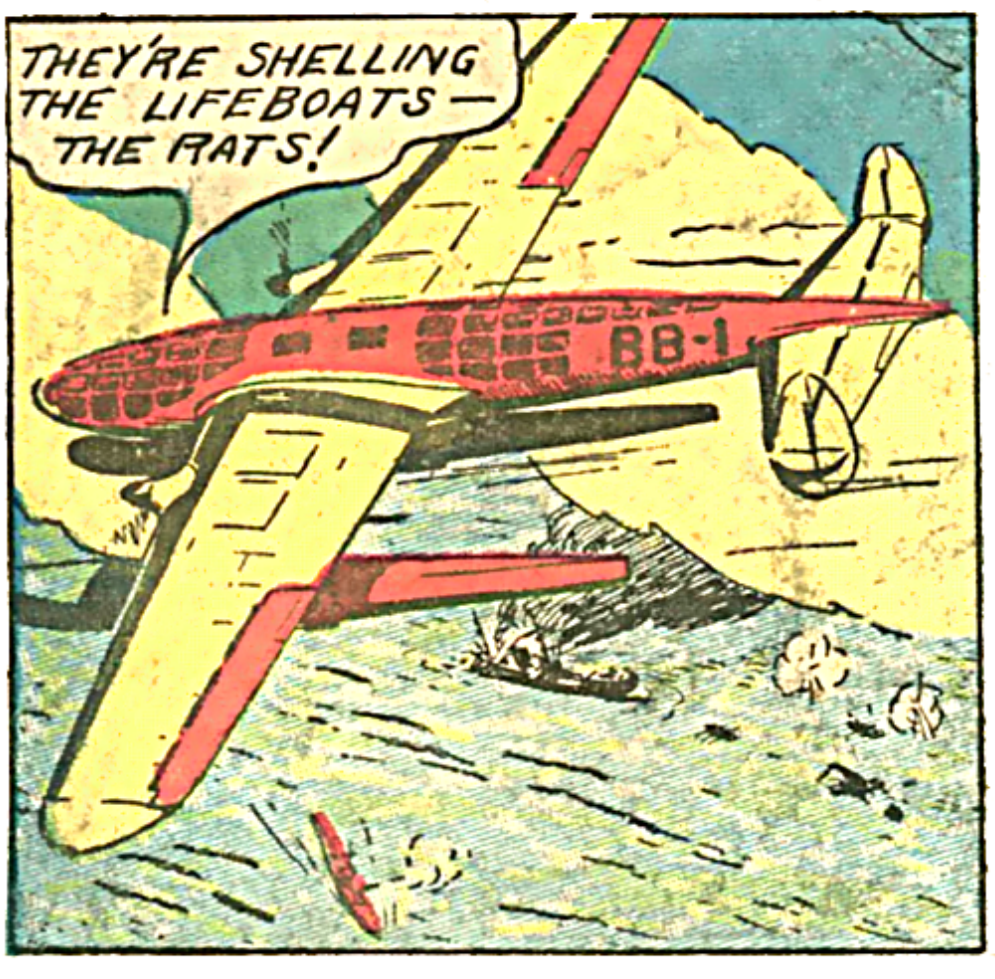

MARK, THE MATCH BOY
BY
HORATIO ALGER, JR.

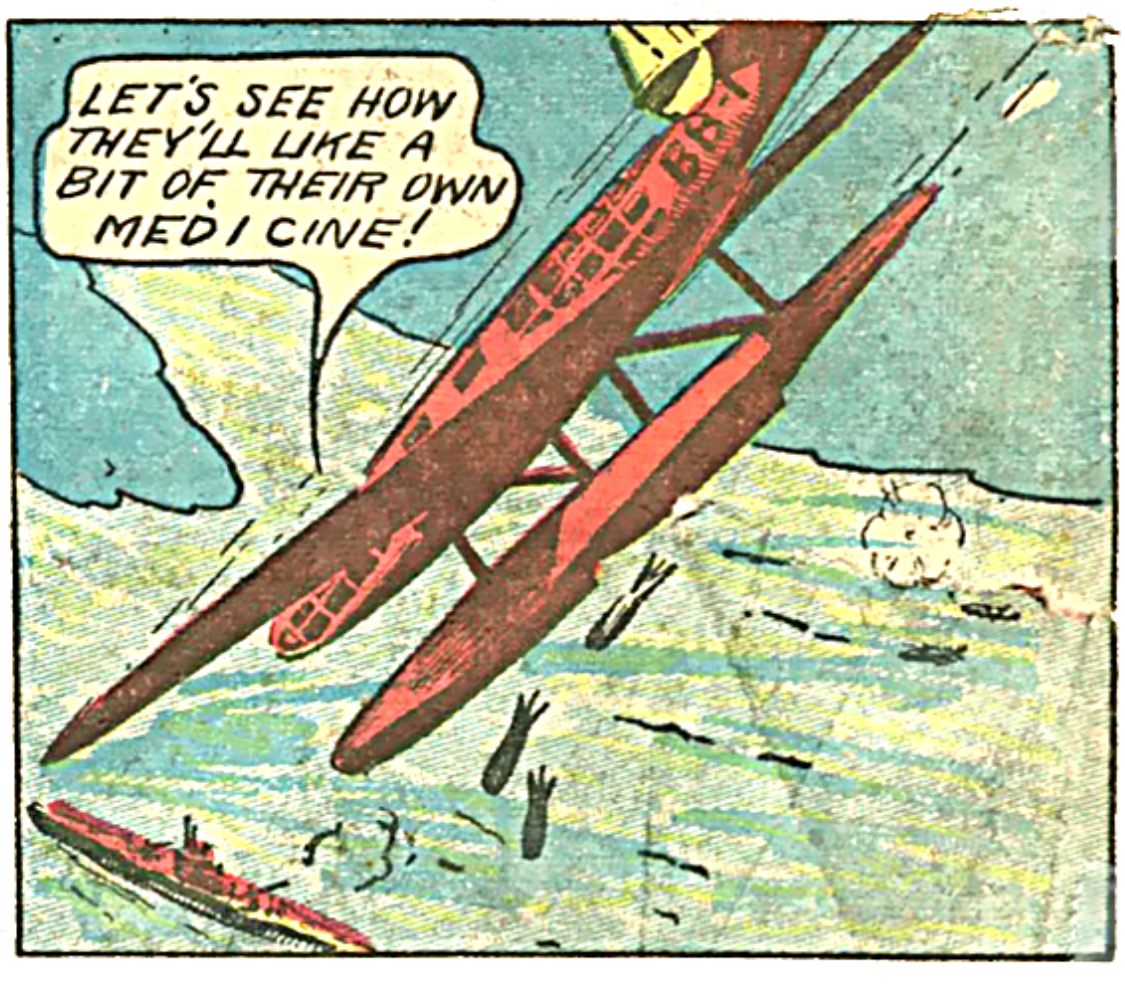

MATCHES, SIR! MATCHES! PLEASE BUY A BOX!
LOOK AT THE CLOTHES THAT POOR LITTLE MATCH BOY IS WEARING IN THIS COLD WEATHER!
WHY! HE'S JUST ABOUT JOHN'S AGE! AND WHAT A RESEMBLANCE TO MY DAUGHTER IRENE! MAYBE HE—

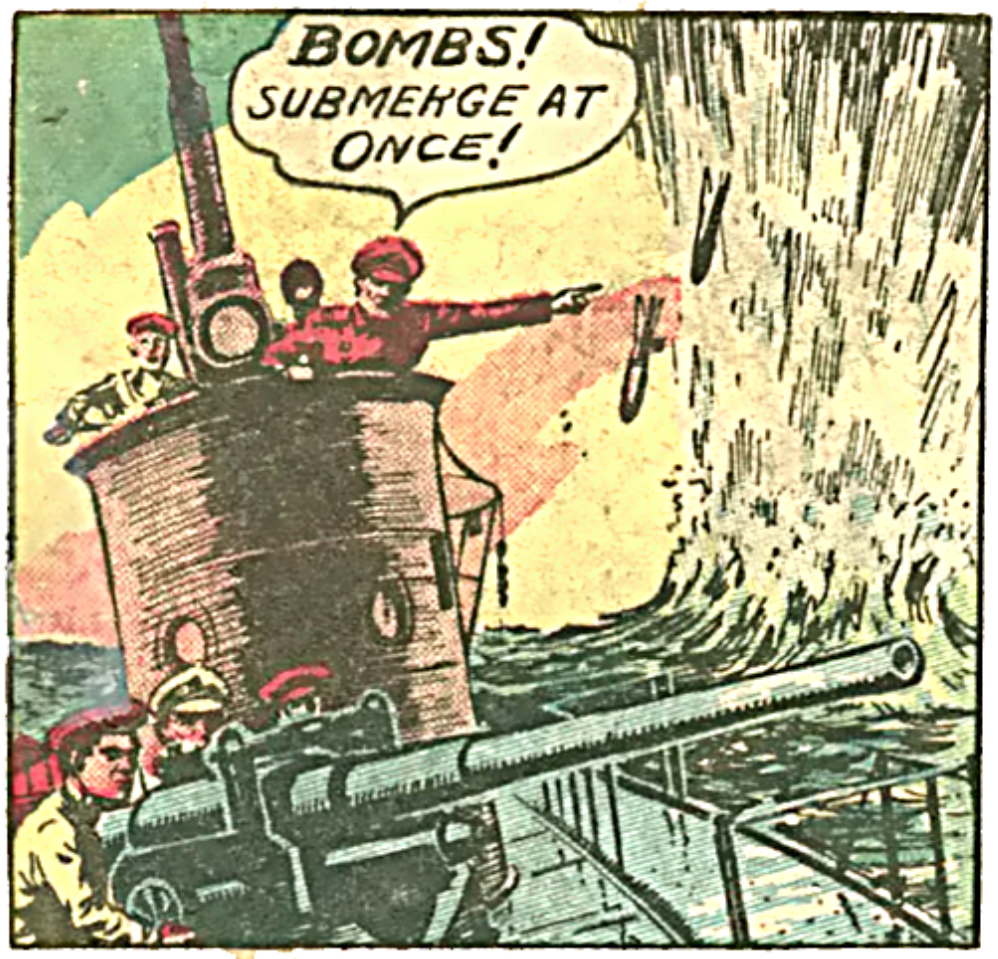

NO, MR. BATES, NO! HIS NAME IS MARK MANTON! BEN GIBSON, MY BOOTBLACK, INTRODUCED ME TO HIM SOME TIME AGO!
MATCHES! MA— OH! HE LO, MR. NTER!
HELLO, MARK, HOW'S BUSINESS?
HOW OLD ARE YOU, SON?
BUSINESS IS BAD, MR. HUNTER. I'M TEN YEARS OLD, SIR.
—TEN—THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. HERE'S A QUARTER, SON, KEEP THE MATCHES.
AND HERE'S ANOTHER ONE. MARK. KEEP UP YOUR COURAGE
COMING IN THE NEXT ISSUE
—FIFTY-TWO CENTS MAYBE IT'S SAF ME TO GO HO W.
DIDN'T SELL MUCH, H! SO I SEE! ONLY HREE BOXES GONE! HAT HAVE Y'BEEN IN' ALL DAY!?
I TRIED TO SELL MORE, MOTHER WATSON, BUT COULDN'T - BUT A MAN—

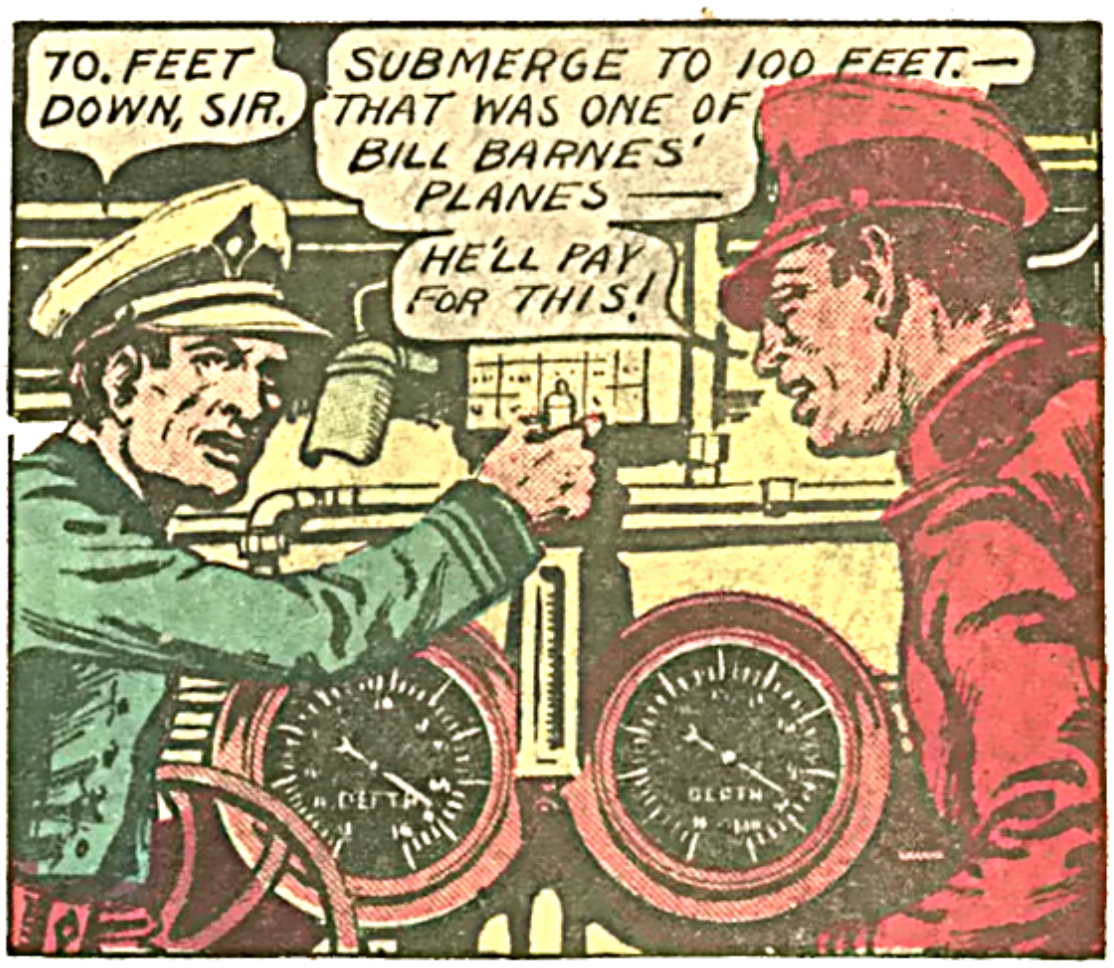


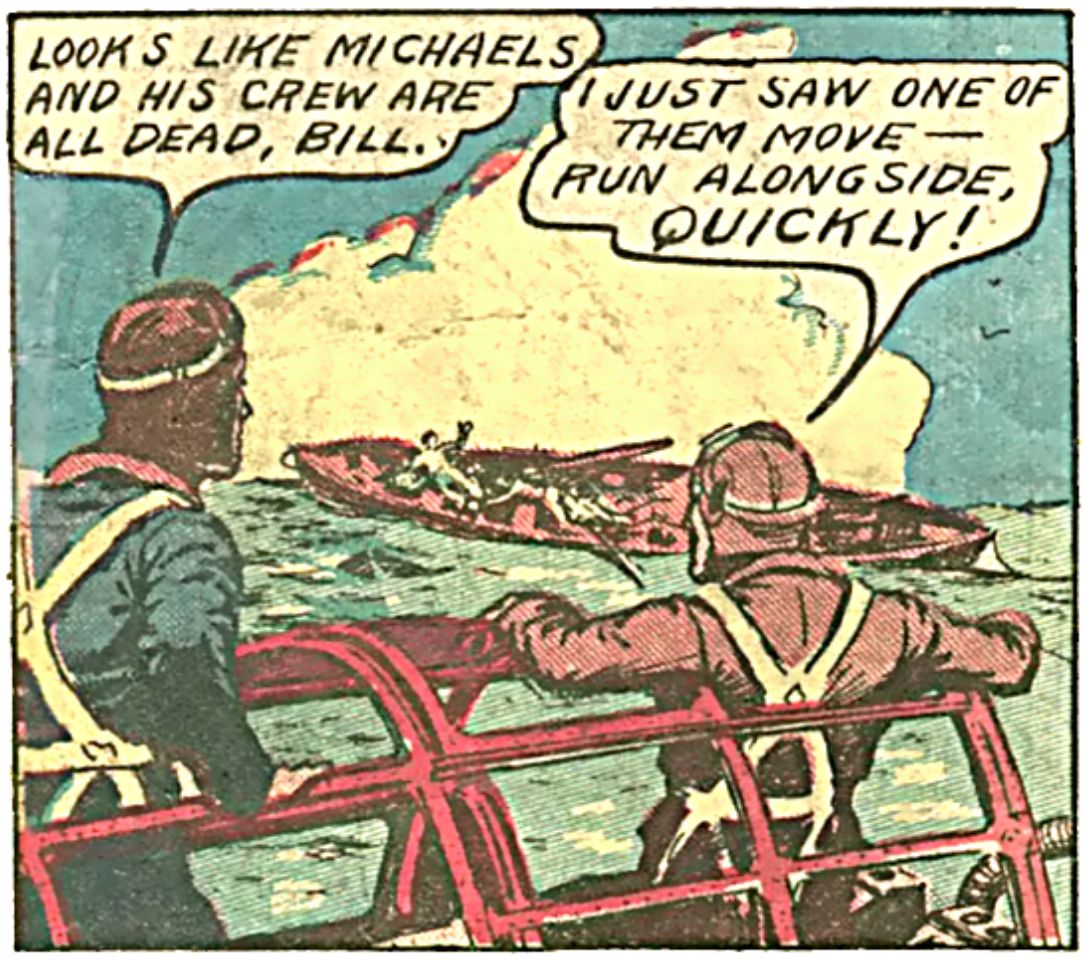
BILL BARNES, AMERICA'S ACE—Bill Barnes is truly America's ace. He is the famous aviator whose stories have long been the favorite of DOC SAVAGE Magazine and AIR TRAILS. They are illustrated by a prominent aviator and all of the incidents are accurate.

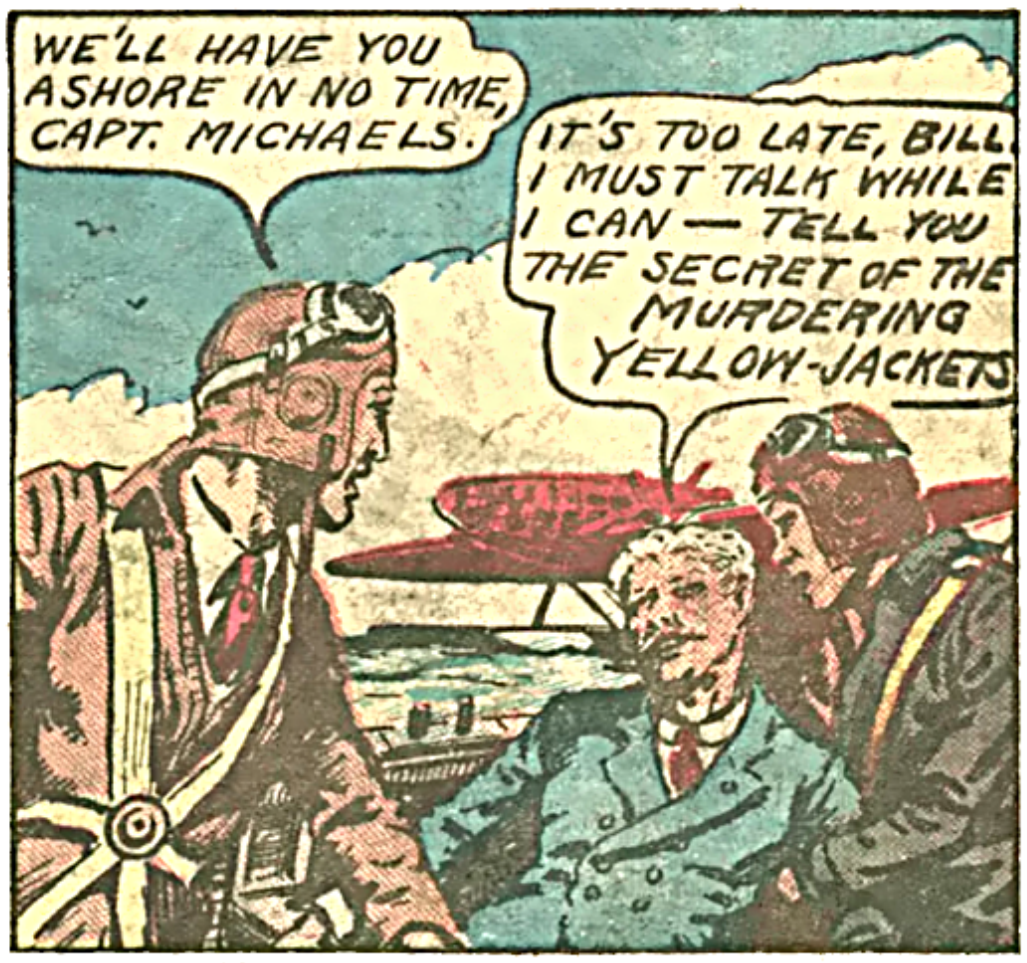


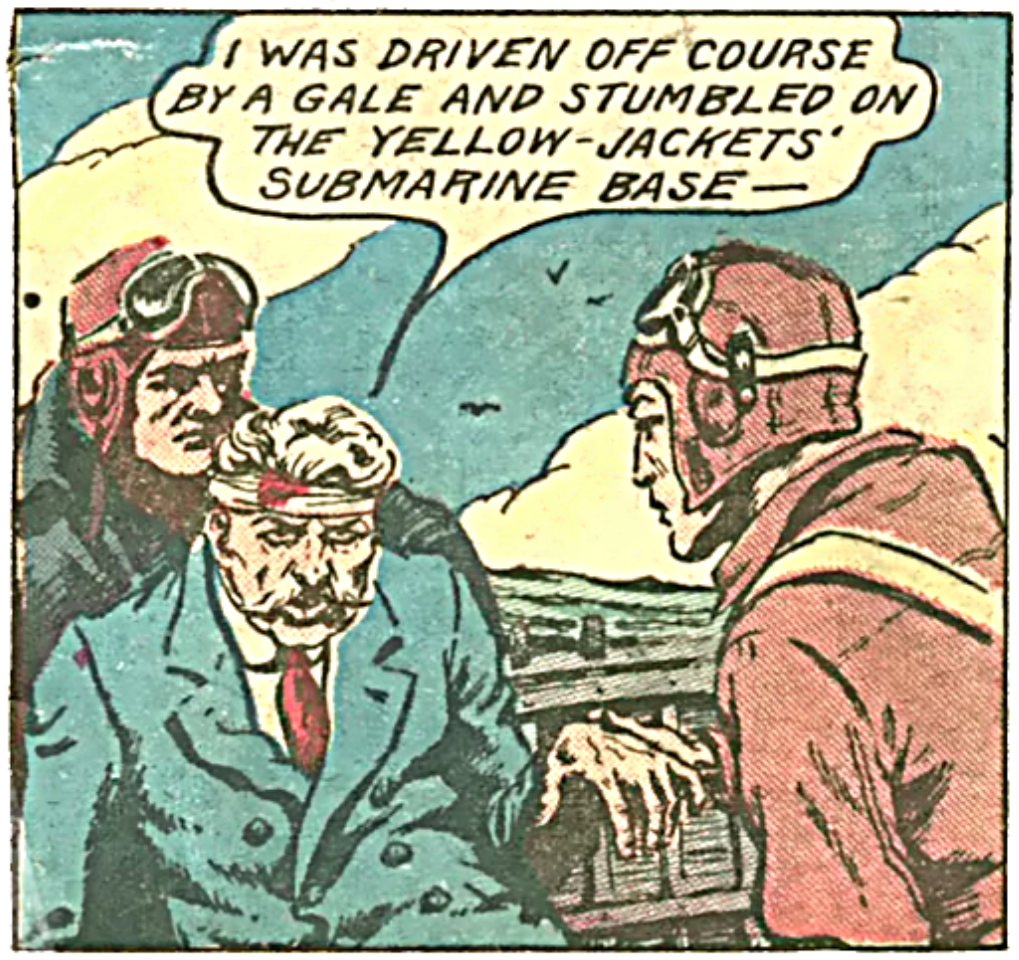



BOMBS! SUBMERGE AT ONCE!

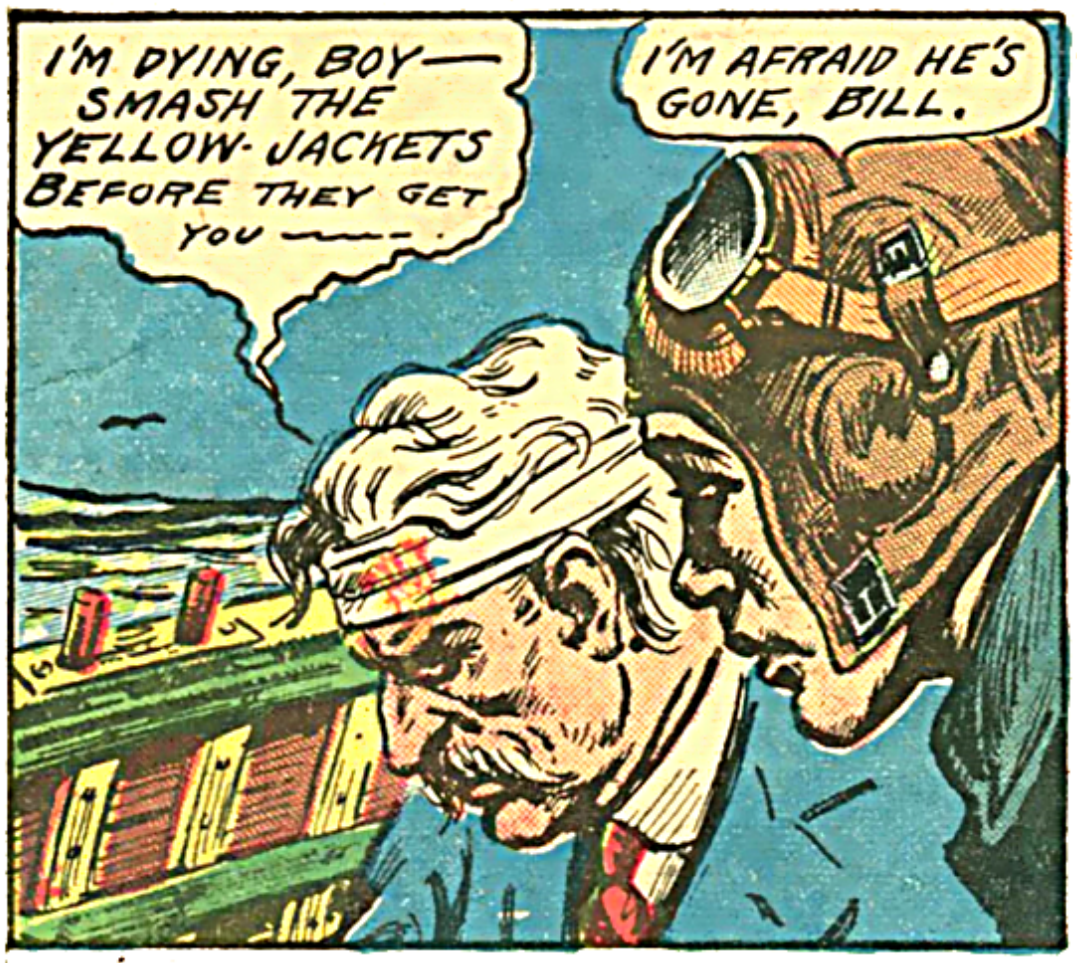

70. FEET DOWN, SIR.
SUBMERGE TO 100 FEET.— THAT WAS ONE OF BILL BARNES' PLANES —
HE'LL PAY FOR THIS!


LOOKS LIKE MICHAELS AND HIS CREW ARE ALL DEAD, BILL.
I JUST SAW ONE OF THEM MOVE — RUN ALONGSIDE, QUICKLY!

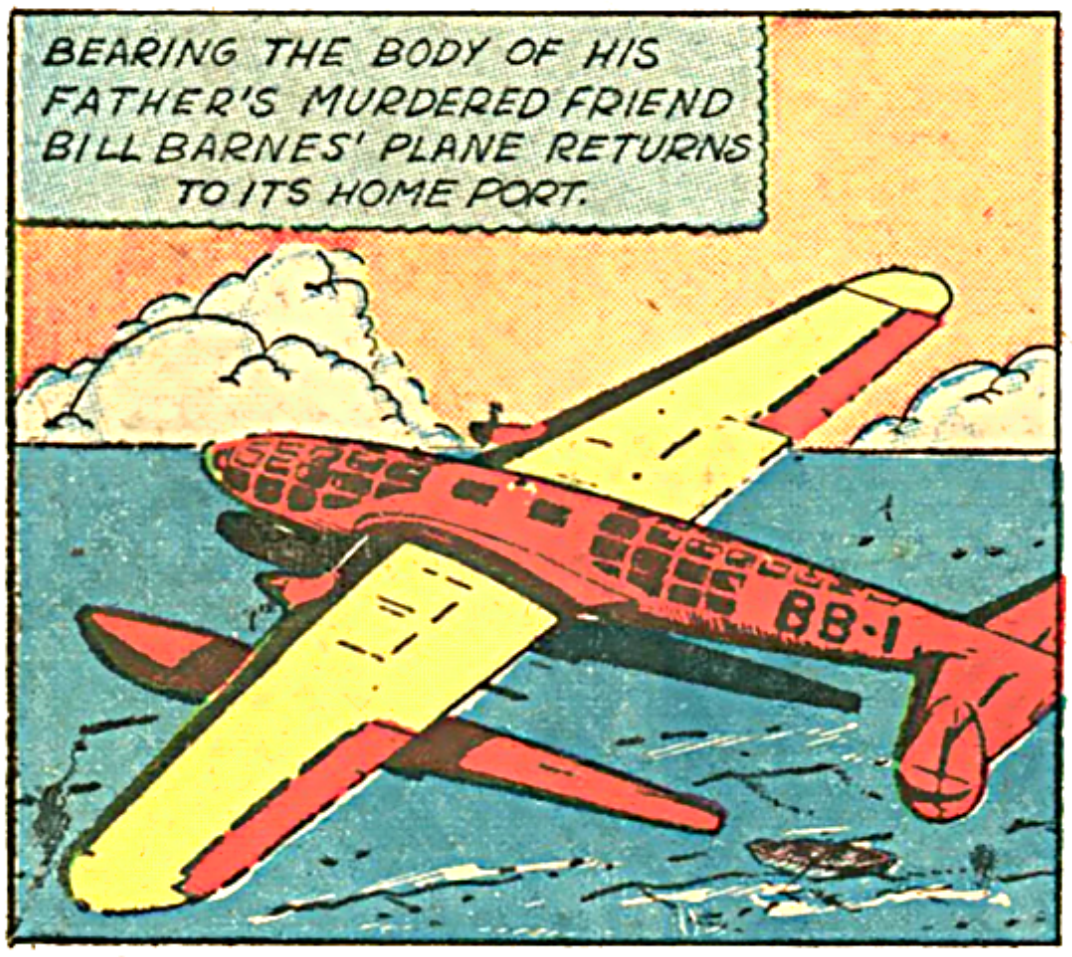

WE'LL HAVE YOU ASHORE IN NO TIME, CAPT. MICHAELS.
IT'S TOO LATE, BILL. I MUST TALK WHILE I CAN — TELL YOU THE SECRET OF THE MURDERING YELLOW-JACKETS

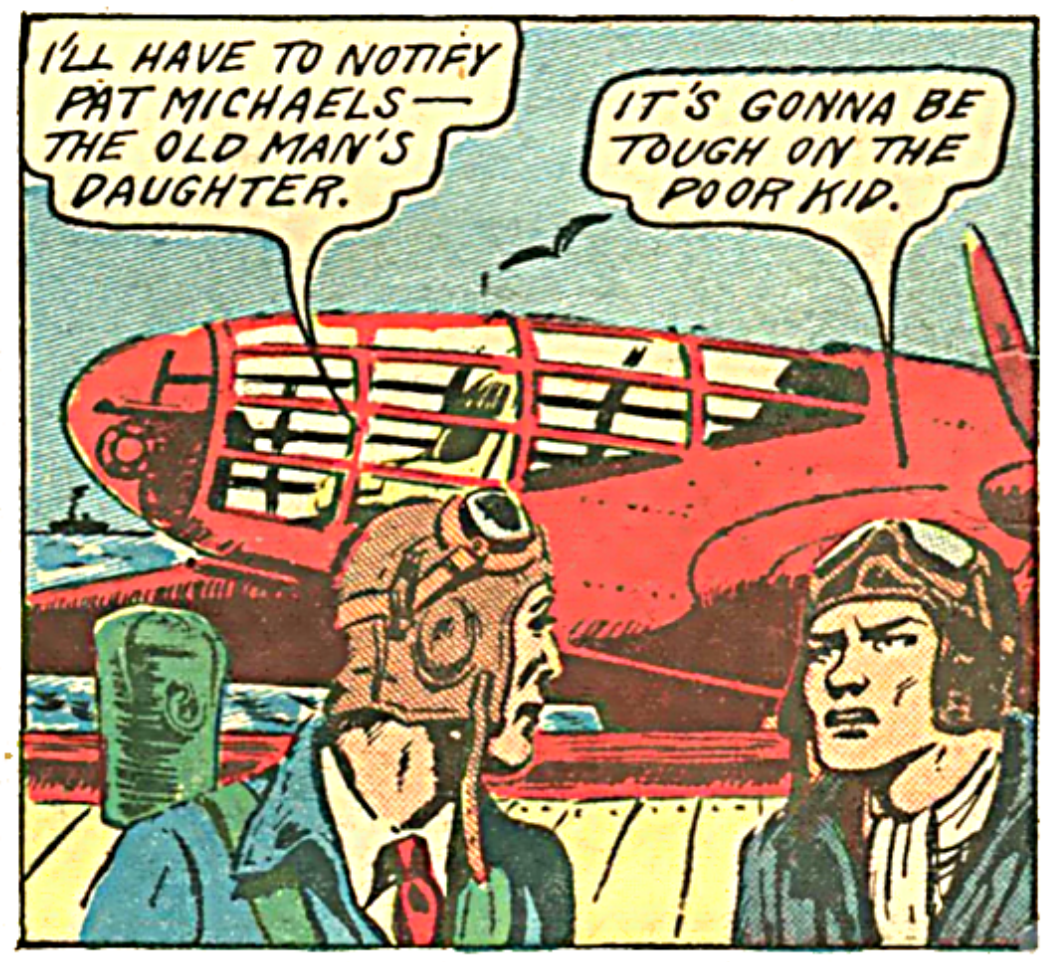

I WAS DRIVEN OFF COURSE BY A GALE AND STUMBLED ON THE YELLOW-JACKETS' SUBMARINE BASE—

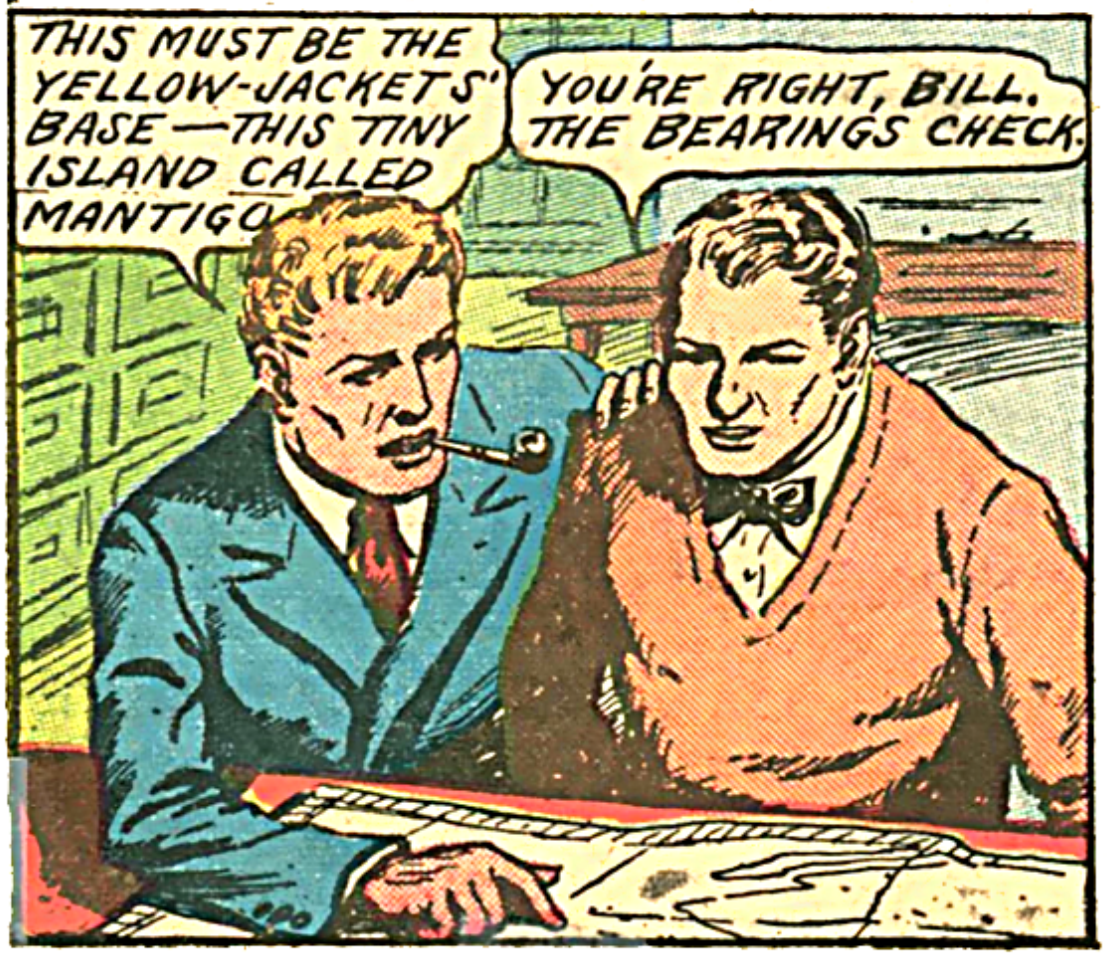
I TRIED TO ELUDE THEM, BUT THEIR SUB FINALLY CAUGHT US.
THEY HAVE SUNK MY SHIP, BOY — THEY HAVE KILLED MY CREW!

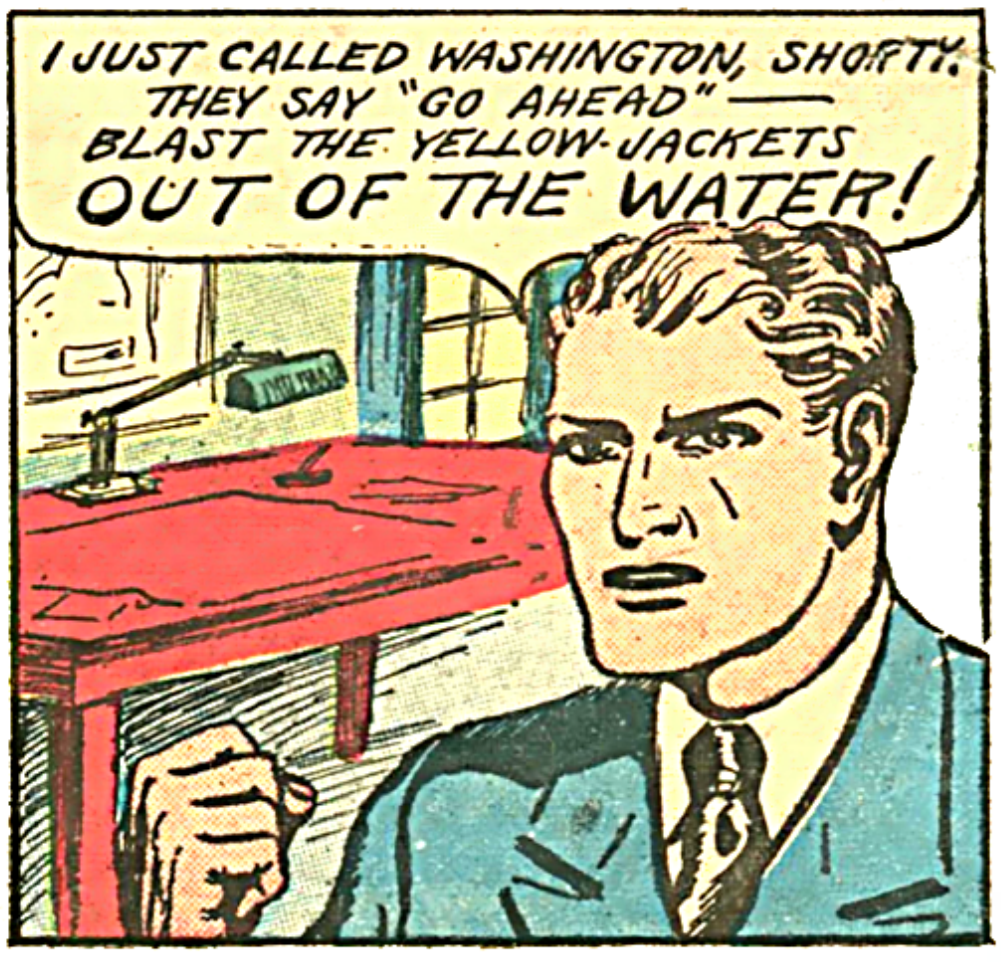

I'M DYING, BOY— SMASH THE YELLOW-JACKETS BEFORE THEY GET YOU ——.
I'M AFRAID HE'S GONE, BILL.

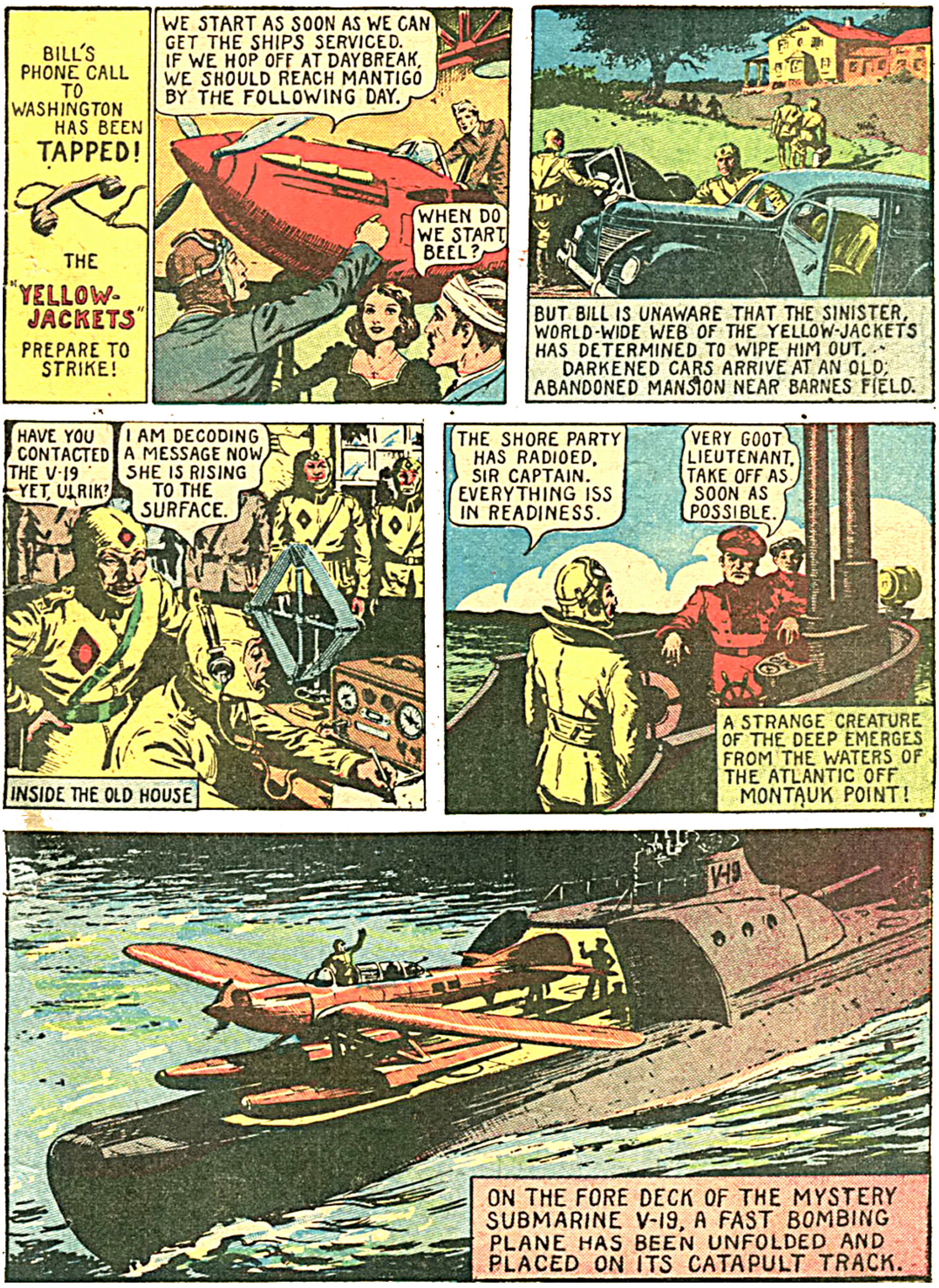
THEY HAVE MURDERED MY FATHER'S OLDEST FRIEND. —THE YELLOW-JACKETS SHALL PAY FOR THIS!

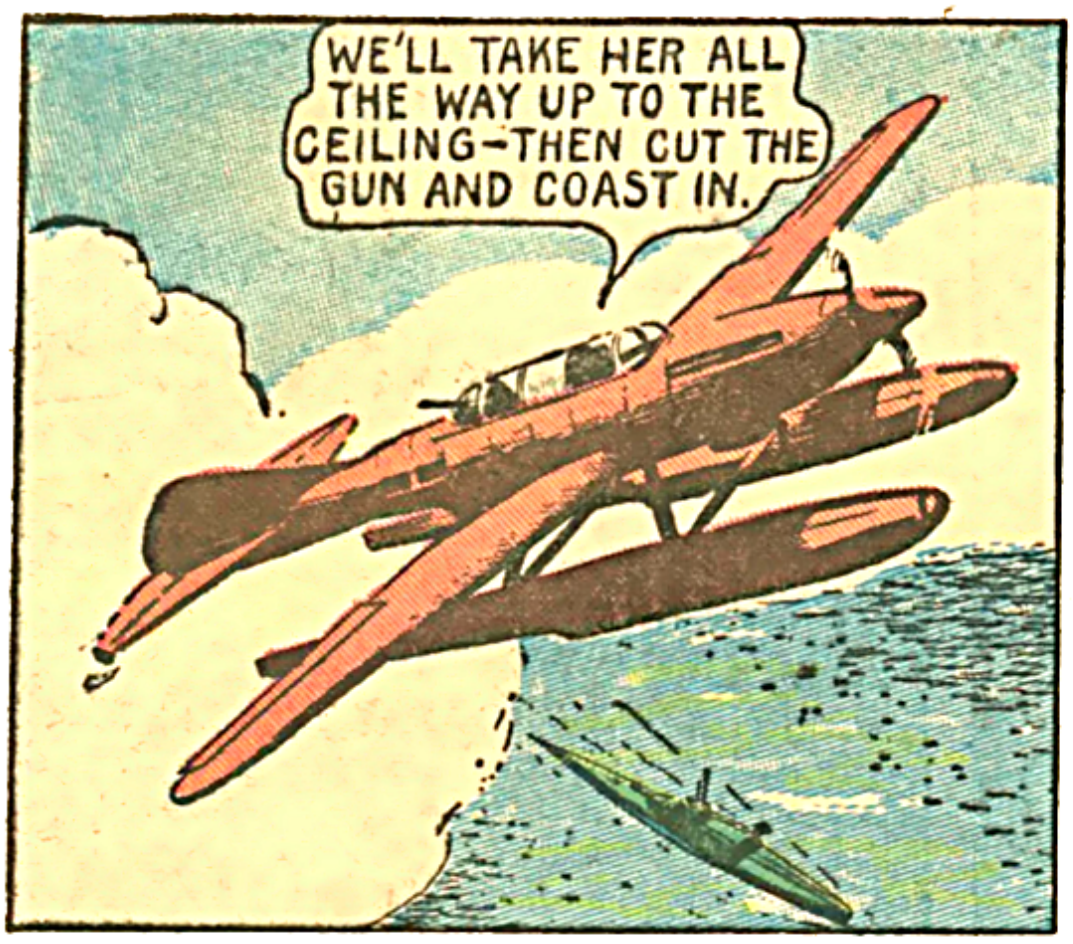

BEARING THE BODY OF HIS FATHER'S MURDERED FRIEND BILL BARNES' PLANE RETURNS TO ITS HOME PORT.
BB-1


I'LL HAVE TO NOTIFY PAT MICHAELS— THE OLD MAN'S DAUGHTER.
IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH ON THE POOR KID.

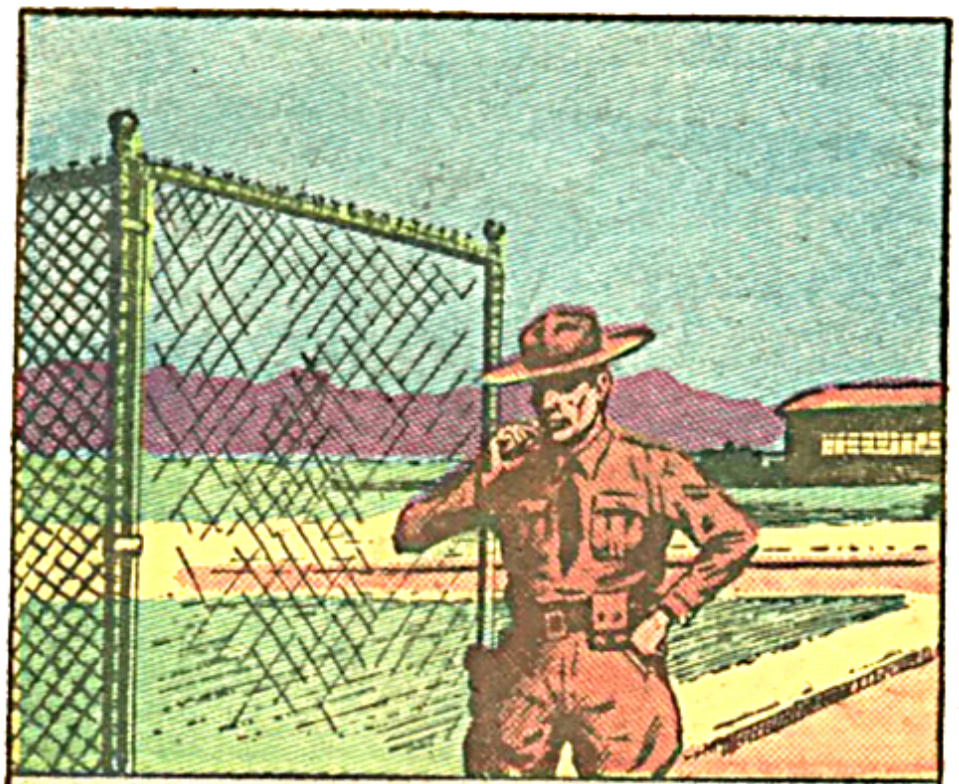

THIS MUST BE THE YELLOW-JACKETS' BASE—THIS TINY ISLAND CALLED MANTIGO
YOU'RE RIGHT, BILL. THE BEARINGS CHECK.


I JUST CALLED WASHINGTON, SHORTY. THEY SAY "GO AHEAD"— BLAST THE YELLOW-JACKETS OUT OF THE WATER!

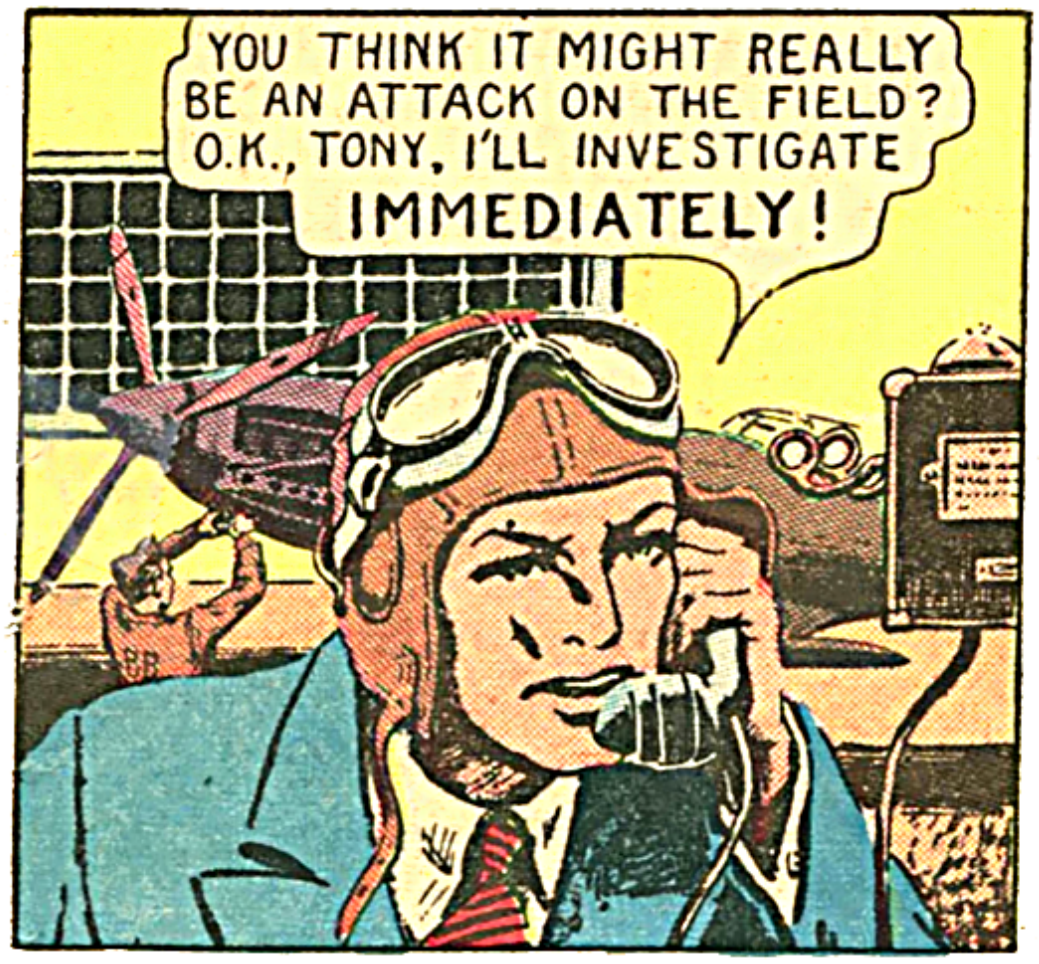

BILL'S PHONE CALL TO WASHINGTON HAS BEEN TAPPED!
THE "YELLOW-JACKETS" PREPARE TO STRIKE!
WE START AS SOON AS WE CAN GET THE SHIPS SERVICED. IF WE HOP OFF AT DAYBREAK, WE SHOULD REACH MANTIGO BY THE FOLLOWING DAY.
WHEN DO WE START, BEEL?
BUT BILL IS UNAWARE THAT THE SINISTER, WORLD-WIDE WEB OF THE YELLOW-JACKETS HAS DETERMINED TO WIPE HIM OUT. DARKENED CARS ARRIVE AT AN OLD, ABANDONED MANSION NEAR BARNES FIELD.
HAVE YOU CONTACTED THE V-19 YET, ULRIK?
I AM DECODING A MESSAGE NOW SHE IS RISING TO THE SURFACE.
INSIDE THE OLD HOUSE
THE SHORE PARTY HAS RADIOED, SIR CAPTAIN. EVERYTHING ISS IN READINESS.
VERY GOOT LIEUTENANT, TAKE OFF AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
A STRANGE CREATURE OF THE DEEP EMERGES FROM THE WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC OFF MONTAUK POINT!
V-19
ON THE FORE DECK OF THE MYSTERY SUBMARINE V-19, A FAST BOMBING PLANE HAS BEEN UNFOLDED AND PLACED ON ITS CATAPULT TRACK.

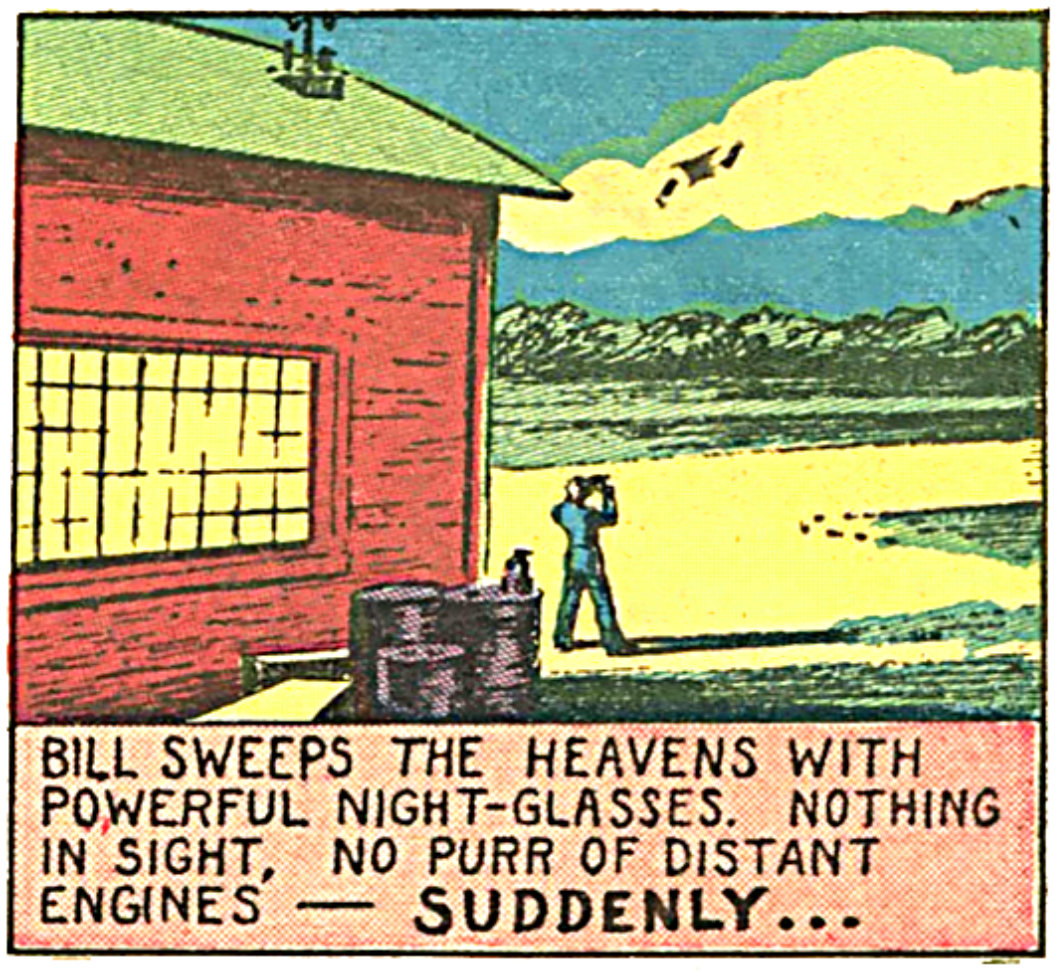


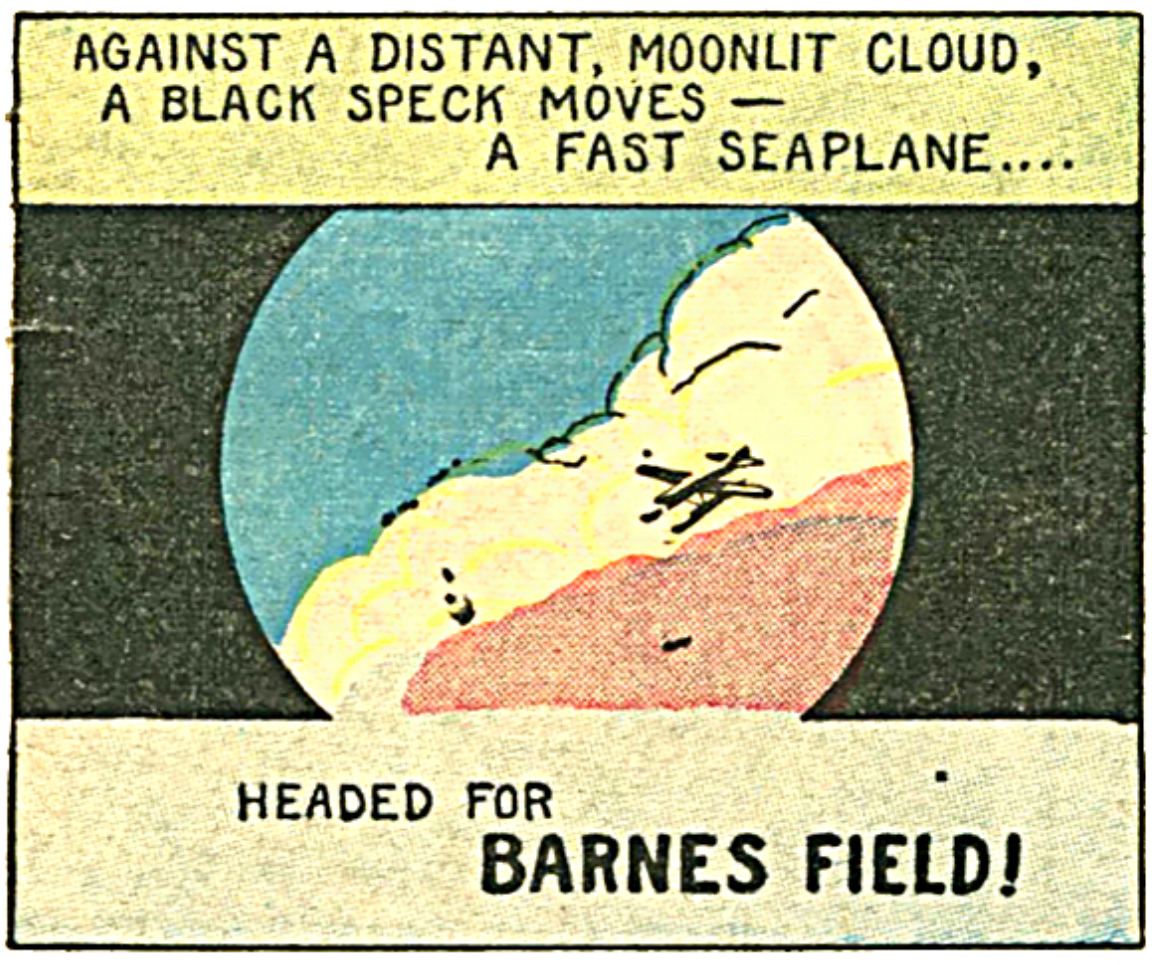
MEANWHILE, DARK FIGURES ARE SLINKING THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH.... THEY CLOSE IN ON THE SIDE GATE OF BARNES FIELD....

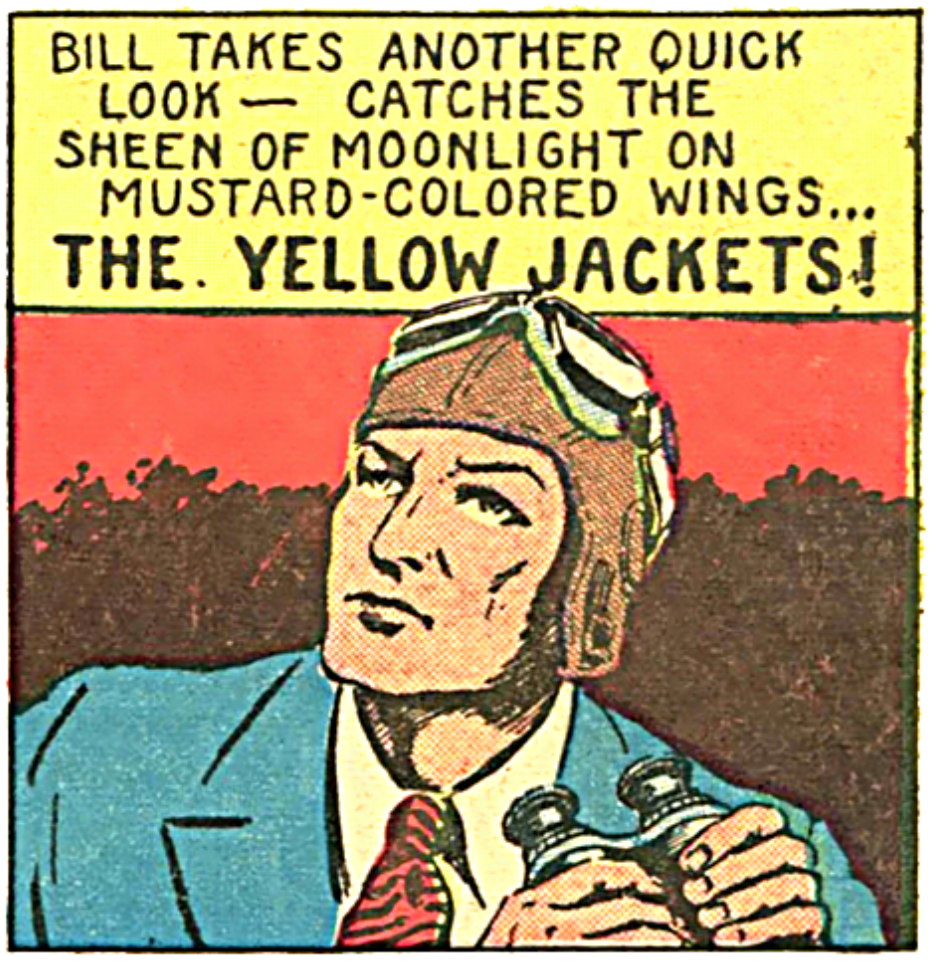


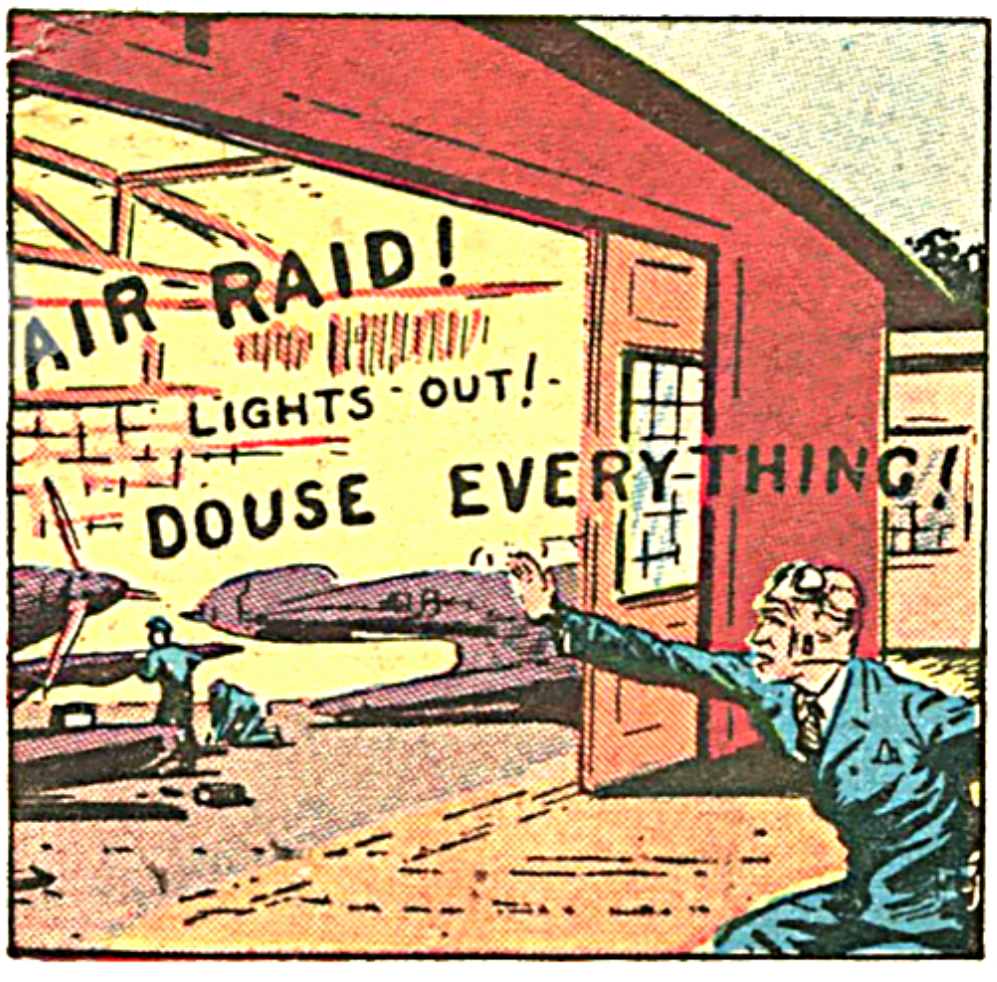
UNCONSCIOUS OF DANGER, ONE OF BILL BARNES' EX-MARINE GUARDS STEALS A QUICK SMOKE AS HE STANDS IDLY IN THE OPEN PORTAL...

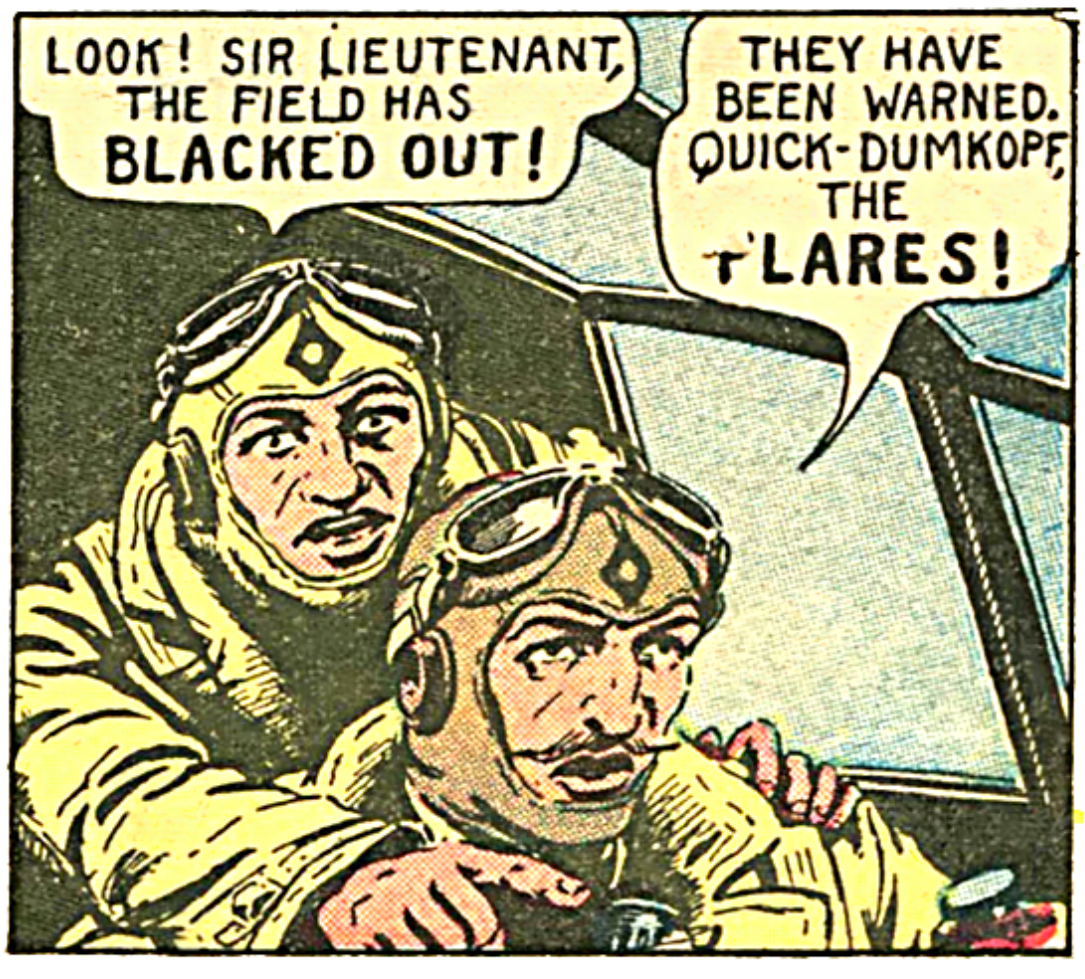

YOU THINK IT MIGHT REALLY BE AN ATTACK ON THE FIELD? O.K., TONY, I'LL INVESTIGATE IMMEDIATELY!

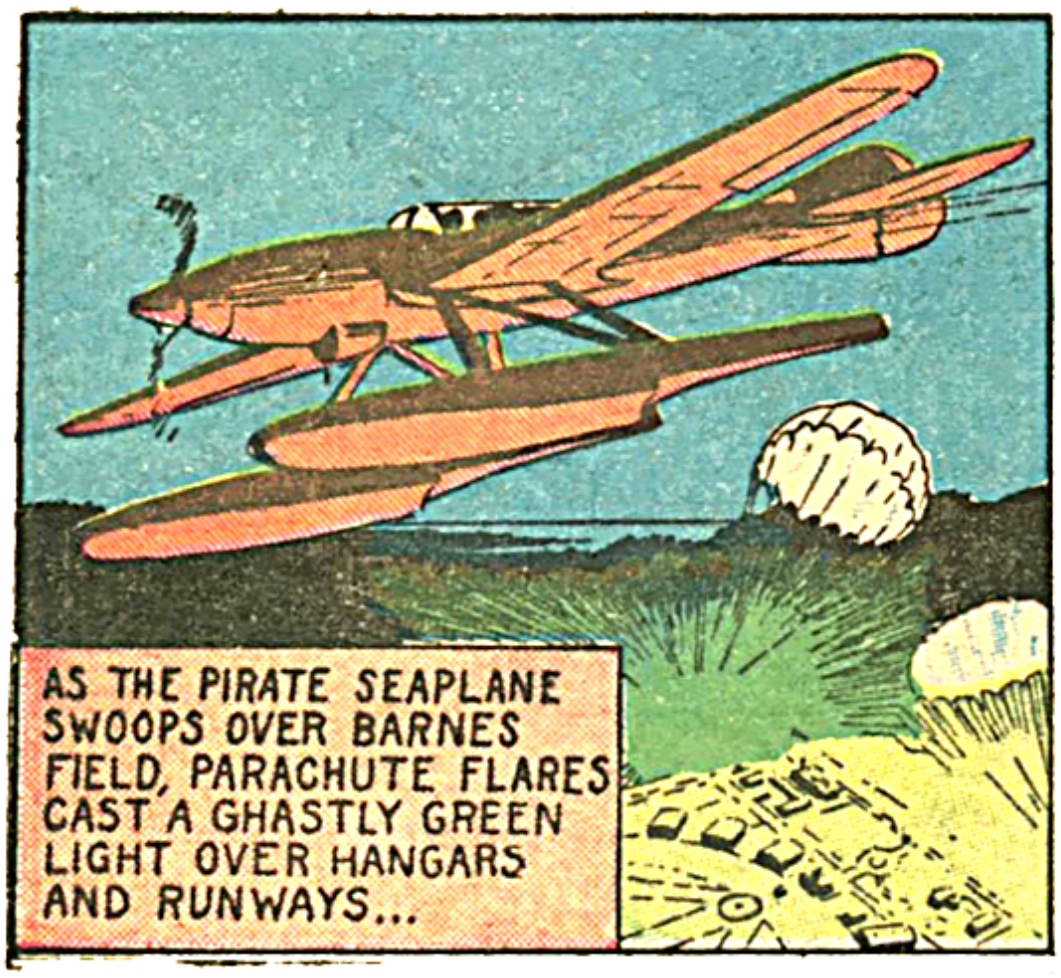

BILL SWEEPS THE HEAVENS WITH POWERFUL NIGHT-GLASSES. NOTHING IN SIGHT, NO PURR OF DISTANT ENGINES — SUDDENLY...


AGAINST A DISTANT, MOONLIT CLOUD, A BLACK SPECK MOVES — A FAST SEAPLANE....
HEADED FOR BARNES FIELD!


BILL TAKES ANOTHER QUICK LOOK — CATCHES THE SHEEN OF MOONLIGHT ON MUSTARD-COLORED WINGS... THE YELLOW JACKETS!

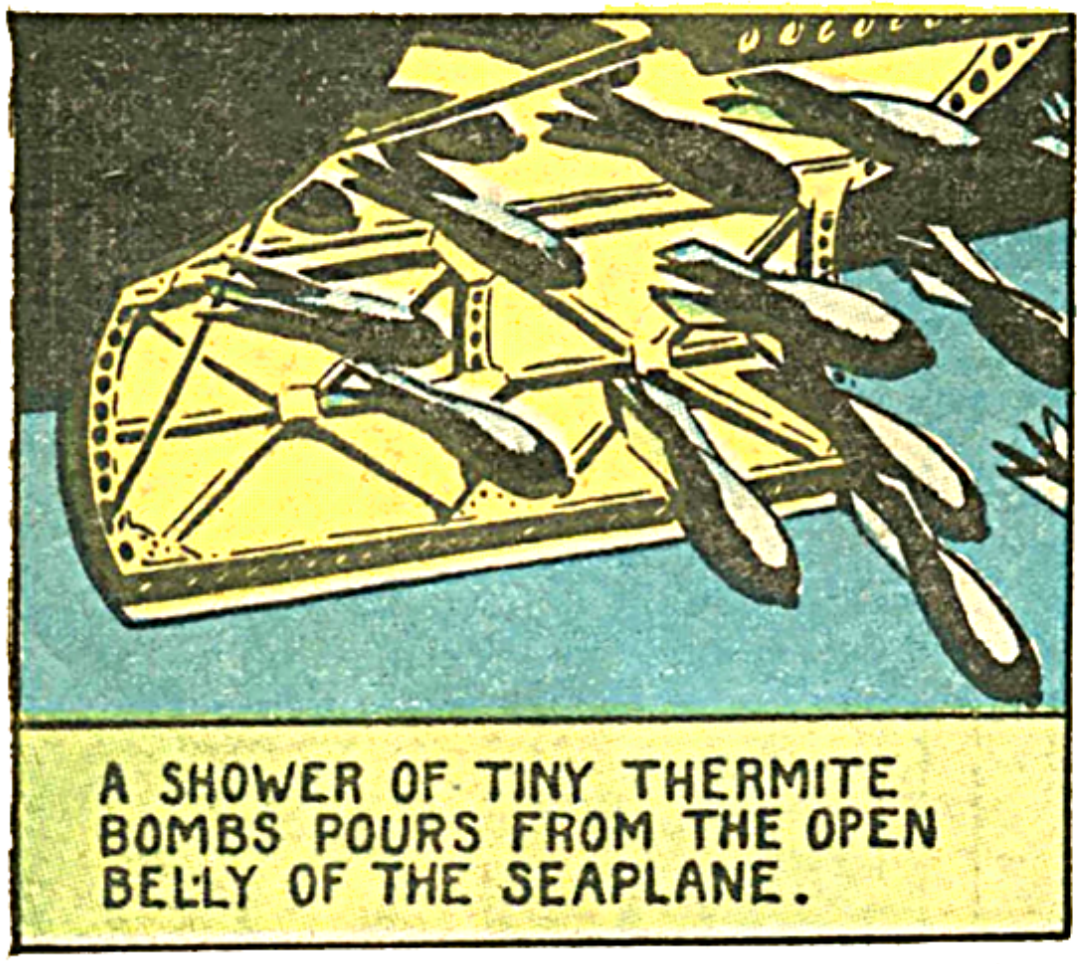

AIR RAID!
LIGHTS OUT!
DOUSE EVERY-THING!


LOOK! SIR LIEUTENANT, THE FIELD HAS BLACKED OUT!
THEY HAVE BEEN WARNED. QUICK-DUMKOPF, THE T'LARES!

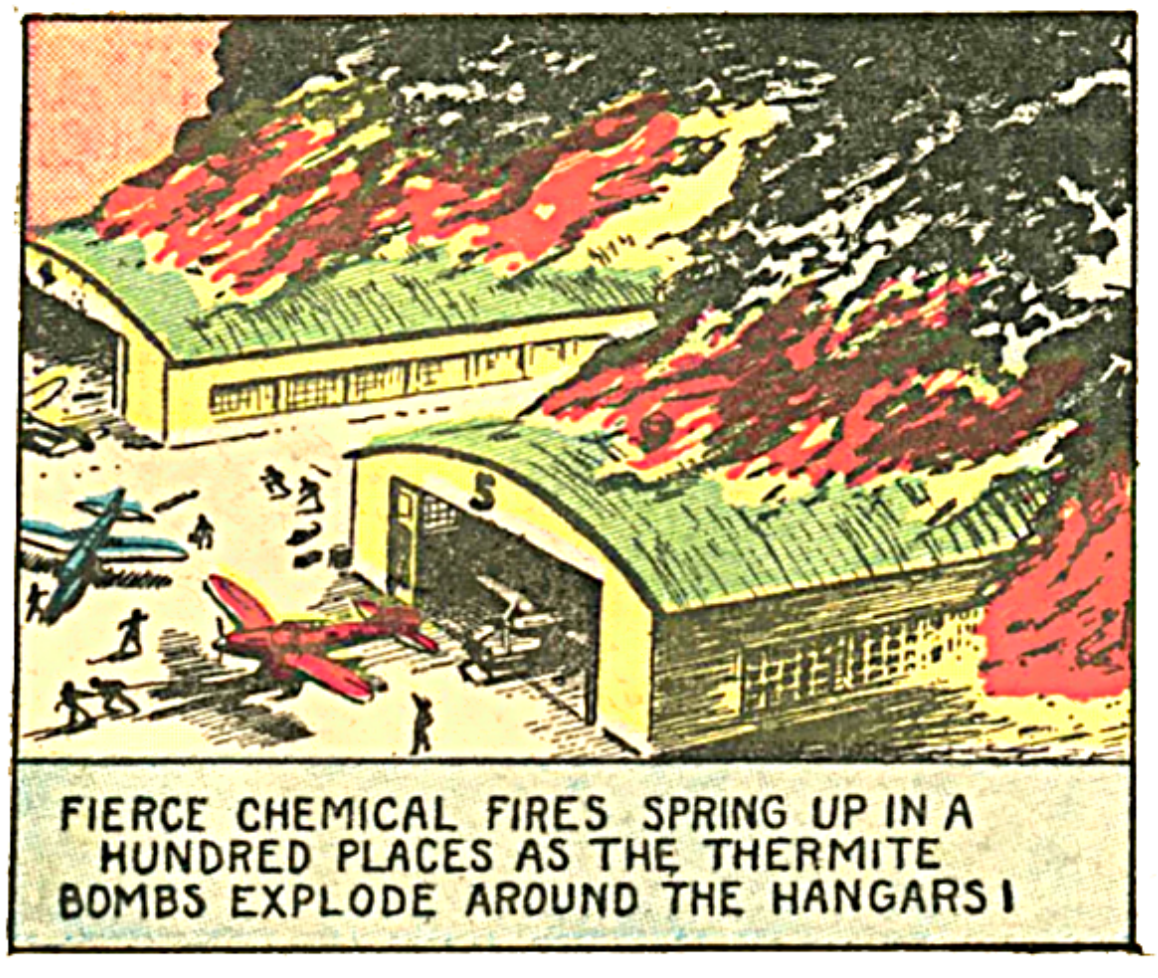

AS THE PIRATE SEAPLANE SWOOPS OVER BARNES FIELD, PARACHUTE FLARES CAST A GHASTLY GREEN LIGHT OVER HANGARS AND RUNWAYS...

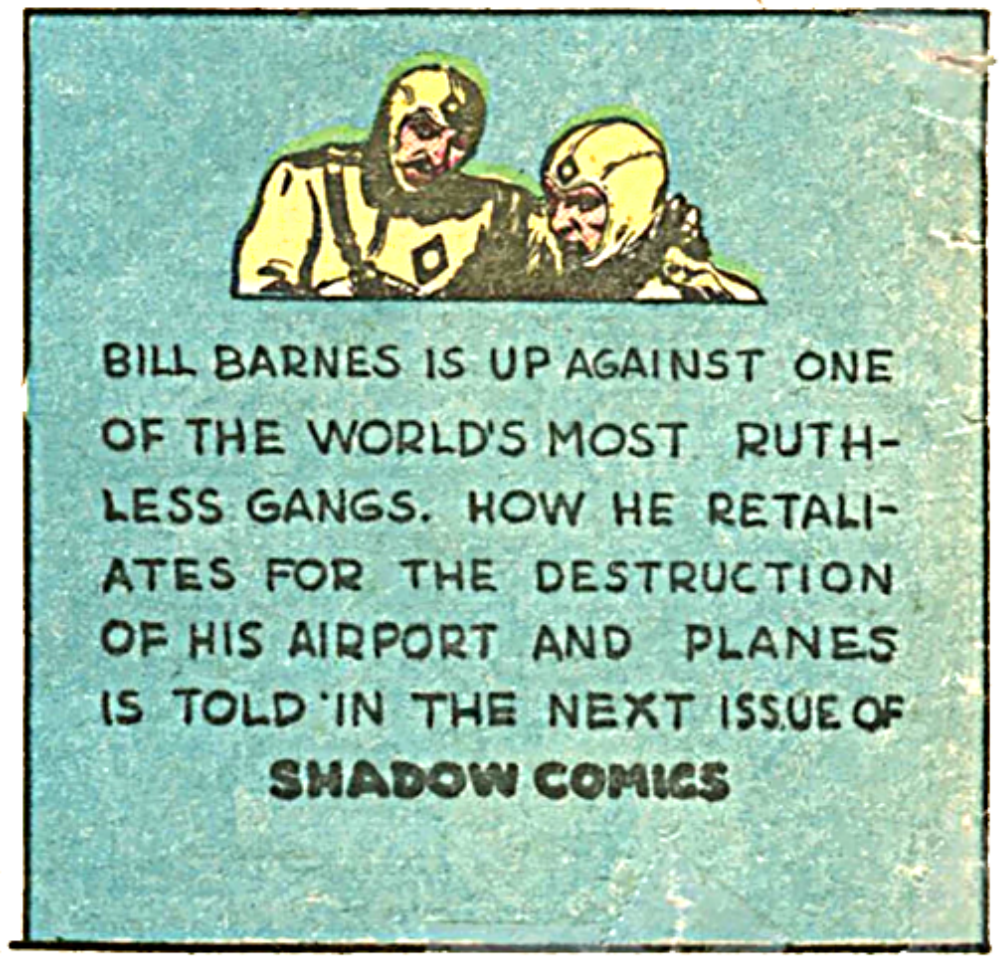
THE PIRATE SEAPLANE CIRCLES AND HEADS BACK TOWARD THE BARNES HANGARS.
THE BOMBER PEERS THROUGH HIS SIGHTS...

BEAR TO THE RIGHT, SIR LIEUTENANT — NOW A LEEDLE LEFT — STRAIGHT NOW PLEASE AND WE HAFF DEM....
SO!


A SHOWER OF TINY THERMITE BOMBS POURS FROM THE OPEN BELLY OF THE SEAPLANE.

RUSHING FROM HANGAR TO HANGAR, BILL BARNES ROARS HURRIED ORDERS.
QUICKLY!
RUN ALL PLANES INTO THE OPEN.


FIERCE CHEMICAL FIRES SPRING UP IN A HUNDRED PLACES AS THE THERMITE BOMBS EXPLODE AROUND THE HANGARS!


BILL BARNES IS UP AGAINST ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST RUTHLESS GANGS. HOW HE RETALIATES FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS AIRPORT AND PLANES IS TOLD IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
SHADOW COMICS

(Continued from page 15)

When Dan placed the envelope in his pocket and turned away from the desk, Slug motioned him toward the elevator. They both went up to the room again.

Once inside the room, Tony asked Slug: "Did you get the dough?"

"It's O. K.," Slug sneered. "We'll have it in a minute." Then turning to Dan, he said gruffly: "Let's have it now. Quick!"

"Listen, boys—can't we talk this over?" Dan was stalling for time.

"We did enough talkin' already, Dugan!" Slug boomed. "Tony, take the envelope from this guy's inside coat pocket!"

Tony frisked Dan and got the envelope. Opening it, he pulled out a single sheet of paper. Suddenly he yelled: "He put one over on us! This ain't nothin' but a bill for his room rent!"

Slug turned red with rage. "Why, you dirty dog! This is your finish! We're gonna polish you off right here and now!"

Slug raised his arm and pointed the gun squarely at Dan's chest. But in the excitement over the envelope, they relaxed their vigilance on Tim for one second. That second was enough!

Tim flung the telephone with all his strength. The heavy instrument smashed into Slug's gun hand, sending the gun clattering to the floor. Taking advantage of the situation, Dan leaped for Tony and twisted his arm until the thug was forced to drop his automatic. Now it was two against two, with no advantage on either side.

At that moment, hurried footsteps were heard in the hall. Three policemen rushed into the room.

"You're just in time, gentlemen," Dan greeted. "Take these punks and book them for attempted murder, stick-up, illegal entry, assault and battery, and anything else you can find in the rule book!"

The police officers left with the thugs.

"Whew!" Tim gave vent to a sigh of relief after the room was put in order. "That was exciting. But a lot of things need clearing up, Dan."

"What, for instance?" Dan asked, as he counted over the five thousand to make sure he hadn't lost any of it in the scuffle.

"In the first place," Tim began, "who called you on the telephone and told you a man left an envelope for you?"

"Ha! Nobody called!" laughed Dan. "That was an old trick. You see, if you dial a certain number and then hang up, the phone rings immediately."

"That's a hot one!" Tim smiled. "How do you do it?"

Dan explained: "You take the receiver off the hook, wait for the dial tone and then dial 7—1162.

"REMEMBER, DUGAN, NO FUNNY STUFF!

Then you hesitate until you hear the dial tone. Then you dial 7 again. You quickly put the receiver back on the hook, and in a few seconds your telephone rings."

"I'll remember that for future emergencies," Tim said. "And how come the police just walked in at the right time?"

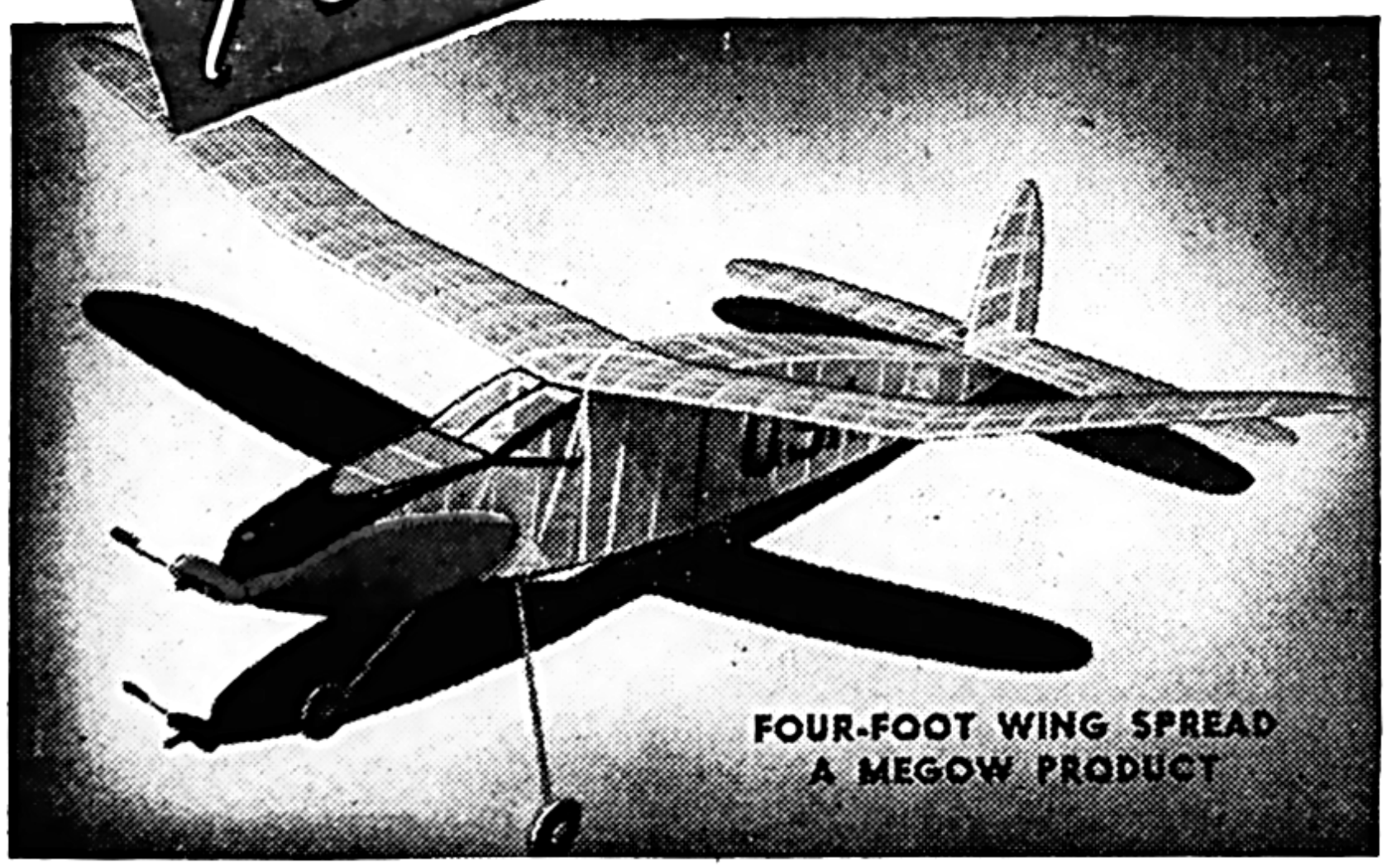
"That was simple," Dan confided. "I winked at the desk clerk and made believe I was writing out a receipt for the envelope. Instead, I jotted down—'Call the police.'"

Tim sat up straight in his chair. "Well, as long as we practically saved five thousand bucks this afternoon, what say we go out and celebrate?"

"Get your hat, Tim!" Dan shouted, springing out of his chair. "What are we waiting for?"

THE END.

Free! 100



50 MODEL AIR-PLANES

HAS A FOUR-FOOT WING SPREAD. RETAIL VALUE $1.00

JUST FOR TELLING US WHIC

The Model Airplane, pictured above, won the most important model contest in t world—the Lord Wakefield Trophy—by staying aloft more than 50 minutes. Each plane ha four-foot wing spread and retails for $1.00.

50 SHADOW OFFICIAL HOLSTER SETS. These Holster Sets contain a full-size cl gun and holster with belt. On the gun is mounted the gyrosole, THE SHADOW'S own stond mask, pair of handcuffs, police whistle and pocket flashlight. It retails for $1.00 each.

These 100 prizes will be given ABSOLUTELY FREE for the best 100 answers to question: "What Three Comics Do You Like Best?" Then write 25 words explaining why like the new comic magazine.

That's all there is to it. So, fill in the coupon and mail your answer at once.

THIS OFFER EXPIRES FEBRUARY 15, 1940

PRIZES!

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GUN, MASK, HANDCUFFS, WHISTLE AND FLASHLIGHT. RETAIL VALUE $1.00

THREE COMICS YOU LIKE BEST!

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SHADOW COMICS
79 Seventh Avenue
New York, N. Y.

I like best the comic I have marked "No. 1." Second best "No. 2." Third best "No. 3."

THE SHADOW..... NICK CARTER.....

THE ASTOUNDING MAN..... BOB BURTON.....

DOC SAVAGE..... AIR TRAILS BOYS. ....

FRANK MERRIWELL..... DIAMOND DICK.....

CARRIE CASHIN..... BILL BARNES. .....

If I win I want

☐ AIRPLANE ☐ SHADOW SET

And here are 25 words telling why I like my new comic magazine.

.....

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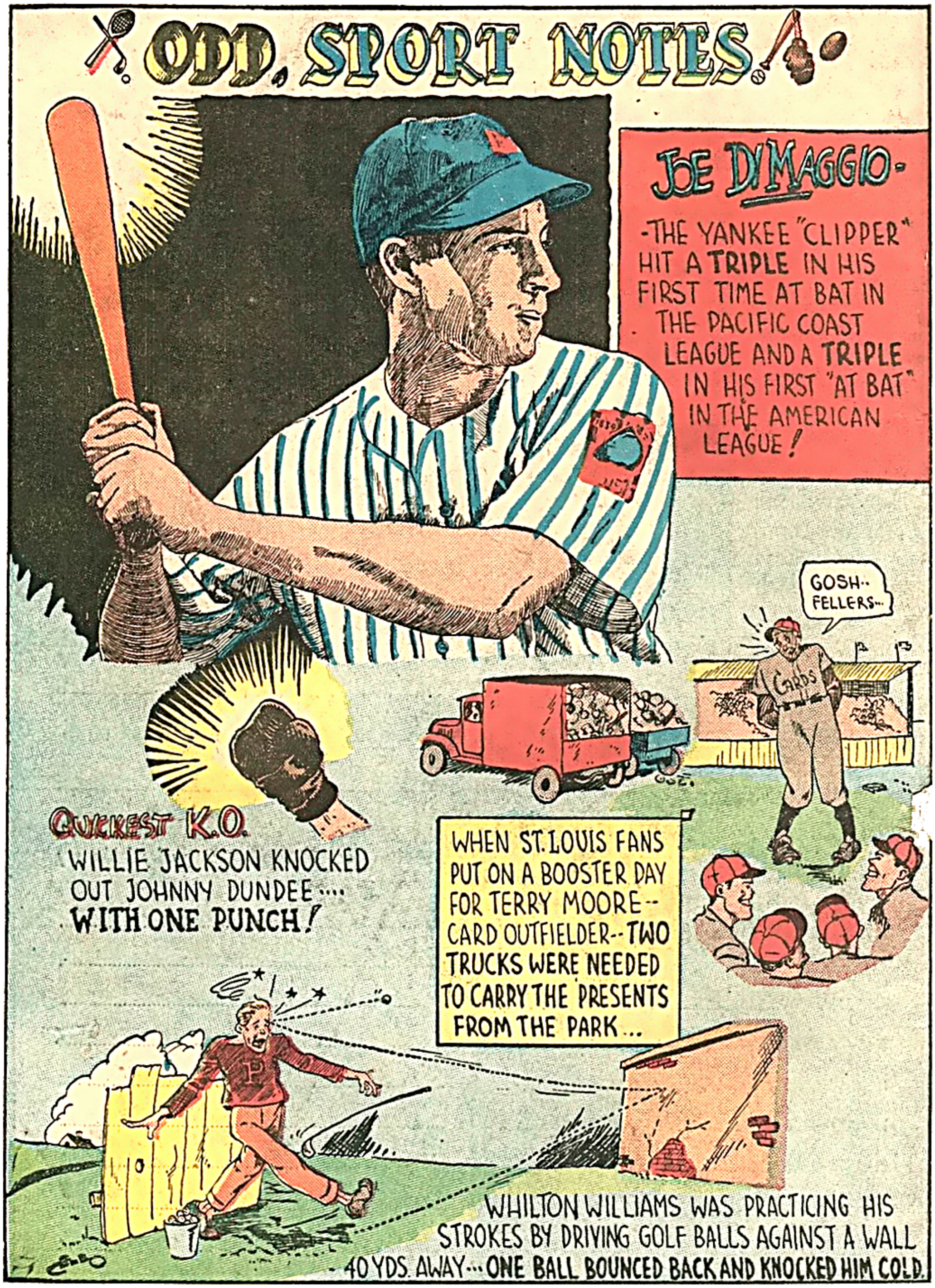
Name.. .....

Address.....

City ..... State.....


ODD SPORT NOTES
JOE DIMAGGIO-
-THE YANKEE "CLIPPER" HIT A TRIPLE IN HIS FIRST TIME AT BAT IN THE PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE AND A TRIPLE IN HIS FIRST "AT BAT" IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE!
GOSH.. FELLERS...
CARDS
QUICKEST K.O.
WILLIE JACKSON KNOCKED OUT JOHNNY DUNDEE.... WITH ONE PUNCH!
WHEN ST. LOUIS FANS PUT ON A BOOSTER DAY FOR TERRY MOORE-- CARD OUTFIELDER--TWO TRUCKS WERE NEEDED TO CARRY THE PRESENTS FROM THE PARK...
WHILTON WILLIAMS WAS PRACTICING HIS STROKES BY DRIVING GOLF BALLS AGAINST A WALL 40 YDS. AWAY... ONE BALL BOUNCED BACK AND KNOCKED HIM COLD.

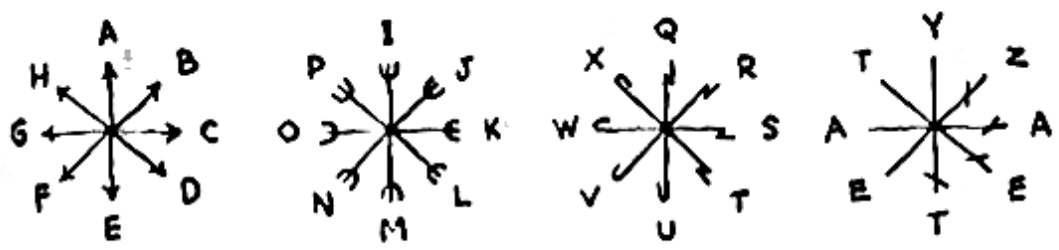
Answer to Codes and the Third Degree

(Tests given on opening page)

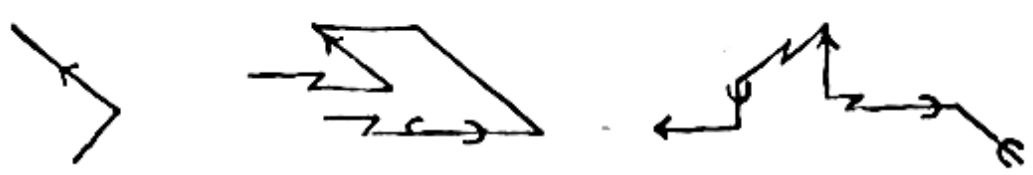
Symbol Code

The original alphabet is constructed from the diagram below. You will notice that there are numerous e, t, and a's—this is to avoid too easy a solution by frequent use of a certain symbol. For a letter you can add more if you wish.

THE COMPLETE ALPHABET IN CODE



To encipher: THE SHADOW'S GIRASOL:



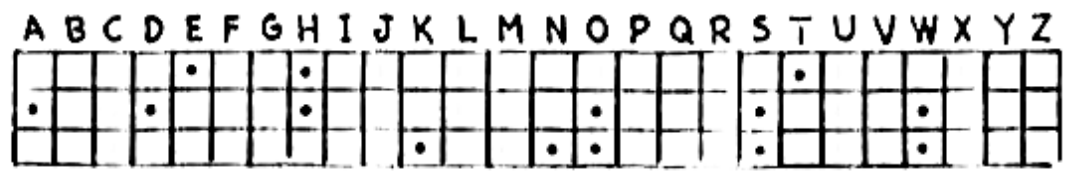
Other variations of the word THE:

The Slide Code

The following solution shows the letter which we gave on the first page. The first row of dots was encoded by shifting each dot two squares to the right. To decipher, move them back two squares to the left. Thus we get the letters E, H, and T. Unscrambled, they give us the word THE.

The second word was encoded by shifting the dots three squares to the right. Moving them back three squares to the left, we have the letters A, D, H, O, S, and W, which, unscrambled, gives us the word SHADOW.

In the third word, the dots were moved two squares to the left in encoding. Thus they are moved back two squares to the right when decoding the word.



We get the letters K, N, O, S, and W. Rearranged, this would read: KNOWS.

The complete message becomes: THE SHADOW KNOWS.

It is quite obvious that there must be a previous understanding between the two persons using this code as to the key to be used; i. e., shall the dots be moved two or three squares to the right or left, et cetera. This can be decided upon beforehand.

One Mistake

(Answer to Third Degree Problem on the Opening Page.)

In looking over the statements made by each of the suspects in this case, remember that the questioning was being done in Chicago police headquarters. The answers, we assume, refer to places in the city; if not, the difference should be mentioned. Lake Michigan touches Chicago, so it would be natural for a Chicagoan to go on a sail there; the Wrigley Building is also in Chicago, and so is the Tribune Tower. That statement seems satisfactory.

The remaining statement, however, shows a difference. This man saw the bike races alone at the "Garden." The "Garden," in sport parlance, means Madison Square Garden in New York City. Chicago's counterpart of the Garden is the Stadium. That suspect, therefore, must have made a trip to New York and back again. He might have made it by plane and still been able to see the victim in his office every day, but any such trip would naturally be mentioned in the questioning. That suspect was the one who was telling the false story.

The Shadow and his Agents

READING clockwise from The Shadow, they are Moe Shrevnitz, cab driver; Clyde Burke, star newspaper reporter; Jericho Druke, giant Negro; Cliff Marsland, disguised as gangster; Burbank, The Shadow's contact man; Harry Vincent, chief aide of The Shadow; and Hawkeye, The Shadow's expert spotter.

The Shadow, scourge of the underworld, weird creature of the night, whose chilling laugh is the bane of criminals the world over—the exploits of this amazing crime fighter and his agents appear in each issue of